

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN AUSTRALIA

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P

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

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free paper pattern on page 31.

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20 OCT 1933



## GIRLS Who Are

### Hundreds Vanish Every Year in All States.

Hundreds of women of all ages are reported to the police of our capital cities during the course of each year as being missing from their homes.

A large percentage of these are eventually located, but there remains an astonishing number of women whose whereabouts are never discovered.

Taking into consideration the fact that it is impossible for them to have left Australia without their exodus being recorded, their disappearance pre-

"WHERE is my wandering girl to-night?" Countless mothers throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth are continually asking this question.

Hundreds of husbands are wondering what has become of their missing wives. Practically every day the police stations of every capital city and every big town in Australia are visited by men and women desirous of reporting someone as "missing from their home."

From children of seven, to old women of seventy, women are constantly vanishing. While, in the case of children, they are almost invariably found and returned to their homes, the whereabouts of many of the missing girls and women remain an insoluble mystery.

The cases of missing wives, daughters and sweethearts are handed over to the women police, and the task of locating the missing person is generally extremely difficult.

Most women who disappear from home go to an incalculable amount of trouble to avoid being located, and as they generally change their names and place as much distance as possible between themselves and the places they were wont to frequent, the policewomen are faced with the task of looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack.

THE first problem that confronts the searcher is to try and determine the reason for the missing woman leaving her home. It is almost impossible to ascertain the cause of departure in many cases until they are located, as the reasons for their mysterious actions are multitudinous.

Girls and women who are located by the police often supply

different motives for their actions than those given by relatives. The explanations reveal some queer insight into feminine psychology.

From Melbourne and Victoria generally there is a drift of "missing girls" to the northern States. The fact that women greatly outnumber men in Victoria may account for this. It may seem to girls that Sydney offers greater opportunities both for romance and employment.

Young girls vanish from Adelaide, Newcastle and the quieter towns, because they are tired of the humdrum existence of their home town. They go to the big cities because it is easy to lose themselves there.

Discontented maidens leave the drab dullness of the country centres to answer the call of romance and excitement that they fondly imagine is offered them in the whirlpool of the metropolis.

Unhappy and dissatisfied wives leave their homes and their husbands to respond to the lure of adventure.

Lonely girls leave their homes and their parents to surrender themselves to

the care of the lover whose attentions have been frowned upon by their families. ONE eighteen-year-old girl who was recently located by the women police, stated that she refused to go home because her mother and father demanded that she give them all her

## Reported MISSING

### Pathos and Tragedy that Baffle Police Inquiry.

sents a mystery which is equally puzzling to the press, the police, and the public.

All kinds of conjectures have been made as to the reasons for their disappearance and the methods they employ to conceal their whereabouts.

Almost every case presents an entirely different collection of facts and the ensuing article reveals some very interesting sidelights on the story behind the story of these nomadic women who are "Reported Missing."

money on pay nights.

She asserted that any money her father failed to lose at the races her mother succeeded in spending in the wine bars, and that she refused to stand it any longer.

The police ascertained that the girl was in a permanent position, and living a clean and decent life. As she was eighteen years of age, and quite able to support herself, there was no law to compel her to return to a gambling father and a drunken mother.

ANOTHER girl, found walking the streets late at night, stated that she had run away from her home in Newcastle because she was tired of the monotony, and had accepted a motor car lift from a commercial traveller, and had come to Sydney in search of work.

Unable to find employment she had been turned penniless out of her lodging.

Her parents were informed of her whereabouts, and they wired the money for her fare home, and she returned to Newcastle a sadder and wiser girl.

AN elderly woman who had been missing for some time stated when found that she left home because she thought she was a burden on her unemployed son.

She said that he was unable to keep his wife and child and continue to support her, and so she left his home to fend for herself.

She returned home to be welcomed by a greatly relieved son and a tearful daughter-in-law.

MUCH has been said and a great deal more has been written about the White Slave Traffic, but there is no suggestion that the cases of women and girls who are reported to our Australian police as missing from home are victims of this traffic.

When a woman is reported missing to the police of one of the State capitals the report is forwarded to the interstate police if the relatives have good reason to believe that she has left for a definite destination.

The police deal with missing men and boys besides women and girls. Detail figures are not available, but it is estimated that about 4000 inquiries are dealt with each year in Victoria, New South, Wales, and Queensland alone.

Of course there are many instances of women who have been discarded and abandoned by the lovers who persuaded them to run away. In these cases it is the fear of scandal and humiliation that prevents them from returning to their homes.

There is nothing so heart-breaking or nerve-racking to relatives and friends as the dreaded word "missing." Hundreds of people in all parts of Australia are being mentally tortured by the fears and doubts that surround uncertainty as to the fate of their loved ones.

Shaw

REPORTED MISSING from her home, but maybe in the midst of gaiety her thoughts sometimes turn to the old existence from which she ran away. Drab and unhappy her home may have been, but the human heart has strange promptings of hopes and regrets.



## Old RAGS from ASYLUM In MATTRESS Fillings

### Disgusting Practice of Shoddy Manufacturers Endangers Public Health

"The use of insanitary fillings for mattresses, pillows, quilts and upholstered furniture is a grave menace to the health of Australians," a well-known furniture manufacturer told a conference this week.

Startling disclosures were made as to the methods of defrauding the public, at the risk of individual health. The conference was held in camera, but The Australian Women's Weekly has been supplied with official details.

REPRESENTATIVES of Furniture Manufacturers, the Graziers' Association, and Boot Manufacturers conferred with the Minister for Labor and Industry, Mr. Dunningham, and the Under-Secretary, Mr. Bellemore, to ask that legislation be framed enforcing the labelling of mattresses, quilts, pillows, and upholstered furniture, to disclose the contents of the filling used.

PRODUCING samples of kapok imported from Java but mixed with mill floor sweepings containing filthy rubbish, metal trouser buttons, lengths of rubber, nails, suspender fasteners, hooks, steel buckles; flock made from old discarded clothes, shredded, torn and teased, and other fillings manufactured from second-hand mattresses, the representative laid a concise case before the Minister, and proved that price-cutting manufacturers are still relying on the fact that buyers generally do not risk despoiling a new armchair or mattress to see what it is filled with.

Those few who have, have had the disconcerting experience of finding that armchairs sometimes hold empty beer bottles wrapped around with dirty bags as packing, and supported on only three springs.

Others have found horsehair mixed with jute dyed black, while a Broken Hill retailer who opened a mattress reputed to be of white flock, found he had been paying more than market value for black flock, worth £1 less.

Second-hand mattresses were frequently bought, and merely re-covered with ticking to hide vermin and second-hand flock.

SOME years ago the Bedding Manufacturers sought legislation to compel the labelling of bedding, as to its contents. Regulations were made, but heavy fines imposed for breaches, but unscrupulous retailers still endeavor to circumvent the law, the Under-Secretary stated, in an interview with a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

He cited the case of a Sydney woman who recently purchased a mattress from a reputable Sydney firm, but on using

it was scratched by a long piece of wire. The firm substituted another one for it, but were heavily fined when the Labor and Industry Department found on cutting the mattress open that it contained oily strips of evil-smelling rags, flock made of mill floor sweepings, and a large percentage of other unhealthy rubbish.

Mr. Bellemore showed these materials to our representative, who might otherwise have found it hard to believe.

Six months ago a Sydney factory was raided, and it was discovered that dirty unsterilised clothes discarded by inhabitants of an asylum were teased and torn to be used as kapok.

"The law is not stringent enough," Mr. Bellemore concluded, "for at present unscrupulous retailers may evade it by using fancy names."

### Miss Southern Cross in Crochet

An Exclusive Design suitable for Traycloth, Table-Centre, or Cushion Cover appears on Page 33.

### Have You Won A Cash Prize?

Readers who share in this week's allocation of £100 prize money, including the No. 2 Couplets prize-winners and the lucky readers who won meards in other features appear on page 42.

THIS week there is more money to be won. Details of prizes, and how to enter, appear with the respective features.

Couplets No. 4, the last of the series, for the present, does not close till next Saturday. Details of a new talkie competition with £25 in prizes appears on page 33.

## SMITHY'S FUTURE—What HIS WIFE Says



LADY KINGSFORD SMITH and her baby, Charles Kingsford Smith, Junior.

### ... "I Must Leave My Own Feelings Out of It."

What does Lady Kingsford Smith think about her famous husband's future?

In a special interview, given below, she told The Australian Women's Weekly that "Chilla," as she affectionately calls "Smithy," would be unhappy out of the air.

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH'S latest achievement has revived public conjecture in the future of this world-famous airman.

Numberless suggestions have been made, and there is much public agitation regarding not only the possibilities of a "good job" for "Smithy," but the manner in which the services of the aviator could be used with advantage by the nation.

"Smithy" is the people's hero. His future is discussed impersonally.

Everyone wants the best for him; they want him to keep on flying; to get a good job. Others who think a little deeper desire to see his great knowledge, courage and experience benefit the Empire.

Just what will happen no one knows. But whatever is in the lap of the gods for "Smithy"—either in the way of material prosperity or greater public recognition, he is already possessed of one great incentive to success—an understanding wife.

Her own feelings are revealed in the interview which follows. Reading between the lines it is clear that this brave-hearted woman would welcome some national gesture that would permit her husband to give up his "barnstorming" flights with Saturday afternoon trippers.

### "I Want Him to Fly in Big Race"

By Lady Kingsford Smith, in an Interview

"If he has a good plane I want 'Chilla' to fly in the Melbourne Centenary Race next year.

"Australia's outstanding flier should be in it. I must leave my own feelings out of it.

"I long for him to give up flying, but he would be unhappy in any other job.

"Sea flights are less worrying than the long-distance ones.

"Though my faith in him is unshaken, I was more worried this time than any other time. Mascot means fewer long-distance flights, which would be a relief for me.

"Although he suffered from illness on the way out this time, he really looks marvellously fit compared with his appearance after other flights.

"I nearly took up flying myself until baby came. It is more original not to.

"I am so very proud of 'Chilla.' He had the most marvellous reception at Essendon I have ever seen.

"He smiled all the way home, and I thought he would never be able to straighten his face.

"He is as punctual privately as publicly. Usually I keep him waiting."

## An OPEN Secret About Mrs. LYONS



MR. LYONS, PRIME MINISTER

THE reason for Mrs. Lyons' departure from the Prime Minister's home at Canberra, is now an open secret.

She has returned to the Lyons' own home in Tasmania, in anticipation of a happy event. An addition is expected to the Prime Minister's family, which already numbers ten children.

The Lyons' love of the home, and family life, has been responsible, in no small way, for their popularity with the people.

A man who has been the successful father of an unusually large family has qualified to be the political father of the Commonwealth in a way not equalled by many other statesmen.

The home life of the Lyons has been as much of interest to Australians as the political storms Mr. Lyons has faced. And whether or not his Captaincy of the ship of Australia suits the individual, everyone wishes him and Mrs. Lyons happiness.

## WOMEN'S Chances for UPPER HOUSE

NOMINATIONS for the Legislative Council close at mid-day on Thursday of this week. At the time of writing only two women have offered their services to the State as legislators in the new council. These are Mrs. Elizabeth Lavery, of Bexley, and Mrs. Ellen Webster, M.L.C.

It is anticipated that before the nominations close Mrs. R. R. S. Mackinnon and Miss Preston Stanley will be included in the list.

Mrs. Lavery has been associated with the political life of New South Wales for over 20 years, during which time she has worked for the Liberal Party, the Nationalists, and the U.A.P.

Mrs. Ellen Webster is the only woman member of Parliament in New South Wales to-day, having been appointed to the Legislative Council during the Lang regime.

Miss Preston Stanley has the distinction of having been the first and only woman member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly. She is a prominent member of the Feminist Club, and a forceful and eloquent platform speaker.

Mrs. R. R. S. Mackinnon has been actively associated with the Red Cross movement since its inception, and is also a member of the Hospital Commission and an ex-senator of the University. She has been associated with

the Nationalist and U.A.P. Parties for some years past.

It is possible that Mrs. Webster will receive sufficient support from the Labor Party to ensure her return. The chances of any women being elected by the U.A.P. are popularly thought to be remote, but The Australian Women's Weekly understands that the Government is desirous of seeing at least one elected. The ballot for the first 15 members takes place on November 2.

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—Let's Talk Of—  
**INTERESTING  
PEOPLE . . .**



MISS ALMA FIGUEROLA

—J. Scott Simmons.

ALMA FIGUEROLA, whose exhibition of paintings at a Melbourne Gallery was opened this week by the Lord Mayor (Cr. Gengoult Smith), has a clever family to keep up with. Her sister, Carmen, is a writer of unusual short stories, and has had many of her verses for children published; she is also a violinist and a painter. The youngest sister, Silvia, is a composer, and the winner of a cello scholarship under Mr. Henri Tousseau. Miss Alma Figuerola began her career as a child, first studying with Oscar Binder, and later with Max Meldrum. The family is an Australian-Spanish one, the girl's parents being the late Juan and Mrs. Figuerola.



MRS. MACGREGOR LOWNDES.

MRS. MACGREGOR LOWNDES is one of the best-known personalities in sport in Australia.

Her interests are varied. She is guide and patron to swimmers, and basketball and vigoro players, and the summer sports programmes will keep her exceptionally busy.

Mrs. Lowndes is president of the Queensland Ladies' Amateur Swimming Association, the Queensland Basketball Association, and the Queensland Ladies' Vigoro Association. In each of these sports she has taken a very active part in her executive capacity.



SIGNORA MAROTTA

SIGNORA MAROTTA, a New Zealand lyric soprano, who met her husband, Signor Nino Marotta, a basso of world-wide repute, during a former Grand Opera season, announcing her engagement simultaneously with that of Toti dal Monte and de Muro Lomanto, is visiting Australia along with her husband, with a view to participating in opera productions here.

Signora Marotta has a repertoire of eight operas, preferring the romantic role of Mimì in "La Bohème" to all others. This part she sang in several big productions in Turin, and it was a tribute to Signora Marotta's mastery of the Italian language that no critic mentioned her "foreign" accent. One of her most interesting experiences in Italy was a 50 minutes' interview that she had on behalf of a New Zealand paper with Mussolini's brother, Arnaldo, director of the Fascist paper, "Popolo d'Italia," who has since died.

# Red Headed Aimee's Weird "Religion"

## Beautiful gospel gold-digger, ...and her amazing temple!

HERE is told for the first time in Australia the plain truth about Aimee Semple McPherson, the American evangelist, now being sued for divorce by her choir-leader, third husband, David Hutton.

Her latest recruit is the notorious night club hostess, Texas Guinan, who was recently refused permission to enter England with a troupe of girls.

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON is her name. It is a name that will not be unknown to you. You have probably heard that she has made hundreds of thousands of converts to her strange Four Square religion in America. She has made far more in dollars.

Until now she has been spoken of and written about as one of those queer personalities that are thrown up at intervals in the United States, and who, often merely because of their eccentricity, are always assured of a following.

### A Great "Figure"

BUT the object of this disclosure is to show—because she might be seeking to come to Australia—that this saleswoman of Salvation is no more "queer" or "eccentric" than the average share-pusher.

She is a pretty woman, blue-eyed, possessed of a pyramidal pile of hair that is always luxuriant, whether Titian or blonde is the shade she is favoring at the moment, and who not only owns a pair of silk-clad legs that a mannequin might envy, but has the ability to show them off, when off duty, to advantage.

This praise of her figure seems to exhaust everything that can be said in her favor.

Not even can the fact that she has built up a huge religious movement in her own country, of which her huge Angelus Temple and her private broadcasting station, enabling her to preach to hundreds of congregations at once, are but a part, can be mentioned to her credit.

To Los Angeles, where her temple is situated, go thousands of simple cattle men and dealers from Iowa and neighboring States in their retirement, with their ample savings. These a woman of Aimee's cunning can twist round her little finger, and they become the backbone of her so-called faith.

EXTERNALLY, her temple is a very beautiful building, one that some of the smaller countries would be proud and happy to call their cathedral. But, internally, it is a mixture of kinema-cum-theatre-cum-casino-cum-church that would horrify any religious person whose brain had not been drugged by the tricks of Aimee McPherson. Across the floor, near the altar, flows a miniature River Jordan, into which she pushes all her pathetic converts.

In the sanctuary there is a row of eye-torturing petrol pumps labelled "Spirit of Good," "Spirit of Greed," "Spirit of Envy," and so on.

On the lectern there is the Bible. It had to be the biggest Bible in the world, of course.

### Tin Halos

And for Aimee herself, there is a real stage on which, at the parting of the curtains, she can be revealed posing beneath the spotlights, or bowing her thanks in the manner of a successful opera singer, as we saw her do when

she was in England.

Her service is disgusting, as a service must be in any "place of worship" with its own staff of stage hands and stage electricians.

Beautiful old English hymns and stirring American revivalist hymns are sung to jazz tunes, some of them theme tunes fresh from the talkies. The choir is equipped with tin wings and tin halos to give each member the appearance of an angel.

She will dance a hornpipe as she



AIMEE McPHERSON and Radio operator Orniston, who figured in the evangelist's greatest scandal.

put strings across the temple in front of each row of seats from which a clothes peg dangled for each worshipper. And by demanding "Hang up your washing" at just the right moment, she shamed everybody into giving at least a dollar bill, even those who could little afford more than five cents.

Sometimes cripples go into this temple with hopeful hearts. A pathetic faith has brought them from all parts of America.

The lights are turned low, soft music is played, the air is tense with emotion, Aimee stands spotlighted in a dim church—and the poor souls go out just as they came in.

Local leaders of religion have proved that there are no "cures."

THE story of her life is a story of trickery and subterfuge on a rising scale as she has grown older.

She was born in Canada 45 years ago of Scottish-Canadian parents. At 17 she married a sincere and good man, Robert Semple, who went to China as a missionary, and took her with him.

Had he lived she might have been the hard-working, self-sacrificing wife of a missionary to-day, and a credit to the Christian faith. But he died and left her with a baby daughter, and she embarked on her idea of becoming the world's greatest religious crusader.

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HER TEMPLE has a real stage on which she can be revealed posing beneath the spotlights.

She was using every conceivable dramatic device to this end when, returning to America she married Harold McPherson, a grocery salesman, whom she divorced in 1921 because she found the life she was living was too dull.

It was then that she established her famous Angelus Temple as the headquarters of the Four Square gospel, making her mother, Mary Kennedy ("Ma" Kennedy to every American), her business manager.

In three years she had made £100,000.

Soon her broadcasting station was in full blast. And by the time she made her first visit to England in 1928 the prosperity she had aimed at was assured.

She asked England to renounce dancing, cards, smoking and drinking, and admitted making up her lips on the way over.

She appeared in public as the simple servant girl, and lived like a million-aress behind the scenes.

(Please turn to Page 4)

## STYLISH BAGUETTE WATCHES

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White Gold "Baguette."

Permanently popular—that's a certainty. The set White Gold Watch is the essence of daintiness. Fitted with high-grade 15-jewelled lever movement. Accuracy assured. It will give 15 years' wear. The white gold-filled link bangle which is attached with outlast dozens of ribbon bands. £6/10/-

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MAIL ORDERS WELCOME. LAY-BY FACILITIES ARE AT EVERY ONE'S DISPOSAL.



## SOME UNKNOWN HEROES



THE CHAUFFEUR WHO TOLD HIS MISTRESS SHE HAD TOO MUCH POWDER ON HER NOSE.



THE MAN WHO WON PLAYING BRIDGE WITH WOMEN.



THE MAN WHO TOLD THE PROUD MOTHER WHAT HE REALLY THOUGHT OF HER BABY.



AND THE MAN WHO BOUGHT A HAT FOR HIS WIFE.

## The LAW and MRS. GRUNDY

Widespread interest was evidenced in our mail last week at the article published in The Australian Women's Weekly regarding the wearing of backless bathing costumes.

By A LAWYER

SO far as the law is concerned, it is the municipal councils that have the last say as to what is or is not an indecent costume.

It is often assumed that the local council, whether at Bondi, St. Kilda or Southgate, is a sort of dictator, with power to permit anything, or prohibit anything.

But this is not quite the case. For instance, in N.S.W. is an Act of Parliament—the Local Government Act of 1919—which lays down a broad rule. An ordinance (No. 52) made under this Act says in effect that persons bathing on frequented beaches shall wear a suitable costume, and such a costume is defined as covering the body "from neck to knee."

That is the general rule which is left to the councils to enforce. The position is substantially the same in all States.

The argument at every council table is how they should interpret and enforce the rule.

Some allow more latitude than others. There are one or two—Cronulla in Sydney, and Williamstown in Melbourne, for instance—that have stood out for a strict and literal interpretation. The Mrs. Grundys of these councils are as shocked at bare limbs and bare backs as their grandmothers of Queen Victoria's day.

But public opinion has gone in advance of them. The only question is whether it has gone too far in advance.

THE backless costume and the one abbreviated above the knee are the vogue, generally speaking, on beaches controlled by most of the suburban councils in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane. So long as there is no breach

In reply to queries by readers regarding the bare backs and bare legs argument, the legal position to this literally burning question is set out below.

of decency the local authorities do not interfere.

The inspector who patrols the beach is a municipal officer, with power to prosecute anyone whose costume, in his opinion, exceeds the limits of decorum. And a policeman has the same power.

If you are offended at something specially daring, you can call the attention of a beach inspector, who may or may not think it a case for action.

In England, as our London representative has pointed out, those private persons who insulted wearers of what they considered indecent costumes, got short shrift from the English magistrates. And it would probably be the same here.

You may think a certain mode extravagant or outrageous, but it is not your business, but someone's representing the public, to decide.

## Red Headed Aimee

(Continued from Page 3)

SHE returned to America to step into the very worst scandal of her career.

One day her secretary ran round in wild circles at a local seaside resort, and declared that Aimee was missing. She had dictated a sermon in a beach tent, gone out to swim, and had not been seen again.

Aimee circled the sea till night. Divers went down into the depths. Grappling irons raked the sea bottom. And although a police sergeant swore he had seen her making inland in a fast car, scores of men went on risking their lives on behalf of Aimee McPherson.

For six weeks she was missing, with her foolish followers all the time prophesying her Second Coming. Then she reappeared at Carmel with the story of how she had been abducted by Mexican bandits and marched across the Arizona desert to a hut in which she had suffered the most terrible privations a woman could possibly undergo.

The police searched the Arizona desert for that hut, but neither they nor she could find it.

And then a bombshell burst. Five witnesses came forward and picked her out as the woman who had been sharing a delightful cottage retreat at Carmel with Mr. Kenneth Ormiston, a young radio operator at Aimee's own wireless station.

## "Love-offering"

Both she and her mother were committed for trial on a charge of conspiracy. But a woman came forward who said it was she who was with Mr. Ormiston, and not Aimee; and an acquittal was announced by Judge Hardy of the Supreme Court.

There were rejoicings, of course. Prayers of thanksgiving. The popularity of this strange religion flamed to greater heights. But finally came a reaction that shook Aimee's reputation as nothing else had done.

While she was addressing 5000 people at the Albert Hall on the night of December 15, 1928, Judge Hardy was told that he was accused of accepting a bribe of £500 from Mrs. McPherson in connection with the case.

There were statements in court that £100,000 had been spent in bribery to secure the acquittal. Aimee pleaded that she had only given the judge £500 as "a love offering for the work he had done for the church."

The woman who had taken the blame for being with Mr. Ormiston—whose wife had divorced him in the meantime—said she had lied to save Mrs. McPherson at the request of Judge Hardy.

## Blasphemy . . .

And the next and last scene in that scandalous and tragic story was one of the broken judge standing before the State Senate Court, pleading that his good name and long service should be taken into consideration before they pronounced the sentence of expulsion that was to end his career in disgrace.

BUT Aimee McPherson didn't let a tragedy like this interfere with her career. When people tried to question her about the scandal during her revival meetings in England in 1928 they were drowned by brass band and concerted singing.

And all the time the printing machines back in America were printing a book in which she was guilty of what has been called the supreme act of blasphemy. Here is a sample of it: "Then I looked and, behold, a new creation as of a beautiful woman. She approached. I beheld her white raiment, dazzling as the snow in the sunshine. Her movements were graceful and tender."

"Her eyes were as tender as a doe's. Her lips were pure and dropped as the honeycomb. No foolishness, no criticism, marred their sweetness. No fleshy words."

"Her ears were kept for Him alone. Her lover, her bridegroom, her King. As she drew nigh I gazed with amazement into her face and saw it was—myself."

"I heard the voice of the Master speaking unto me, saying, 'This is My beloved.'"

And yet, "I am the humblest child of God," she told English audiences.

"Turn her out," the Rev. W. E. Pietsch, of Los Angeles, urged when she came to London. "She is a twentieth century Jezebel. Shun her, for she will wreck your churches, fill your lunatic asylums, and leave a trail of wrecked homes, broken hearts, and misery."

HISTORY has moved fast with Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson since then.

She went to the Holy Land and bathed in Biblical dress in the Jordan—to confess, later, that she was only getting atmosphere for an opera all the time.

She had to face, in turn, Bible students who alleged misrepresentation against her in connection with real estate deals, income tax authorities who said she had failed to declare \$4000 of her income, magistrates who fined her for "forgetting" to declare certain fashionable garments—including pyjamas—she had taken to America, and a film company who alleged a breach of contract.

## A New Face

She quarrelled with her mother—and hit her on the nose during a fist fight.

She announced that she herself had gone blind, and had an appeal for prayers posted on the gates of her Temple, until her doctor said, "There's nothing wrong with her eyes," and her mother added: "She is recovering from a face-lifting operation. We both had one."

After "Ma" openly declared that the Temple was full of "corruption, deceit and double-dealing," her daughter had



TEXAS GUINAN, the notorious night club queen, who is now evangelising with Aimee McPherson, photographed astride a steer in a Los Angeles pageant.

a strange illness, and it was revealed that it was due to over-eager slimming.

Then she turned to new matrimonial adventure. She married David Hutton, an English convert, an 18-stone member of her tin-winged choir. And this her third marriage, was "solemnised" at 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning, while the couple flew in the dark in an aeroplane. And the bride was preaching in the pulpit as usual six hours later. That's one of Aimee's ways.

THERE followed recently a rare period of freedom from scandal of any kind, with Aimee in Paris and her husband in America.

## Aimee Goes On

Then came her hoax cable, which she says she forwarded to her husband because news she was sending to him was leaking out somehow, and she wanted to find out how. "A boy!" it said. "Weights nine pounds."

And then the news that he said she made him ridiculous and he was divorcing her, followed by the story of his forgiveness.

AIMEE'S latest activity has been "saving the soul" of Texas Guinan, the notorious night club hostess.

Texas Guinan was recently refused permission to land in England, where she intended conducting a cabaret. She later went to Hollywood to take part in a film called "Broadway Through a Keyhole," but then decided to go in for evangelising and joined up with Aimee McPherson. In the meantime Aimee is making more headlines by appearing as an actress on the New York stage.

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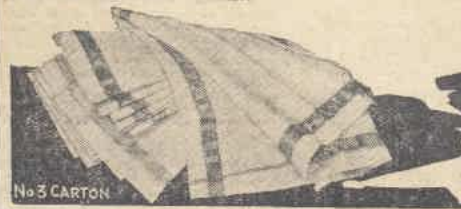
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# Falling STAR

By  
Vicki Baum

World Famous  
Woman Novelist

Author of  
"Grand Hotel"



Peggy owned a rather handsome slender body. She was to play with Oliver in his next film—

Illustrated  
by  
Boothroyd

a fakir who prepares his strange performance. An odor of clay and dust hung over the place. The hot air waved in the air like molten transparent metal from an alien planet. Eisenlohr, shirtless and minus his silk undershirt, his big naked upper body exposed, played every scene with his actors.

Donca Morescu sat in a corner and watched, and listened to what he wanted from her. She was quivering like a cat before the mouse-hole. It was her first talkie.

Everything depended on it. "Night of Fate" would decide whether she was again to climb from triumph to triumph, money, success; or whether she would have to step aside, hopeless, into oblivion, with other ex-stars of the "silent" days.

She had a hard struggle before her; terribly hard. Her voice, language, acting—everything was too loud, too barren, too expressive—old film; she was of the dramatic school of broad gestures and explosions. She had learned to express hatred clearly, love and despair bluntly, all too bluntly. And now she had to unlearn all that. Learn repression—a look, a broken sound, a movement of the hand, of the finger only—that was all the new talkie technique allowed.

Eisenlohr, with two splinters from a hand-grenade in his shoulder-blade, was like a demon. He arrived every morning at the studio freshly bathed and shaved, looking like a civilized man. But before the day was over, he had a blue beard and was dirty from head to foot, a devil with tousled hair who had worked without sense or

## You will read about

DONCA MORESCU, the Rumanian film star who won fame in the silent days, and who is now to be re-started in a talkie by the Phoenix Film Company.

OLIVER DENT, the world's handsomest film star, who has just achieved another success in "Hardogon." He is on holidays, while Donca, with whom he has fallen desperately in love, is working on her first talkie.

EISENLOHR... the vivid, vital, German producer of the Phoenix Company. He is a human dynamo. A slave driver... but there is an unguarded place in his heart.

ALDENS... friend of Eisenlohr, brought from Germany because of his beautiful face and perfect physique, to achieve film fame. So far he has only succeeded in becoming an "extra."

FRANCES... a platinum blonde, one of the many with starry ambitions. She meets Aldens at the premiere of "Hardogon" and faints from hunger. He helps her.

rest for fourteen hours at a stretch. Morescu was a good soldier, an obedient soul in the tortured fire of that man's creativeness.

Oliver Dent, film idol of the world, was still on his vacation, and had an awful time of it. He mentioned a few times to his secretary that he wanted to go somewhere trout-fishing, but could not get up enough energy to leave. Since the premiere of "Hardogon," after which he had spent the night with Donca Morescu, he was sick for a few days, in bed, and refused to talk to anybody. His enormous Spanish house in Beverly Hills became like a tomb.

Oliver was in love, and the object of his desire, Donca, had become the slave of a new film production. Her body and soul would not be her own for weeks.

The Italian cook in the basement stopped singing his arias. He, too, had begun with ambitions for the talkies, but had ended up before the cook-stove. The colored servant, Dan, walked about with sad white eyes and drew consolation out of a well-thumbed Bible.

Jerry, the secretary, sat in his room,

and as he looked out toward the oscillating hundred thousand night-lights of Hollywood, he broke out in tears. He was soft and effeminate, and as incapable of being the secretary of a star as anybody could have been, with his girlish face and thin wrists. He had been educated at Magdalen College, where Oliver had been when he was still Edward Drake. He knew the Oxford slang. And Jerry was in love with Oliver. Everybody was in love with Oliver; even in his own house they were in love with him, and spoiled his humor. It was terrible to be loved without loving. The whole household was on its toes, and sad. They made Oliver wild. They had forbidden his five dogs to bark. Even the car coasted down the hill from the garage, to avoid all noise. Newspaper reporters had sniffed out the fact that he was ill. Thirty-six hours later Oliver got out of bed, and had a man-to-man talk with Bill Turner, the Phoenix Film director.

"What's the matter with you?" "Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Just the sensation that I've got cotton in my head instead of grey matter."

(Please turn to Page 6)



By the middle of June the Hollywood papers were saying it was the hottest June in thirty years—a claim hard to check, since Hollywood wasn't yet thirty years old. The heat-withered sky disappeared from over the maze of streets. A small silver-painted blimp, covered with "advt." hung swimmingly over the city, like a tired fish in an unclean overheated aquarium. The asphalt of the streets melted and trembled like jelly, mirroring in its surface houses and people, boats and cars. Already fruits were ripening, but the flowers dried up, the red blossoms on the hills, and the wild sunflowers

on the apron of the mountains. And while the heat mounted, the studios worked.

Forty glaring arc-lamps heated the stage. The production of "Progress" had been scrapped. Production of "Night of Fate" was in full swing.

They tore down the Notre Dame on the lot of the Phoenix Picture Corporation and built a St. Petersburg instead. Night and day they worked. And other crews—night, crews—built Schlusburg and a winter palace, between streets of Marseilles and the jungle of the last Borneo film.

EISENLOHR, the Phoenix Film Corporation's famous German producer, was rehearsing his actors on a small test stage. He was patient and fanatical, like



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AND there he stood as brown as a berry, with clear eyes, straight and handsome, the ideal of millions of young men who were trying to imitate him. Turner recommended some self-discipline. He pointed out that a short period without drink might perform wonders. He himself occasionally found it advisable to go and fish trout.

"Ta-ta, young man!" OLIVER got back into his car and drove, in a senseless temper, in a senseless direction, without an end, through Hollywood, through Los Angeles, through dirty narrow little streets, through the Chinese quarter, through the negro quarter, past little suburbs, past oil-fields, through the vibrating heat of the asphalt roads which led nowhere.

He missed Donca. They had taken Donca from him, the gipsy girl, the peasant girl, who loved him and maltreated him. The spaces that she had made, the kisses that she had given him, her breath, the bitter recital of her low past, her shoulders so sweet to fall against—his mother—against the shoulders of his mother—they had taken from him. Instead of what she had been, there appeared occasionally, for a short even-



She was a woman of few words.

ing hour, a strange woman, tired, with absent-looking eyes with nervous hands, with two deep worried lines about her mouth; complaining bitterly about Eisenlohr and the difficulties of "th." That wasn't Donca. That was La Morescu, or Tatiana of "The Night of Fate," something that was about to be thrown like an image on the screen.

OLIVER started on his discipline. He turned away from whisky and began to drink considerable quantities of fruit juices. The cottony feeling in his head remained, and was accompanied by an uncertain pressure in his stomach. It wasn't a pain, yet it was much more disagreeable than pain. And being sober, he could not sleep. He took a little veronal to induce sleep—not much. But he didn't react to veronal. He lay awake and listened to the cars that rushed through Sunset Boulevard. He turned on the light and began to draw a little man on a piece of paper. This made him sleepy. But soon as he put out the light, he was awake again. In the dark he telephoned to Donca. She wasn't home yet. Takis' voice, the voice Oliver hated like poison, gave him the information. He laid down his head again and battled against the temptation to go down and mix himself a whisky—a little whisky and lots of soda. He didn't do it—self-discipline.

It wasn't love he felt for Donca, he told himself angrily. "It's nerves." He called up again. It was after three in the morning. Donca answered, this time.

"Puiu! Aren't you asleep? What's up?"

"Nothing. I wanted to say good-night. Excuse me. I'm crazy, am I not?"

"Not at all. That's very nice. Good-night."

"Sleep well, Donca."

"Thanks. You too."

"Are you very tired? Anything new?"

"Oh, quite tired! Eisenlohr will work me to the grave. And Whipple is no partner for me. He is just a manikin."

"Did they get Whipple just the same?"

"Yeah. Cheap. He curled up in front of Bill's door until they took him back again. God, what a disgusting specimen he is! He is mad because they've cut his part."

"Can you blame him?" Oliver said. He waited for a few seconds. Then he spoke very gingerly. "Donca—"

"Yes, Puiu—"

"You know, I can make love-speeches only when I'm drunk. I miss you, Donca."

"Yes, Puiu," she said softly. She lay in bed and pressed the telephone-receiver close to her ear, to hear, if she

# Falling STAR

(Continued from Page 5)

could, his breathing. "I can see you through the telephone." And she felt very close to him. "It's all dark," she said laughingly.

"Haven't you got a little time for me too, any more?" he murmured.

"Just a few more days, darling. You know very well how it is. You are too excited, too distracted. Oliver," she said firmly. "I haven't been working for two years. You know nothing of what that is. You don't know what that means. And then two years in Paris! Ach, you don't know." She kept quiet, and he waited. "Pray for me," she said. "Four weeks more, and the whole thing will be over. And then—"

"Then—when you will be through shooting, they will begin shooting my film. And I will be just as nasty to you as you are now to me. That's clear," he said.

FOR a moment they were both quiet, realising how senseless the whole business was. Film upon film, part upon part, gesture, pictures, worries, success, another success, still another; and then suddenly—no more.

Meanwhile life had gone on, and the real life, so far away from them, had only passed before them hastily. It didn't get into their consciousness. Only that Oliver said:

"Will we never again go to Rhodes together?"

"Sure, after my film and after your film are over."

Oliver took the receiver close to himself and crawled under the covers with it. It was a childish, heart-breaking gesture. It was one of the left-overs from his childhood, the homeless childhood of a motherless son, of a wandering diplomat's child.

"Donca, do you still remember Rhodes?"

"I? How can you ask!"

"Do you remember our day in Lindos—"

"Do you mean the banana tree in front of the Mustapha mosque?"

"That old Turk who showed us the old tower was in love with you."

"Those small little blue houses in Lindos. Let's buy one—do you want to?"

"Yes, a blue house," he said, stretching himself under the covers, and feeling as sleepy as a child.

Donca listened. She visualised him as he had stepped into the blue-green water on the shore at Lindos; naked, golden, and more beautiful than any statue on the Greek island. He was

the one and only one, like the Kohinor. And again she felt that what had happened to her was something rare, something priceless, in a time so bereft of real feelings and great passions. There was a great love.

"Good night," she said. "I am kissing you good night."

"Good night, little clam," he whispered. "The blue houses, the small little blue houses. What a color! . . . If flamingoes were blue, they would be the color of the little blue houses on the Greek island," Oliver thought, but he was already asleep.

And when Jerry, his secretary, was certain that Oliver had fallen asleep, he turned the light down in his own room.

"A man and a woman. How simple that is!" he thought, crossing his thin arms over his head.

EARLY the following morning Palsky, the publicity-man, appeared on the set. Two young camera-men were scouting around. They had set up a small arc-lamp. Little Joe Ray of the publicity department, very effective in his plus fours, had come from his golf club and was giving orders. The publicity department had suddenly awakened to the fact that Oliver's tremendous success as Hardogan had to be exploited. It was decided that the time between the premiere that had just taken place and the one that was coming next had to be utilised in a continual bombardment of the newspapers. The Phoenix Picture Corporation was ready to spend some twenty thousand dollars more on publicity, sure that Oliver's success would repay them manifold. Oliver paid Palsky a salary of a hundred dollars, out of his own pocket, and made him frequent presents for every little deed that he accomplished.

Life in Hollywood had two sides: a real one, and the one that was photographed. The real Oliver Dent led the harmless existence of a clean, handsome youth who rode, who boxed, who swam, who fenced, who had his house, his garden, his swimming-pool, his tennis-court, who had two cars, five dogs and one horse—only one, but it had an even better pedigree than he himself had. He gave parties, frequented clubs, danced with women, loved to loiter in hammocks, and distributed alms to the poor. But since all this had to be photographed and made public and trumpeted and used, it became unreal, almost a swindle—a lifeless life.

"We never do get to the real thing," Oliver often complained without being able to explain himself. And Donca replied seriously:

"Yes, we have been poisoned, all of us. There is an emptiness about us. We can't put our hands on things. We are doped; absolutely. We act like dope-fiends, I assure you." As Oliver looked up at her, she added: "I know what I am talking about. I've tried morphine, cocaine, and all the rest."

"And were you able to quit?" he asked, a little uneasily, yet almost enviously.

"I can quit anything I want to quit," she said, kissing him lightly around the edge of the ear. "Even you, my lover."

(Please turn to Page 40)

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A FAST MOVING SHORT STORY

# Hongkong Clara

It was that bit of sin about her that so attracted him—an eminently respectable master in sail



**W**E were at Changow, a hundred miles up the Pei-li-hi River, when the amazing affair of Hongkong Clara began. She was one of the most notorious women on the China coast; and, incidentally, one of the most beautiful. It's queer, but, where women are concerned, beauty and notoriety usually go together. And certainly Hongkong Clara had her fair share of both.

We were running coal at the time. "Newcastle coal," at that. And, if you know the Pei-li-hi River at all, you'll understand the sort of thing we were up against.

With a junk, or a flat-bottomed boat of any size, it would have been simplicity itself, but the "King George" wasn't a junk and she hadn't got a flat bottom. Matter of fact, in her prime she'd been a racing yacht, owned by an American called Silas K. Knickerbocker.

She was sharp of keel and deep of draught, and, since entering the river mouth ten days before, we'd been stuck in the mud a dozen times at least. I mention all this merely because it started the affair with Hongkong Clara. I mean, the mud.

It was the mud in the Pei-li-hi which brought us up with a sudden jerk right outside Changow itself. On the way up the river we'd listened to all sorts of tales about revolutionary Chinese troops and pirates. Briggs had listened, so had I.

We were both used to such stories, and took little notice of them—beyond, as I say, listening. In China, and especially along the coast, it's considered highly impolite not to pay respectful attention to all that's told you, however outraged your sense of probability may be.

Outside the river mouth we'd passed a British gunboat. We didn't need to be told what they were doing, either. It was just after the Weinsingel affair, when pirates had boarded the "Genoa," a small trader, killed two of the British officers and carried off the rest for ransom. The commander of the gunboat, a nice boy, made a special trip in order to give us a word of advice—and warning.

He advised us not to go beyond Changow at any price. He warned us that if we did, all the possibilities were that we should get all our throats cut inside of twenty-four hours.

Briggs thanked him with extreme

And it was while we were waiting, with a crowd of coolies watching us from the shore—all very interested but just as obviously determined that they were not going to do anything about it—that we met Hongkong Clara.

Briggs met her first. He'd been ashore and was returning. As he swung himself up the side, he saw her standing at the rail, her hands gripping it, while she stared down at him. He nearly tumbled off the ladder with the sudden shock of it, and that was only natural, I suppose.

I was following Briggs. I set eyes on her about two seconds after he did. She wasn't very old. About twenty-six, I reckoned, and her head was bare and all the stars along the China Coast gleamed on it, so that it looked to me like a little heap of living silver.

Gosh, she was lovely, that little lady! Lovely, yes; but her jade eyes were as old and wise as China itself.

"Hullo," she said calmly, "which of you boys is Captain Briggs?"

"Boys," mind you. I heard Briggs give a sort of gulp, as if he'd swallowed something big and hard. He looked at me, but I was still looking at Hongkong Clara. Of course, I didn't know her name then. Neither did Briggs.

I heard Briggs give another gulp. I think he rather expected the vision of Hongkong Clara to dissolve and disappear in front of his very eyes. But, although she was pretty good at the disappearing trick—we found that out later—she was real enough, then.

"I'm Briggs," he said, at last. Her jade eyes became fixed on him. "Captain," she said, "I'm in a terrible mess."

"Mesa?" said Briggs, not understanding. "How? Why? What d'you mean, miss?"

I saw her glance towards the shore. "Can't you take me below," she said, "where we can talk?"

Briggs indicated the little ladder. She turned and slipped down it like an eel. I followed Briggs.

I noticed, as we all stood there, that her dainty satin shoes were covered with the slime of the river bank. Even her silk stockings were thickly coated. It has a smell of its own, the mud of the Pei-li-hi River.

"Captain, I'm dying for a cigarette," Briggs got some. She lit one and inhaled deeply. "And I'd give my soul for a drink," she added. Briggs got that, too. She drank the spirit raw, like a man, and without turning a hair.

Briggs and I stood and stared at her. Along the China Coast we'd seen a lot of women. Beautiful women, some of them. Women that were made in



"I shot a man with that thing," she said, "back at the European Hotel in Changow to-night. That's what I'm wanted for."

Illustrated by WEP

think he was—and the memory was enough.

"All right," said Briggs, squaring his powerful shoulders. "You don't have to go back, miss, for all the policemen in China."

She gave him a look that made Briggs go weak at the knees. He turned and went on deck. I followed. He went to the rail, gripped it hard between his hands, and stared towards the shore. Across the stretch of dirty water the lights of Changow twinkled and gleamed.

"You're takin' a devil of a risk, Sam," I said. "How do you know she's tellin' the truth, for one thing? Why, for all you know, she—she might have

He flung round.

"What?" he barked.

"Well, she might have done almost anything," I said weakly.

"Nonsense," he growled; "she just told us what happened, didn't she? Question is, where can we put her until we clear the mud?"

We began to argue about that. There were plenty of places where we could have hidden her, but none of them seemed particularly safe to either of us. Eventually, however, we took her below. We put a mattress for her, and, after shifting about ten tons of coal between us, left her.

Two hours later the tug steamed into sight. We had got the hawser fixed, and the "King George" had slipped over the mud-bank and was lying well out in the stream when the police-launch bumped alongside us.

There were five Chinese in her and all carried arms of some sort. Briggs met them on deck, pipe in mouth, and as cool as the proverbial cucumber. He could talk Chinese fluently when he liked, but, on this particular night, he didn't like.

There was a lot of excitement and arguing on one side and the other, the police trying to hustle Briggs. They might just as well have tried to hustle a mountain. Briggs positively refused to be hustled.

**E**VENTUALLY the police decided to search the boat, which they did pretty thoroughly. But they didn't find Hongkong Clara, hidden under the good British coal.

We didn't dare let her up on deck until we had slipped past Wo-hi-wei. From Wo-hi-wei, for nearly two hundred miles, the Pei-li-hi moved sluggishly between the lonely, wooded banks of the river. We saw no villages, no people or cattle; only the everlasting jungle.

Our destination was Hottai, one of the loneliest little villages in the world. Hongkong Clara came on deck, looking pretty black, but making fun of the whole affair. She had plenty of pluck, that kid.

(Please turn to Page 8)

## Dress Sense

When lovely woman stoops to folly  
In dress, and what pertains to it,  
Then it becomes the melancholy  
Duty of reverend folk who sit  
In judgment to talk fire and fables  
Where really they should ask the ladies  
To use their common sense a bit.

If you have feet and understandings  
Just made for use, then it is plain  
You need no counsel or commandings  
From skimpy dresses to abstain.  
And when your chins begin to double  
A low neck simply aids the trouble,  
Till even the broadest-minded angel  
Would look on such a thing with pain.

But take this truth with wisdom weighted  
So plain that all who run may read,  
You may wear skirts abbreviated,  
So long as you are built for speed.  
And neither moral law, nor letter  
Will make you any worse or better,  
Until you reach the ten stone limit.  
But, Sisters, then you must take heed.

—N. A. EVANS.



politeness—and passed on. Briggs, you see, was just a typical British master in sail. A bit phlegmatic, a little taciturn, a man who often demanded of the gods why he had ever seen the sea at all, but a man who would continue to use the water to the end of his days.

We waited for the tug that was coming from Sarasong, thirty miles down the river, to pull us off the mud.

Heaven, and some that were made in the other place. But Hongkong Clara simply took our breath away. She was like no other woman we'd ever seen before, Eastern or European.

Her mouth was as scarlet as the little satin shoes on her feet—at least, they had been scarlet before the mud of the Pei-li-hi River had got at them. Her silver frock was short and showed the shapeliness of her, and Briggs and I

just stood around and watched her breathlessly. A dirty old coal-boat, plying the Pei-li-hi, didn't seem the proper place for Hongkong Clara.

"Captain," she said, with an appealing gesture, "before we go any further, I want to tell you everything. I—I don't want you to think that I'm trying to—make use of you, or anything like that."

Briggs wiped his face with his handkerchief. The coast night was sultry and still; but it wasn't only the night which made him go hot, I reckon.

"Y-yes, miss?" he said, still staring at her.

She slipped into a seat by the table, twisting one shapely leg over the other. I saw Briggs glance at that leg. I was just getting ready to remind him that he'd got a missus and four kids waitin' for him in Newcastle when she burst out at him again.

"Captain," she said, "I'm wanted by the police!"

Briggs went on mopping his face. It wasn't the police which unsettled Briggs. All the policemen in China couldn't have done that. It was Hongkong Clara herself.

"Wanted by—the police, miss?"

"Yes, Captain. I had to fly from Changow to-night."

Briggs took a look at me and I took a look at Briggs.

"What do they want you for, miss?"

She opened her handbag. She took something out of it, slammed it down on the table—a small automatic pistol.

"See that?" she said.

"Briggs stared at it.

"Yes, miss," he said.

She laughed.

"I shot a man with that thing," she said, "back at the European Hotel, in Changow, to-night. That's what I'm wanted for."

Briggs took another look at me and

"Perhaps, miss, it would be better if—if you went back. I mean, if you shot this man in self-defence—"

She shook her head.

"I'm scared to go back," she said, "dead scared, Captain. Do you know the gaol at Changow?"

Briggs did know it, and so did I. A beastly, dirty, filthy hole. I'd seen Chinese huddled in there like pigs, and, once, I saw a white man—Dutch,

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS



# Hongkong CLARA (Continued from Page 7)

"W HERE does a lady take her bath on this dirty old boat, Captain?" she laughed.

"Bath?" said Briggs. He looked at me and I looked at him.

"Oh! it doesn't matter," she smiled. "I guess I'll manage somehow. By the way, can you boys lend me some clothes to put on while I wash my own?"

"Why, sure," said Briggs.

It was Briggs who got a bath prepared, somehow. She washed out her frock and stockings and hung them along the rail to dry in the sun.

"Forgot to ask before," she said, "but I'd like to know where we're going."

Briggs told her.

"And then?" she asked.

"Back to Changow," he said, after some hesitation. "We can't go beyond Hottai. Every inch we go the mud gets thicker—and higher."

"And do you think the police will bother us again when we return to Changow, Captain?"

"Probably," said Briggs. "They must know by this time that you've escaped out of Changow, somehow. Yes, probably they will bother us again."

"And there won't be any coal for me to hide under next time," she said seriously. "What'll I do, Captain?"

She had appealed to Briggs about everything since she'd set eyes on him, and you can't have a girl like that appealing continuously to a man like Briggs without things happening.

"Sam," I said, that night, "don't go and make a complete fool of yourself. Remember, you've got a missus in Newcastle."

"Newcastle be blowed!" said Briggs angrily. "What d'you think I am? A bit of a kid or what?"

I went after him across the deck.

"Did the police, tell you anything about the man she shot?" I asked.

"Not much," he grunted; "only that he wasn't dead, just hurt. The bullet went through his shoulder, that's all. Is he a white man, Sam?"

"Sure he's white," snapped Briggs; "what d'you think?"

"Well, they can only take her up for

wounding him," I said. "I thought at first it might be something much worse."

"It's bad enough," he growled. "They seem to do just as they darn well please with Britishers these days. I shouldn't like to see her in Changow good, even for a night. It's not fit for pigs, let alone a woman like that."

Well, that was true enough, and I had no argument against it. All the same, I could see how things were drifting.

When I went below, some time later, I found the girl stitching a rent in Briggs' reefer jacket. He had worn that old reefer jacket, with that rent in the lining, for months.

Briggs himself seemed quite bucked at the idea that this lovely young girl should have bothered to mend it for him. And I saw that matters were beginning to get really serious.

Next evening I came on deck and found him kissing her. She seemed to like it, too. She followed Briggs about the boat like a dog almost. The thing struck me all of a heap.

I took another look at Briggs. Briggs was about forty-five, well-built and plucky as any British master in sail can be, but that was about all. As far as looks went—well, Sam Briggs was not est, as the French say.

In fact, Briggs was rather an ugly man—the sheer ugliness of brute strength, maybe. Not the sort of man, anyhow, for a girl like Hongkong Clara to go soft on.

It was that same evening, too, that I learnt her real name. Just a sort of nickname, of course; but it ought to have told Briggs, who knew the China Coast better than most, just what type of woman she was.

She was frank enough about it, though; came out with it pat, without



## A WRINKLE In Time SAVES . . .

A FINCH of carbonate of soda put in a vase with cut flowers will keep the blooms fresh for days.

bothering what we might think apparently. I don't know what Briggs himself thought; all he seemed to be able to think of was the poetic prettiness of the name, not what it signified to men who have spent years on the coast, where you can find plenty of white women like Hongkong Clara—although, quite possibly, none quite as beautiful.

Briggs made no bones about it, anyway; he immediately shortened it to "Clara." Clara, Briggs told me suddenly, had always been his favorite name for a girl. Mrs. Briggs' name was Violet. When I reminded Briggs about it, he said that Violet was a nice little name, of course, but not to be compared with Clara from Hongkong, which had the real ring of romance and the East about it.

Well, better men than Sam Briggs have fallen for women of Hongkong Clara's kind. But what I couldn't understand was how or why Hongkong Clara had fallen for Sam Briggs. He was a fine man, but not at all the type for a Hongkong Clara.

He hadn't any money. He was married. He had four nice kids back in Newcastle. He wasn't in the least the romantic sort. Didn't know the first thing about makin' love to a pretty woman, but . . . Well, there it was.

I tried another tack; I said to Hongkong Clara, as we lay moored outside Hottai, one sweltering afternoon:

"Sam's got the nicest little wife. Thinks the whole darn world of him."

Hongkong Clara blew cigarette smoke expertly between her crimson lips

"Well," she smiled. "I've got a husband in Liverpool. Quite a nice boy, too. But what does that matter?"

I tried again.

"Sam," I said, "has got the nicest kids in Newcastle. He thinks the whole—"

"... darn world of them," she said; "yes, I know. How long will it take you to unload this coal?"

"Five or six hours," I growled, and left her alone.

We slipped downstream under the stars. The night was hot and still. Hardly a breath of a breeze anywhere. About midnight the boat bumped something hard, and with a soft shudder, became still.

"Hit the mud," said Briggs, with a curse.

We had. We soon saw that she was going to take a lot of shifting, too. Hongkong Clara came on deck, leaning over the rail to watch. Briggs took the six Chinese hands ashore,

with a towline, in the hope of pulling her clear.

By this time the stars had dimmed and a cold breeze was rising down the river. I was lashing the wheel, before going ashore to lend a hand with the others, when suddenly I heard Briggs shout.

I turned my head sharply. And, as I did so, I saw Briggs. He was running along the bank, waving his arms and shouting. I saw the Chinese crew huddled back against some trees, like frightened creatures, doing nothing.

I saw, too, about twenty figures in the dim light, all of them armed to the teeth. I saw Briggs go down, fighting them tooth and claw—saw them drag him, still fighting and struggling, towards the trees beyond.

Suddenly I felt Hongkong Clara clutch at me.

"What is it?" she breathed.

"Pirates!" I snapped.

I rushed below to get my revolver. Briggs had gone ashore unarmed. I cursed his thoughtlessness. This stretch of the coast was as dangerous as any in China. Briggs knew that as well as anyone.

(Please turn to Page 36)



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# A GUEST House By the SEA

—Or in any good  
locality is profitable  
and interesting

By Our Special Commissioner

With the approach of summer and the opening of the surfing season, residents from all parts of the Commonwealth are contemplating their annual trip to the seaside.

The problem of finding accommodation for the visitors is always a difficult one, particularly in the capital cities of the various States. So it is appropriate to deal this week with the "guest house" as a career for girls.

THE winter is always a lean time for the guest house proprietress, and it is from the end of October until Easter time that she looks for her harvest.

In none of the capitals is the hotel accommodation adequate to cope with the influx of summer visitors, and while large numbers of country people have recourse to furnished flats and cottages for their holiday visit, the majority look to the guest house as an opportunity to lay aside for a time the drudgery of cooking and housekeeping.

The guest house has an advantage over most other business propositions in that very little capital is required to commence. The first essential is to secure premises situated in a convenient location. Holiday people down for a rest dislike very much having to walk any distance for their pleasure, and it is desirable to secure a place within a minute or two of the tram or ferry.

A quiet, restful type of home appeals most, and a garden with lawns is also an asset. The younger people like to have a tennis court on the premises, but this is not always possible owing to the enhanced land values in the vicinity of most of the pleasure resorts.

To make a guest house a profitable proposition, you require premises with at least ten bedrooms. A house with a number of bright, airy, single rooms is the most suitable, as guests generally prefer individual living rooms. Sharing rooms is not satisfactory, as even close friends prefer the privacy of their own bedroom, and, in addition, the tariff has usually to be "cut" where bedrooms are shared.

Two bathrooms are a great convenience, one for each sex, as there is nothing more irritating than lining up in a queue waiting for your turn at the shower, and wondering just how much longer the occupant of the bathroom is going to take with her ablutions.

Once a lease of a suitable property is secured, furniture can be secured on easy terms, and the ordinary bedroom can be furnished at a cost of from £20 to £30 with new furniture, and cheaper still with good second-hand stuff, which is always available in any quantity in the cities. A handy woman can make a considerable saving by making her own curtains and bedspreads.

The bedrooms should be tastefully arranged. Men may not worry overmuch about these things, but women, when the room they occupy is their only home, insist that it shall be attractive and bright.

A comfortable lounge-room must be set apart for the use of the guests, and in addition to the piano it is advisable to install a radio set. In many guest houses the management objects to guests entertaining their friends in their bedrooms and have provided a guest lounge-room where visitors can be received privately.

This practice is by no means universal, and the proprietress of one of the most select guest houses assured me that she could not see the slightest ob-

CAREERS  
for GIRLS



PEOPLE are always looking for new places to stay.

# LIFE with LOWER Down ON the Farm

By L. W. LOWER

Wep's idea of a self-operating farm as depicted here may be alright for Wep, inspired as he is with a horror of work, but on my farm we stick to the old methods.

I WILL admit that the ordinary methods have their drawbacks. For instance, there's the milking. You've got to get up at the most unearthly hours, and no matter what time you get up, the cows are always up before you. I discovered this on my last visit to my property.

On saddling up to go the rounds, I must have pulled the girth too tight, because I noticed the horse going black in the face, so I decided that it might be better to walk.

I first of all inspected the pigs. A strange thing about pigs is that they not only smell through their noses, but all over. A herd of baby pigs is called a litter, and a jolly good name for it, too.

I stopped and talked to the overseer, who was repairing one of the huge fans operated by water power which we use for cooling the cattle.

"Where is that young lady going?" I asked, pointing into the distance.

"Down to the back paddock," he replied. "She's got a couple paddy calves."

"I noticed them," I replied. "Why does she wear cotton stockings?"

We then went and had a look at the reaper and binder, also the chaffcutter, which is nothing like a naval cutter, that being a kind of surgical instrument.

Then there is the sacrificer, which has prongs on it and you drag it over the ground after it has been dug up by the plough (pronounced Plow; same as Cough, Cow).

It is really astonishing the amount of labor that is necessary for wheat growing. There is the watering, and the planting out of the seedlings, and the pruning. Weeding is exceptionally tiresome, and very hard on the back.

I kept a sharp eye out for bulls, especially a stud bull, both back and front. I failed to see any of the much discussed papal bulls, however.

MY sheep looked very well, especially the come-backs, which are a sort of homing sheep. I noticed a number of strange looking sheep amongst the flock.

"What are those?" I asked the foreman.

"They're Lincolns," he replied.

"What's he doing running sheep on our farm?" I demanded sharply.

"Oo?" he asked.

"Lincoln!" I snapped.

"That's the name of the sheep," he explained.

I thought it was a very jolly idea, giving them all names. Made everything seem so friendly. I discovered that when a sheep is skinned, they call it Basil.

Very nice name, too, although I'd prefer something plainer, like Edward.

We then had a look at the poultry run.

"What is that gentleman doing there?" I enquired.

"He's collecting eggs," said the foreman.

"Let me know if he gets any twice, and I'll exchange with him."

Although, really, I prefer collecting cigarette cards. Eggs got so monotonous after a while. The birds were of all breeds—Plymouth Brethren, Spotted Whynots, Winoocas, and Jack Langshanks, and the rest mainly Black Orphans.

"Well," said the foreman, "I'll have to leave you now. I've got to do the milking."



Wep's idea of a self-operated farm.

"What, again!" I exclaimed. It seems that the confounded things turn out milk by the gallon, and if they are not bailed out they run over. I went back to the homestead while the foreman did the bailing. It was dark when he got back.

"WHAT'S that mournful cry that comes from over the hills?" I asked him.

"That's curlews," he said.

"Not my learned friend the judge?" I exclaimed. "What's he yelling out like that for?"

I found out that it was a bird. Just

another beak making a noise.

"Well, I'm going to bed," said the foreman.

"Bed!" I cried.

"We've got to be up at three o'clock in the morning. Gutter catch the milk train."

"Holy Mike! By gee, I think I'll catch it with you."

"It's only for the milk," he said, dully.

"This," I said, "is no place for me. I prefer Wep's farm."

"Oo's Wep?" asked the foreman.

"One of the greatest agricultural geniuses in the world," I replied.

Which shows that I'm not hide-bound in my opinions.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

**PAUL MUNI**  
MADE HIS STAGE DEBUT AT THE AGE OF 11 IN THE ROLE OF A MAN OF 60

**ELISSA LANDI**  
IS THE AUTHOR OF THREE PUBLISHED NOVELS—"NEILSON", "THE HELMERS" AND "HOUSE FOR SALE".

**RAQUEL TORRES**  
ONCE WAS AN USHERETTE IN GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE IN HOLLYWOOD.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** IS BILLIE CASSIN  
**FLORENCE VIDOR** IS FLORENCE ARTO

and iron. Usually no charge is made for the use of the laundry, but guests provide their own soap and washing materials, and are charged a small sum for the use of the electric iron.

It is hardly necessary to say that the most important matter in the success of the guest house is the menu. One cook can do very nicely for anything from 10 to 20 people, provided she has the assistance of a girl for the heavier kitchen work, and if the proprietress is a capable housekeeper she can run her establishment with the assistance of a housemaid-waitress.

I need add very little about the quality of the food and the manner of serving it. If this department is not up to the mark no guest house can hope to succeed.

"I NEVER, under any circumstances, make friends with any of my guests," a successful manageress told me. "I always try to be agreeable and pleasant to them, but never confidential. I make it a practice never to discuss any of my guests with the others, although I have to listen to them all, no matter how busy I am. I do not discuss my private affairs with any of them, and I do not poke my nose into their business."

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43 FIRST PLACES IN 1932.



## An Editorial

OCTOBER 21, 1933.

## OUR UNCONVERTED BLACKS

NOT much longer can we go on ignoring the aborigine problem.

And what a weird problem it is. On the south-east corner of this continent we have huge cities of culture and civilisation in many ways leading the world.

At the top of the continent hordes of naked blacks live at the stone-age level of culture.

Twenty thousand years separate the two groups of people in mental and historical development. When they meet each other on the fringes of the white man's settlement a tremendous drama of human history is enacted.

The Sphinx is 40 centuries old. These human antiquities belong to an era 200 centuries old.

But the actual contact between the white settler or miner of to-day and the primitive savage is one of sordid tragedy. To the pioneer, the black is a pest like the emu, the kangaroo, and the crocodile. To the black, the white man is a source of more misery than his original degradation.

"It is a disgrace to our missionary enterprise to think that most of the 70,000 aborigines in Australia have never heard of Christ," the Rev Telfer told a Christian Endeavor meeting the other day.

As to that, many of the 70,000 blacks have come in contact with professed Christian white men, and are familiar with the Divine Names as oaths and curses.

The Australian Women's Weekly recognises that but for the Missions the blacks would have received even worse shift than they do now. But the protection and oversight of aborigines is no more the business of the churches than is education or public health in our own political economy.

Government has a much greater duty than merely providing policemen to arbitrate when Stone Age clashes with Enlightened 1933. That is what the churches should urge.

THE EDITOR.

## LYRICS OF LIFE

## How Long Will It Last?

We have wandered away from the things of a day  
That is lost in the mist of the past,  
For the world grew too wise for the old to advise.  
So the sages were silent at last.  
Yes, we made a new earth, and we measured its worth  
With new morals, new methods, new aims,  
But the world all about is beginning to doubt  
If the world is the world that it claims.  
There are troubles and tears, there are failures and fears—  
"This depression, how long will it last?"  
Till we turn, while we may, to the things of a day  
That is lost in the mist of the past.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## Poor Relations

IN the Irish village of Whitegate, County Clare, is Mrs. Burke Hayes, a humble Irish woman, who has inherited a fortune of £50,000 left by the late Edward Martin Burke, of Sydney.

Only 11½ was found in Burke's possession when he died in 1923, aged 80, at a public hospital. He appeared to have no friends or relatives, and so a pauper's funeral was arranged. However, when deposit slips for over £40,000 were found in his cheap room at Darlinghurst, 7000 relatives sprang up like magic to claim it.

Now, after ten years' search, the authorities have singled out Mrs. Hayes as the rightful heiress.

The most extraordinary part of this unusual story is how on earth Mr. Burke, who was only a postal official and ex-policeman, managed to collect £50,000. He would have had to save more than £10 every week of his life to do it. He came out from Ireland with nothing.

It just shows how foolish it is to despise "poor" relations.

## A Man and His Dog

EVERYONE is in sympathy with Mr. H. H. Tonks, who has fought so valiantly for the freedom of his Alsatian actor dog, "Caesar."

Before he took "Caesar" to Hollywood, Mr. Tonks was told by the Perth Customs that the dog would be allowed to re-enter Australia after 60 days' quarantine, but the official evidently either did not know the dog was going to America or forget that America was a rabies country.

The dog has now been brought back and is refused admission to Australia because it has come from a rabies country.

As a Customs Official explained to The Australian Women's Weekly, "Caesar" may never get rabies, on the other hand it cannot be said for certain that he will not.

England spent thousands of pounds stamping out rabies, not long ago, and having succeeded a man landed a dog from a rabies country in an aeroplane, and started the whole thing over again.

Australia has never had rabies and does not want it. The Customs Department is right to be strict. The only thing for Mr. Tonks to do, if some other way out cannot be found, is to send "Caesar" back to his many friends in Hollywood.

## Women and Centenary

THE Victorian National Council of Women is to have a big part in the Melbourne Centenary programme.

Among other matters they have decided upon competitions ranging from statutory to knitting. Their idea is to make the centenary a money-getting as well as a money-spending effort.

The memory of pioneer women is to be honored, side by side with the bettering of the lot of women and children to-day and in the future.

## Social Studies

WITH a view to fostering world-friendship and placing the work of teaching on a higher ethical level, the new State School curriculum in Victoria groups geography and history among "social studies," emphasising the human element and replacing stories of great military conquerors with those of pioneers and others who have sought the people's welfare along more beneficent and humanising lines.

## Brighter Meals

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN wine-grower urges us to drink more wines and less tea. "It is because we do not realise the value of wine that we consume so little of it," he pointed out at the 14th Viticultural Congress in Adelaide last week.

Wine played a large part, he added, in forming the French national character and among its best qualities were courtesy, frankness, and the manly virtues of courage and love of country.

Almost at the same time as this advice was given in South Australia, Scottish housewives were demonstrating a new form of jam with a "kick" in it.

There was lemon marmalade with brandy, peach preserve with rum and strawberries in brandy jelly.

How popular meals would be among husbands, with wine instead of tea and jam with a "kick."

We wonder.

## New Education

IT looks as though the Rev. Guy Pentreath, who will be leaving London to become headmaster



SISTER AGNES MCGREGOR, one of the devoted band of Australian Bush Nurses, is seen here seated on "Ada," the camel. The turn-out is being driven by a woman who had to leave her home at Tibbooburra, away back o' Bourke, because of drought. "Even when on vacation," writes a friend, "these nurses do not let up on the job. When on vacation to Cooma, her home town, Sister Agnes is always busy conducting Church services, delivering lectures on the 'out-back,' collecting funds to carry on, and ever on the alert for contributions of toys, old or new, for the annual Xmas tree."

of St. Peter's College, Adelaide, will be a valuable addition to Australian educational circles. He disagrees with the ancient system which turns out clever pupils who know their classics, but next to nothing about the modern world and its problems.

In an interview, according to a cable, he said, "I believe games are an essential part of education, but it is tragedy when schools cram boys with sport, making them so fed-up that they never play it after leaving."

The same argument might be applied to anything taught in any school. It is well known that Shakespeare is ruined for many people by being rammed down their throats at school.

## Queensland Leads

IT is interesting to note that Queensland is the only State in Australia where an insurance policy is in operation among its life-saving surfers.

Victoria, New South Wales, and other States will surely take a leaf from the Queensland book, and see that something is done. Life-savers deserve every possible consideration, and surely adequate insurance is the least they can be given.

In Queensland the policies are taken out with the State Insurance Office. The premium is £1 for each member, and the policy provides cover for death or injury while life-saving.

Five hundred members are insured under the scheme.

## Sally Did Not Say "Lousy"

## London Playwright's Protest

By DION TITHERADGE

Author of "Sally Who," described by our London correspondent as an attack on Australians.

I have just received a cutting from your paper which contains an article written by your London correspondent, Nell Murray, violently denouncing my play, "Sally Who?" This is headed "Vulgar Attack on Australians."

I AM accused of creating and presenting a "typical young girl from Australia," and your reviewer then proceeds to make a list of all the appalling solecisms poor Sally commits, laying to my charge the dreadful crime of having willfully misrepresented the Australian character! Miss Murray's enthusiastic love for the Commonwealth has, I am afraid, destroyed her sense of proportion and obscured her sense of justice.

Sally, as the uneducated offspring of an equally uneducated Irish woman, brought up by her mother and a "rough customer" from Cork who had settled in the back-blocks of Queensland, is no more meant to be a typical young girl from Australia than is the English "dude" presented in plays shown abroad a typical Englishman. Anybody could see this with half an eye.

I make no bones of it—Sally is half-sister to Cinderella, Peg (o' my heart) and Paddy (the next best thing). Everybody loved her; more than that, they loved her racy slang. "Straight dinkum," "wower," "cobber," "too right," and "good-oh" all cheered up the conversation and made the nice young Englishman, whom she eventually married, forget his favorite "priceless," "awfully," "frightfully," "cherio," and what not.

I deny that Sally said "lousy," although I don't see why she shouldn't have done if she had wanted to. Sally was a dear; she could say anything!

WITH reference to the terrible heart-burning question as to whether Australians ever take a bath, perhaps an explanation is needed. My heroine lived way-back a hundred miles from nowhere. The actual line she spoke was: "Where I come from, you can't have a bath every day. In a drought you're lucky to get water to drink."

A well-known Australian, at present over here, told me that I hadn't made this strong enough. He suggested I should relate the story of the "bullockies" who had so little water that there wasn't enough to have both tea and a wash. They compromised by having a wash first and making the tea afterwards.

The point Miss Murray seems to have missed is that, in the uneven struggle between Sally and the aristocratic Mrs. Ross-Quilter and her daughter, the girl from the backblocks simply romped home to victory. She won all hearts. As a consequence, I am wondering what society people here think of me or if I shall be "received" anywhere again? I wonder, too, whether it was not I who started the recent trouble in Ireland because of Sally's mother. What is a dramatist to do? Dare I write a play about a drunken Chinaman, a Spaniard, or a Turk without causing international complications? Did Scotland rise in wrath to slay Shakespeare for making Macbeth a murderer?

MY whole crime is this: Sally came from Australia, and no matter how lovable, she happened to be uneducated. Because of this, according to your correspondent, I have labelled an entire continent.

Miss Murray says: "... does this type of humor tend towards better understanding between England and Australia?" May I say that I consider that her type of wild and distorted journalism certainly does not.

While protesting against the statement that I have been guilty of unfair vulgarities, I have to thank you for the Editorial comment which says that "No Australian ever measured England by the rules of Cheapside, or thought that Bow Bells rang the melody of all London." I know that you will grant, similarly, that no sane Englishman or Englishwoman would judge a great Commonwealth after treading on the toe of a Woolloomooloo larkkin.

## JANE'S JOURNAL—The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.





As Moreland, he had planned and seized his chance to secure the coveted diamond . . . and disappear



**B**ILLET gave a swift ejaculation as the figure passed the shop a second time. Was it coincidence, or was he being watched? If it was the latter . . . He'd sell his liberty dearly . . . He went to the back of the shop behind the counter, and sat absorbed there. Soon he resumed his place near the shop door. There was a comforting feel in his pocket. He bared his teeth as he stared with apparently careless gaze up and down the road.

But the policeman had gone on. He was far down the road now. Billet sucked his teeth, gazed unseeingly at a group of urchins leaping further up the road, then leaned against the lintel of the door.

The fellow was only doing his best as usual. There was nothing in him passing twice. For that matter, the policeman on the beat often paid surreptitious return trips after passing on schedule—to try to catch the street gamins who endangered property with their football round the corner.

No, the police suspected nothing. How should they?

He strolled inside, still uncertain. . . "Probably nerves," he whispered to himself. "But suppose . . . suppose they guess. Have I left any clues?"

He went to the door, looked about the street with every appearance of bland idleness, noted that the constable was now far away and still proceeding farther, and breathed with relief. He went inside, sought a shelf behind the counter and pursed his lips in a noiseless whistle.

"Martha!" he called. His niece appeared from the room at the back of the shop.

"I left some cartridges on this shelf," he said quietly, though his temples throbbed painfully. "The standard 'forty-five' calibre. Have you moved them?"

"There was a big consignment through a few days after you went away!" answered the girl. She pointed to a huge metal chest. "I put them in the bin where you always keep them." She paused.

"The loose packets on this shelf," urged Billet, sharply, "have—"

"I cleared all the forty-fives off the shelf," replied the girl. "I threw them loose in the bin with all the others."

Billet turned and stared at the huge chest behind him. It was crammed to the top with packets of cartridges, many of which had escaped their thick wrappers and spilled loosely. He swallowed painfully.

"All right," he said. "You can go home now I shall not require you any longer." He slipped some money into

Illustrated  
by  
**WYNNE  
DAVIES**

## The BLUE Diamond

her hand, and, later, watched her departure with unconcealed satisfaction.

Later he returned to the bin, gazed down at the thousands of cartridges, and his teeth grated.

"Curse women!" he muttered, venomously. "Curse them and their meddling fingers!"

At 8 o'clock, Archibald Billet, gunsmith, closed his shop. He was scrupulously careful to ensure that his blinds fitted snugly, so that no crevice would afford information to any enquiring eye from outside.

Crouched behind his counter, by the light of a solitary candle he commenced to examine the contents of the huge bin of cartridges. The newspaper on which he cascaded the first hundreds for examination ironically

shrieked in heavy leaded type of the theft of the famous Blue Diamond. The paper was a month old. It stated that the police were busy searching for a suspected man, Bertrand Moreland. His description was given.

**B**ILLET sat back on his heels and laughed grimly. Yes, Bertrand Moreland had certainly connected up with the Blue Diamond. And the police had failed to discover him. Surely they never would discover him. No thought or expense had been spared to sever any threads connecting Bertrand Moreland with Archibald Billet.

One and the same man! It had taken Billet many months of patient care and foresight to establish himself as a separate personality in the district where he would have access to the famous diamond. With diabolical skill he had so managed things that Bertrand Moreland had become an accepted character of queer habits. He had played his part well. And, as Moreland, he had planned and seized his chance to secure the coveted diamond and . . . disappear.

Let the police search. They could never hope to pin the crime on to respected and law-abiding Archibald Billet of Wennington.

Billet delved amongst the cartridges and cursed his niece afresh. Her passion for orderliness had swept the Blue Diamond into this bin. He had swiftly embedded the stone into an innocent-looking cartridge immediately he had secured it. His experienced fingers had fashioned the cartridge back into its original shape, so that it would be impossible for the eye to detect any difference in its appearance.

With tight lips he commenced prising the leaden bullets from their brass and cardboard cases. As he cut them up he reflected on the loss their destruction occasioned him. Well, what matter? Already his plans and their execution had well-nigh drained his resources. But once the diamond itself was negotiated through the right channels, he would be rich. Rich.

The hours wore on. Billet went on cutting into the cartridges. The pile of mutilated missiles accumulated at his side. Still he went on cutting.

Daylight came, but no diamond-bearing cartridge had as yet appeared. With daylight came a dreadful thought. Had any cartridges from the bin been sold in his absence?

Next morning Billet's niece stated, in reply to his guarded questioning, that three officers from the barracks had bought forty-fives. Yes; a gross each. Some in packets, some loose.

Billet lost no time in getting to the

*There was a sudden wild scuffle. One of the policemen snatched suddenly. As his brother-officer went down from a terrible kick in the groin he acted. There was a sharp report, and Billet sank to the floor with a shriek of pain.*

barracks. He explained earnestly that the cartridges were imperfect. He was about to return all his present stock for new supplies. Most regrettable. Would they let him have them back? His reputation was a thing he cherished. The officers would be furnished with replacements as soon as the new supplies arrived. He would see to it personally.

With a great sigh of relief, he departed from the barracks with three gross of unused cartridges. He added them to those already in the bin awaiting his examination.

The weeks went by. Each night the bin yielded up part of its immense quota to Billet's feverish knife. By candle light he worked steadily, perseveringly. Thousands of new glittering cartridges still remained in the

By **RALPH PLUMMER**

bin. Somewhere in it was the Blue Diamond. He stared down into the metal mass and consoled himself with the thought. It was only a question of time.

But . . . it was getting on his brain this task. As week succeeded week he found himself still cutting away fruitlessly . . . and whimpering with unconscious anxiety.

Came the morning when the bin held but a third of its capacity. Another few weeks and he'd find that cartridge whose bullet held the prize. It must turn up soon . . .

Billet sought assuagement of his throbbing brain by the soothing cheer of alcohol. When he returned from the local hostelry his niece, whom he had left in charge, was at the door.

"They've come," she said beamingly. "I've put them with the others."

"What's come?" asked Billet thickly. "The new stock of 'forty-five' cartridges," she returned. "Had you forgotten them?"

Billet had forgotten them! His whole world had comprised the cutting

of cartridges and the stowing away in a hidden spot of the mutilated remnants whose interiors had not yielded the frenziedly-sought prize.

Billet watched her go dully. Then he went behind the counter. He laughed wildly and tottered. Then he subsided and his frame shook in terrible sobs.

The big bin was full to the top with a chaos of new and old cartridges. It had always been the custom to mix up the old stock with the new. Fastidious customers resented tarnished cases which bespoke long residence upon the premises. His niece had mixed well. She had been thorough.

Archibald Billet started all over again. But his fingers began to shake and fumble at their task. The whole cargo had to be gone through. All the cartridges looked the same.

The weeks went by. Then the months. Night after night he worked assiduously, patiently. But his mind wandered at times. The strain was telling. And the tide of cartridges in the bin sank slowly.

Night after night. The process was purely mechanical. He prised and cut, cut and prised. Still no diamond greeted him from the dull innards of the cartridges.

He caught himself laughing like a demented thing. At times he stopped to press his hands to his bursting temples. Once he paused and stared aghast into the outer darkness of his quiet premises beyond the feeble luminance of his candle.

Suppose the diamond didn't turn up! Nonsense! Of course it was nonsense. It must turn up. That loose package of cartridges he had left on the shelf had been emptied into the bin. It must turn up. Good Heavens! But suppose it didn't. Impossible . . . but suppose . . .

(Please turn to Page 12)

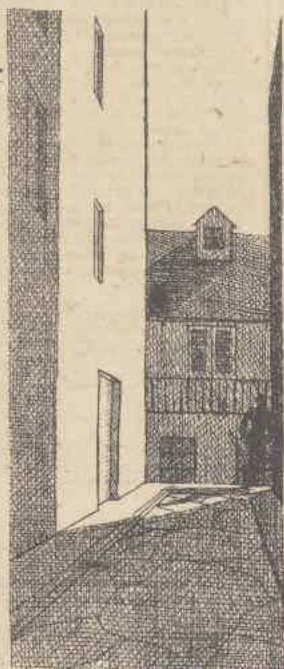
### Little Blind & Streets

Under the arch of the open sky,  
Running along where the soft air sighs,  
Out of their darkness, into the day,  
Little blind streets are twisting away.

Down where the shadows border the quay,  
They hear the things they never may see;  
Croon of the ocean, a far wind's chime,  
The hush of the trees, the world's long rhyme.

They have not looked for the lupin's shaft,  
That sings to the drop of the pollen'd thief,  
Theirs, but the dim, dark dusk of a day,  
Whose hours slide flowerless out and away.

Unmoved are they or by pain or grief,  
By blossom or bud, or fold of leaf—  
Drift of the town where the lost folk stray,  
Little blind streets are winding away. —Yvonne Mayhew.







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ADDRESS . . . . .

## The Blue DIAMOND

BILLET passed a quivering tongue over his lips. Then he would be ruined. Everything had been staked on the procuring of the diamond.

He laughed wildly, checked himself in quick shame and fright, and listened. Assured of unbroken silence he went on cutting. . . cutting . . .

Then came the night when a mere

bridges—he had cut them all. Through each and every one he had cut, expecting with each one to find but a thin coat covering a glorious stone of flashing blue fire. . .

He sobbed in his wild rage and grief. He was still gripping his fingers and mouthing vilely when the inner door opened and two men appeared, preceding the cowering Martha.

Billet ceased to jibber. He bent

## Going Back

I can smell the gum and wattle  
When I walk the busy street,  
I can hear the bushland calling,  
Through the scrape of restless  
feet.

For I'm tired of City people,  
And I long for freedom now,  
For the wide and breezy spaces,  
And to walk behind the plough.

And to hear the cattle lowing,  
When the sun is sinking low,  
And the shadows slowly creep-  
ing,  
Down the track I used to go.

To the big wide shingled home-  
stead,  
With blazing fire at night,  
And the long old-fashioned  
table,  
Where we read by the candle-  
light.



I can see the silver moonbeams  
In the silent wide lagoon,  
I can hear the curlews calling  
By the light of stars and  
moon.

Those were careless days and  
happy,  
Days of sun or days of rain,  
Far away from crowded cities,  
And I'm going back again.

—J. S. NOONAN.

few handfuls of bullets still waited his ministrations.

He went through them more slowly as he reached the last few. He must lay his hands on the all-important cartridge now. At any moment. His eyes were wild. His mouth slobbered a trifle. The strain was telling on Archibald Billet.

He cut into the soft case of still another of the bin's contents. He flung the barren, shapeless fragments on one side, and the hand he stretched inside the bin shook as if with the ague.

Only five more left. Five. Five. Billet cut into four of them. He flung the gashed mass to the floor and swayed over the last cartridge in the bottom of the bin.

"My God!" he croaked. "The last one of all. What irony!"

He thought of all the past months, with their nocturnal and fearful hoverings on the verge of the big discovery of the diamond at every second.

"The last one," he chuckled madly, and seized it with greedy fingers that plucked and writhed.

His knife cut carefully. He cut again. He went on cutting. It was in this cartridge that diamond. Of course it was. True, it was now in tiny fragments in his palm and he couldn't see the diamond.

Billet cut at tiny pieces of the case with mad persistence. He didn't believe it. He wouldn't believe it. The diamond must be here . . . somewhere. He glared down into the emptiness of the bin—with queer mutterings and a mad light in his eyes, he cut and hacked on the floor at microscopic fragments.

MUTTERING gibberish to himself in a thin, cracked voice, he rose at length to his feet. For a long moment he stood, swaying on his heels, with his eyes staring blindly into the empty bin. Then, with a fearful oath, he flung the handful of chippings at the wall.

"Gone!" he screamed. "Gone!"

He lurched across the room, glaring round him like a madman. All these tedious and torturing months. . . for naught! The great task had borne no fruit. The diamond. Where the devil was the diamond? It was in that bin. It must be! He had not overlooked it. Oh, he hadn't.

Thousands upon thousands of car-

(Continued from Page 11) slightly, with muscles bunched. These men were police officers. He knew the accursed breed. His eyes became alits of venomous intent. "Well?"

ONE of the two watched Billet's twitching features understandingly. The man was dangerous. He was on the border of insanity. The officer's eyes strayed to the litter of cartridge chippings. He eyed Billet quietly.

"Archibald Billet," he said slowly. There was a pause. Billet stared into the other's eyes and felt wild terror. "Alias," intoned the other, giving the two words drawing emphasis, "Bertrand Moreland!"

There was a sudden wild scuffle. One of the policemen snatched suddenly. As his brother-officer went down from a terrible kick in the groin, he acted. There was a sharp report, and Billet sank to the floor with a shriek of pain.

They took him away in a police ambulance later. Billet raved in delirium, suffering the ravages of a tortured mind and a broken leg.

"We had no proof," admitted one of the police-officers to the doctor, immediately after Billet was bandaged and out of pain in the balm of a narcotic sleep. "Guesswork, for we've been watching him for a long time. Lights here every night for weeks. We began to investigate. But we can prove nothing till we discover the missing stone."

"What happened when you tackled him?" The doctor rubbed his chin mustily.

"He drew on us. He must have had a pistol in his pocket always ready in case of emergency. I snatched it away, and, as Norris bent down from the brute's kick, I had to use it. I fired low. Got his leg, as you know."

The doctor produced something. A shapeless splatter of lead, thin, misshapen. It adhered to a blue gem which flashed and winked with blue iridescent fires. . .

"The bullet you shot him with," said the doctor softly. "From his own weapon!"

(Copyright)

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THIS NO. 1 COMPETITION CLOSERS AT 5.30 P.M. on Wednesday, the 15th of November, 1933. So send in your entries NOW AND WIN A PRIZE.

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RESULTS will be published in the leading papers and prize-winners will be notified immediately. If you send two 1d. stamps with your entries, results will be POSTED TO YOU, also the particulars of our next competition, together with a very interesting JIG-SAW PUZZLE FOR THE CHILDREN. Send this panel with extra two stamps when sending in your entries. W.W.



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# FIVE MINUTES in the LIFE of A LADY



THE AUSTRALIAN Women's Weekly artist photographer took these studies of a young lady, left alone with her mother's shopping bag, in a garden.



"CURIOSITY may have killed the cat . . . but I'm no pussy. Hulloo, a looking-glass! Fancy finding you in here."



"COLLY, what a sight I look! Something will have to be done about this quick."



"A DAB of powder here and there won't do us any harm. Mummy does this all day long."



"IT MAY have been a bargain, but I don't think much of it. Mum wouldn't be seen dead in it, I reckon."



AND HAVING seen all there was to be seen, she put everything back in the bag and lay back and went fast asleep.

## Women Are Not "Bossy," Says Professor

MOST young men get it into their heads that women are naturally "bossy," and always like their own way, but Professor Eric Waterhouse thinks differently.

In an address given recently to members of the Alliance of Honor, in St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, England, he said:

"I don't think women are 'bossy' by nature. They are quite convinced that what they want their husbands to do is best for them.

"With a woman the unforgivable sin is neglect. The wise husband remains the lover right through. He never forgets anniversaries, and always studies his wife's point of view.

"I think the marriage service that omits the word 'obey' is very wise. Very few wives obey their husbands."

## Shorter HAIR and Dusted with GOLD

### New Season's Styles

Girls! How are you wearing your hair this season? You may have it gold-dusted—with synthetic powder, of course—lacquered, waved and thinned.

THE new hats demand short hair; so exit the long shingle. No one will grieve over it, as few faces were improved by having untidy hair displayed.

For the girls who have achieved woman's crowning glory again and are loathe to part with their long locks, the flat has gone forth. If your hair is thick it must be skillfully thinned. A very thin roll instead of copious curls may be indulged in.

If you are "A child of the pure unclouded brow"—if your particular style of beauty is suited to an "Alice in Wonderland" coiffure—you may have your hair bound with a metal band. This stimulates the comb worn by that Alice depicted in the story book.

### More Work

ONCE again the hairdressers will be hard at work, as the short shingle means many visits to have your hair cut.

Waves are again more popular than curls; undulating waves, not the crinkly, tight wave that has been very often seen, with its artificial appearance.

### If You're Rich

THE fashion of using gold dust is only a revival of ancient times. In Rome, in the days of Nero, women expressed their extravagant ideas with the precious dust. Considering the price of gold today, synthetic powder is more popular for the hair.

With the surfing season in sight it is cheery news that hair does not ripple as formerly. And even the lure of a golden comb would not be anything in the young life of a girl of our day.

We have heard of lacquer for the hair to wear with evening dress, but the surf calling on the morrow would make Australian girls pause before generally adopting this style.

## A BUSINESS MAN'S DIARY

Here is a new version of an old story.

	£	s.	d.
April 1—Advertisement for a girl typist . . . . .	0	2	6
April 3—Violets for new typist . . . . .	0	2	6
April 8—Week's wages for new typist . . . . .	2	0	0
April 10—Roses for new typist . . . . .	0	10	0
April 11—Chocolates for wife . . . . .	0	1	0
April 15—Lunch with Miss Brown . . . . .	2	3	6
April 17—Week's salary for typist . . . . .	3	0	0
April 17—Chocolates for Miss Brown . . . . .	0	10	0
April 17—Ditto for wife . . . . .	0	0	6
April 24—Theatre and supper with Win . . . . .	6	10	0
April 27—Fur coat for wife . . . . .	85	0	0
April 28—Advertisement for male typist . . . . .	0	2	6

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Get a 2/- tube of Cooltan from your chemist or store to-day, and take it to the Beach with you. Use it, too, on country trips—anywhere the sun is fierce—any time you want to look your best!

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3: "Four Quarter"—a novel elastic knit; white, with royal, Spanish red or black sections. Special Price 25/-

4: Host "The Tricolor"—a suit of wool-lattice-net; red, white, and royal; a novel lackless style. Special 39/6

SURF WEAR, FOURTH FLOOR. LAY-BY

# So They Say

Anyone can join in the arguments that take place in this column. So get out your pen and let other readers know your opinion about topical subjects. Letters should not be more than 100 words.

## PLEA FOR CHILDREN

MANY women, I have noticed, when leading a child along by the hand, almost invariably hurry at a pace quite unsuitable for the toddler's feet, and they hold the child's hand so high that the poor little mite is almost dragged off his feet at every step, and has his arm jerked nearly out of its socket. Surely a mother should have more understanding than this.

11 to Mrs. R. Jukes, 62 Simpson Street, East Melbourne, Vic.

## WIFE ALLOWANCE

WHY not fix the basic wage for a single person, man or woman, giving sufficient for present needs, plus a margin to save for a home or old age? Then give a woman a "wife allowance" as soon as she marries, provided she resigns her job. This allowance could be paid through the same channels as the child endowment.

11 to Mrs. C. A. Langworth, Laurieton, North Coast, N.S.W.

## LAST STRUTTINGS

CONGRATULATIONS on your editorial on War Mangling. It is indeed refreshing to note that there is at least one paper that refuses to be influenced by the hysterical outbursts and ravings of "these old fire-eaters," who are actuated in the main by self-seeking motives—a last little strut in front of the footlights before the ringing down of the final curtain.

11 to Mrs. J. H. Neilson, 22 Albion St., Lakemba, N.S.W.

## THEMSELVES TO BLAME

WOMEN of Melbourne, and St. Kilda in particular, are bewailing the fact that the restriction has again descended upon mixed bathing in the St. Kilda baths. And yet they have only

## PRIZES FOR LETTERS

FROM this week 12 prizes of 10/- each will be paid for the best short, pithy letters, from 50-100 words, submitted to this column. Other entries used will be paid for. Each letter must have attached an "S" coupon from the entry form on page 43.

themselves to blame for returning councillors who are notorious for their puritanical tendencies.

Anyhow, isn't it about time women made inquiries about candidates before voting. Instead of, in the majority of cases, blindly following in their husband's footsteps?

11 to Edna White, 1a Dalgety St., St. Kilda, S.2.

## MENTAL DEFECTIVES

THIS is a charge on the authorities and special application should be made by mental tests and proper treatment to overcome this deficiency when the mind is young and in its infancy, otherwise the victim is allowed to grow up unattended, and uncared for, thereby becoming in the majority of cases a serious menace to our people.

11 to Miss A. James, Woodville Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## BARE OR NOT TO BARE

SUNBATHING has everything to be said for it—but look at our beaches.

Young girls and children look very pretty in next-to-nothings; but the hairy chests of their escorts, the angles or rolls of fat on the not-so-young, are enough to revolt anyone. Young men could cover their chests to advantage and the older folk hide their defects, rather than expose them.

11 to Mrs. Q. W. Thomas, Cobaki Bridge, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

## "IS IT RELIGION?"

RE difference of opinion among the clergy as to whether prayers for the dead should be or should not be, and which are not prescribed in the prayer books, would it not be better for the churches to preach and practise in a more "broadly human sense," thus giving comfort and consolation in every way to those who need it, and creating a greater desire for Christ worship and interest in the churches, instead of keeping religion limited, restricted, and professional in its observance and effect?

11 to Mrs. Edith I. Reeve, 38 Hilltop Crescent, Manly, N.S.W.

HORT Holbrook says: A dainty delicacy is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The stances have been replaced with red pimentones.

## WOMEN CLERICS, PLEASE

AFTER reading your article, "Should We Have Women Clerics?" Why not? Are not most congregations composed chiefly of women? Then again, what man, in these modern times (be he cleric or layman) is fit to tell women the right and wrong road.

I'd like to be able to feel certain of the absolute purity of the life of the exhorter, and I feel sure that a woman cleric would be more conscientious in this way. Yes! Let us have women clerics.

11 to D. Weston, c/o G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld.

## NOT SO BIG

IN reply to the protest of Miss E. Paradise against the danger that lies in the size of the Alsatian, I would like to point out that they are certainly not



the largest breed of dogs. Airedales and Collies are common property, while Borzoi and Great Danes can also give the Alsatian points as regards stature. Anyhow, if size is the main objection existing, why not stick to it? Surely there is no need to go to the length of losing a good dog his character.

11 to Miss L. Fisher, 9 Campbell Street, Eastwood, N.S.W.

## CHEAPER FISH

IT is just about time some definite steps were taken to give Melbourne folks cheaper fish; it is undoubtedly a big factor also in our city, but no one takes up the question. We live in a seaside area with only one fish shop in the whole suburb, and this dealer marks no prices, but charges according to the person's appearance.

Why not a definite move by some influential and financial body to give people, and especially invalids, their prescribed foods at a reasonable cost?

11 to E. H. Schaefer, Hampton Street, North Brighton, Vic.

## ARE WOMEN BORED BY POLITICS?

Three five-shilling consolation prizes are awarded for these letters on this controversial topic.

## STRUCK RIGHT NOTE

I WISH to endorse the fine remarks of A.S. Armadale, Vic., re boring politics.

She just struck the right note in saying The Australian Women's Weekly is non-political. "Them's my sentiments." Your paper is so interesting in every detail, from cover to cover, that before I have thoroughly digested all contents the next week's copy comes along.

5/- to Mrs. A. R., Elmore, Vic.

## NON-POLITICAL FLAVOR

MAY I also say how much I like the non-political flavor of The Australian Women's Weekly? Both town and country women will read it with the same enjoyable interest. But it is ridiculous to say that politics are so childish they can only interest men. Women have the vote, and have entered practically all branches of Public Service, so surely some of the responsibility and interests of our country are ours.

5/- to Miss Marion Clarke, Prahran Park, Miltamo, Vic.

## NOT CHILDISH

I AGREE with A.S. Armadale, Victoria, as to The Australian Women's Weekly satisfying a much-felt want from a woman's point of view; but I do not think that politics are either boring or childish, though certainly some politicians may be. The sooner women realise that politics should interest them, and vitally, the better. They, as well as men, are affected by the laws of the land, and should feel that they have a say in the making of those laws.

5/- to Miss D. G. Right, "Bretwalda," 6 Hermitage Road, West Hyde, N.S.W.

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# Women's News As Told By The Camera



ONE OF THE world's youngest woman explorers, Alice Lavarre, who is making a trip into the British Guiana jungle in search of diamonds. She is seen with Carib guides, gazing into the mysterious jungle where she and her party faced death in many forms. The expedition, which includes Mr. David Putnam, son of the publisher, Maurice Kellerman, brother of Annette Kellerman, Henwar Rodakiewicz, anthropologist, and a camera-man, is searching for a valuable diamond lode said to be somewhere in the mountains.



ALICE LAVARRE, standing on the edge of Kaieteur Falls, British Guiana, with her husband. She and her sister, Ilse, are the first white women to explore the jungles in the Kaieteur district.



MISS SUNNY LOWRY, 24-year-old Manchester girl, who swam the English Channel, from France to England, in 15 hours 39 minutes. The record for women, made by Gertrude Ederle in 1926, is 14 hours 31 minutes. Miss Lowry is with her trainer.



THE BUSINESS HEART of Japan, Tokyo, the Nihombashi Bridge district. So rapid has been the advance of western civilisation in Japan that this view would pass as an Australian city. The whole district was shattered to the ground by the earthquake disaster ten years ago.



ANOTHER STATUE (seated figure, top right) is to be put up to Bobbie Burns, most sculptured of all poets. The new statue, by J. G. Davies, a Scotch-born sculptor, now in Melbourne, is for Canberra. It gives a less rugged impression of the poet than one is accustomed to. Compare it with the memorials in Sydney, above, and Melbourne, right.



A NEW KIND OF SHEIK. This 15-year-old Arab boy was picked by an American film company in Hedschas, Arabia, as the winner of a male beauty contest.



GIRL HIKERS PERFORM MORNING TOILET: English holiday week-end brings out the hikers. Here are some charming girls having a morning wash in the stream before setting off on the day's hike over the Downs near Eastbourne.



NOT A PRINCESS from an Hawaiian island, but Mary Pickford herself in a fancy dress costume at a Hollywood ball. She went as Dolores Del Rio.



## AUSTRALIAN Makes FILM With FAIRBANKS

Philip Lindsay, member of the well-known Australian Lindsay family, of which artist Norman Lindsay is the brightest star, is now working with Douglas Fairbanks and his son on a Spanish historical film.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Representative in Europe of The Australian Women's Weekly.

THE Lindsay family has become noted throughout the world for its artistic and literary achievements. Philip Lindsay, still in the early twenties, has been quoted as the greatest historical novelist of the day. His work as historical adviser in the production of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," capped the reputation acquired when the Book of the Week Society chose his novel of that name which followed on the success of his book, "Panama Burning."

Douglas Fairbanks and his son were so impressed by the film of "Henry VIII" that they insisted on young Lindsay's collaboration for their coming film, "Z."

which deals with the Marquis Zoro and Zoro junior in Spain. In fact, Phil Lindsay states the characters are very like the two Fairbanks in real life, so there should be great fun in making the scenario.

Mr. Lindsay spends hours every day working with the Fairbanks in their suite at Claridge's. He is enthusiastic about the charm and simplicity of both of them, and, like many others who have met them, cannot praise them too highly. "Young Doug" seems especially popular, and is particularly intelligent and hard-working.

## For Caulfield

Race Styles Specially taken by The Australian Women's Weekly.



MRS. E. C. THOMSON wears a fully flared model of dainty elegance, gaily belowered, from Lanvin, Paris. Her picture has a wide, drooping brim.



MRS. EDITH HENTY features the military influence in her suit of deep navy blue, with bright steel buttons, white belt and cross-over collar.



MRS. IVOR MANTON chooses a tailored suit of imported parchment courtier with black string gloves from Paris, a hair-shirt veil and a sequined chiffon blouse.

## GIRL Teachers LIVE in Squalid HUTS

### Conditions are Shame to Australia

The terrible privations to which girl teachers are subjected in far country districts in Australia will come as a distinct shock to most people—more so, since the responsibility is a Governmental one.

Mrs. Florence Ingram, secretary of the Victorian Women Teachers' Association, gives some idea of the position in Victoria in the following article. But in other States, too, there is room for improvement in the living conditions of girl teachers.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when I was first associated with the teaching profession, I thought the greatest necessary reform was the proper housing of girl teachers in the country. I still think so.

The question is a national one, and not a departmental one. It is costing the country a tremendous amount in the loss of services through broken health of many of these young girls, and in sick leave pay for them.

Most of them enter the service in first-class health, and become wrecks early in their teaching life through loneliness and unsatisfactory living conditions in remote districts.

The fact that the settlers in these districts are enduring hardship is no reason why the young teacher should be exposed to similar hardships and privations.

There are two ways of dealing with the question. One of them is the consolidation of schools, which has been advocated by the Director of Education, Mr. McRae. Under this system children would be conveyed to central schools in districts where there would be adequate accommodation for three or four teachers.

The scheme would mean not only better conditions for teachers, but improved education, because the schools would be better equipped.

This has already proved a success in other States, and in Victoria as far as it has gone.

THE other solution is the reappointment of the travelling Welfare Officer in the Education Department.

After the marriage of Miss Stella McNeil, who was appointed to the job by the late Sir Alexander Peacock, the position was abolished for reasons of economy, and on the assumption that as the job had been done once it was done for good, which is ridiculous because

IN New South Wales the problem of finding suitable accommodation for women teachers in the backblocks has always been difficult. Some years ago the Education Department had a welfare officer (Miss Mackintosh) whose duty it was to look after the interests of women teachers in this respect, but the position was abolished.

By Mrs. Florence Ingram

conditions and inhabitants are constantly changing.

There is a tremendous amount of degeneracy in certain districts, due, we think, to inter-marriage. I could name districts where teacher

after teacher has been worried by unwelcome attentions, and she cannot complain because everyone in the district is related or on friendly terms.

The well-to-do people do not want to house the teacher, and in consequence it is only the poorest people who will accommodate her, because they need the money.

THERE should be a black list in the Education Department of schools which have failed to provide adequate accommodation. A girl who complains to the department is liable to be persecuted in the district, while a condemnation of conditions by a visiting welfare officer would exclude the teacher from responsibility in the matter.

Relatives, alarmed at the condition of a girl teacher in the Mallee, went to her rescue, and found her accommodated in a rickety lean-to where she was pestered by local hooligans. Her dinner that day was cold boiled liver and a piece of bread. She was sent to another district where she had to ride three miles daily to school, and was thrown so often that a buggy had to be provided. She is now dangerously ill, and may not be able to teach again.

MEDICAL opinion states that girls between 18 and 20 are more liable to T.B. than older women, and we feel our girl teachers are enduring privations that women twenty years older would be better able to withstand.

### NOTE ALTERATION IN CLOSING DATES TO MONDAYS!

## CLEVER CONTEST TITLES

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No. 8 CLOSES MONDAY, OCTOBER 30

at 10 p.m.

Tuesday morning post accepted.

FIRST PRIZE £200

SECOND PRIZE £20

THIRD PRIZE £15

FOURTH PRIZE £10

FIFTH PRIZE £5

and 50 Consolation Prizes of £1 each.

TOTAL . . . £300

NOTE—These prizes will be increased this week if entries warrant it.

Entry Fee, 6d. for Each Title. THINK OUT YOUR TITLES AND SEND THEM!

Last week Ministering Children's League received £25. This week's donation goes to The Lord Mayor's Fund.

AT LEAST  
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MUST BE WON THIS WEEK  
Lodged with the "Argus" as a guarantee.  
No. 8.—CLEVER TITLES



WHAT ARE YOUR TITLES?

for this Sketch of two workmen wrecking a building.

SUGGESTED TITLES  
Picking His Way.  
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MORE ENTRIES MEAN BIGGER PRIZES.

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A. V. Smith, Esq., Proprietor "The Guide," Newspaper House, Collins Street, C.I. And their decision shall be final and binding.

CONDITIONS.—Any number of entries may be submitted, but EACH TITLE ENTERED must be accompanied by an ENTRY FEE OF SIXPENCE. Every entry judged on its merits, and EVERY ENTRY has an EQUAL CHANCE of WINNING FIRST PRIZE. Entries accepted ON PLAIN PAPER.

WE HAVE STARTED! WATCH THE PRIZES GROW! Remember—OUR PRIZE WINNERS GET THE LION'S SHARE!!! Post to "CLEVER TITLES," Box 1004, G.P.O., MELBOURNE; or entries may be left at the Service Department of "The Argus" at the Branch Office, 243 Collins Street; or at the Head Office at 365 Elizabeth Street, to be collected by the Promoters. Entries will also be received at: TOBACCO KIOSK, MAEWAN HOUSE; or "CLEVER TITLES" OFFICE, MAEWAN HOUSE (1st Floor), 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; and The Tropic Inn, 266 Little Collins Street (2 doors from Swansons Street).

No. 8 Closes on Monday, Oct. 30, at 10 p.m. Results in "The Argus," Thursday, Nov. 2, "Truth," Nov. 4, "Smith's Weekly," Nov. 11, "Aust. Women's Weekly," Nov. 11.

Tuesday morning post accepted. This advertisement is inserted by Clever Titles (Reg.), who accept full responsibility for carrying out all conditions.

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So I said "My dear, don't tell me you aren't using Vegemite. Why it's wonderful for sandwiches and as for cooking, a four ounce pot of Vegemite just works positive marvels in giving



flavour to things. And of course I said, you must never forget that Vegemite is simply crammed with Vitamin B



In and Out of Society

By WEP

# Bluebeard

*She wanted some justification for the despicable step she was taking, and, besides, curiosity demanded gratification.*



THEIR acquaintances said that the marriage should not have taken place. He was seventy, and she was only a little over thirty. They quoted the old platitude about May and December, yet, in the same breath almost, they said that she had done well for herself.

His wealth was incalculable, and from the day she accepted his offer of marriage an hour was wasted for him if he did not tender her some material gift to emphasise his devotedness. His love for her was at once all absorbing and . . . pathetic.

Old Sidley knew that his years were many; he strove hard to minimise the disparity between their ages. He had

Another matter was that dark corridor on the top floor of the country house—the corridor and the locked door at the end of it. When she teased him about that door he jatted her playfully on the hand and said that it was no more than the silly fancy of a silly old man.

He didn't wish her to go into that room, he said: it was just one of those secret places around which a man might weave a deal of sentiment. "Bluebeard!" she said, and laughed. Then she caught an expression in his eyes and held her peace. In the early days of their courtship he had spoken to her of someone whom he had loved and lost when he was a young man. He was very frank about it and had praised her for her broadmindedness when she said that she could quite understand.

Now, it occurred to her that in that room he treasured memories—photographs, trinkets, may be. This thought rather eased her own conscience. He, too, had a secret.

On the day that Hallish came to tell her everything had been arranged, and that he meant to take her away, there was another caller at the house. The old vicar, grey-haired, soft of speech, and nervous of temperament, sat with Sidley in the library on the ground floor.

Hallish and Marion looked in, gave the vicar greeting, and said they were going to the drawing-room on the first floor to look over some photographs which Hallish had brought with him from town. Marion appeared to be rather flustered, but old Sidley made no comment.

When the door was closed, the vicar leaned forward in his chair, and there was a break in his voice as he said:

"Mr. Sidley, the task I have taken upon myself is the hardest of my career thus far. But I feel that I owe it to myself and to you to see it through. It concerns this man, Hallish."

He paused there. Old Sidley's lips were twitching; the big, patient eyes were glistening. The vicar's gaze travelled to the blue-veined hand that was resting on the armrest of the chair; he had shaken that hand in gratitude so often.

"And it concerns Marion," said Old Sidley faintly, and nodded to his thoughts. "You know that I love her, Vicar. Don't hurt me if you feel that



SHE: Did you notice that we've changed our trousers?

It can be avoided—that there may have been some mistake. I have known for a long while that people talk. . . . You know what I mean. I—I am content."

"I would not hurt you," said the vicar, "if I could help it. But I am placed in this invidious position: You have been a close and a generous friend to me. If I did not tell you all that I know the day might come when you could ask, in reproach: 'Why didn't you?' and against that I have to place the possibility of losing your friendship because I was, indirectly, the cause of breaking your heart."

"Mr. Sidley, that man Hallish is in love with your wife."

No word came from Old Sidley, but the tears were beginning to trickle.

"I have discovered," said the vicar,

"that they are making preparations to leave you."

Old Sidley pressed his hands to his temples.

"Wait, wait," he pleaded, and shut his eyes. Didn't he know the vicar was speaking the truth? Hadn't he been afraid of this for weeks, months?

Upstairs, in the drawing-room, darkness was setting in, but neither Hallish nor Marion needed a light. She finished the letter of farewell and glanced at the dressing-case on the chair. It was all she required, she had said.

Then came a spasm of remorse. She looked down at the letter she had written and said something about its breaking Old Sidley's heart, and, after all, he had been good to her.

"Has it never occurred to you," said Hallish impatiently, "that he might be glad? What did you tell me about that room upstairs? The locked door? A man loves only once in his life, Marion, just as I love you."

"I have never been in that room," she said.

"No," he replied, "because, in your heart, you were indifferent. Why not let us go in, now? Do you know where the key is kept?"

"That's no secret," she replied, and took the key from the cabinet drawer. "He has always trusted me not to use it."

"Look here, Marion! Will it make you feel happier about what we're going to do if we find in that room absolute proof that he loved someone whom he can never forget? Give me the key! Come along. He's downstairs talking to the parson."

They went quietly, furtively, up the stairs and passed along the dark corridor. Hallish opened the door; she followed him into the darker room.

An hour passed. The vicar had told his story. Old Sidley said, tremulously: "You'll never convince me. Let's go upstairs and speak to her. Let's be frank to both of them."

They entered the drawing-room. It was in darkness. Old Sidley switched on the light. He saw the letter on the table, read it hurriedly, tightened his lips, and handed the damnable thing to the vicar.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You were right!"

They returned to the library, and a long while passed before the vicar spoke again.

"How can I comfort you, old friend?" he said.

And Old Sidley replied in a strong, resolute voice:

"By keeping this secret in your heart, Vicar. They have gone away. Let it be known that she has gone with a friend—for a long holiday. Only give me time to ponder it all. A thing like this comes as a terrible shock at my time of life."

"I give you my word of honor," said the vicar.

ALONE, Old Sidley stared at the floor. Then, after burning the letter, he went back upstairs to the drawing-room. He walked straight to the cabinet and opened the fateful drawer. The key was gone. He took an electric torch from another drawer, listened intently to mark the whereabouts of servants, then passed on up the stairs to the dark corridor.

The door was ajar—an inch, no more. He opened it wide and flashed the torch . . . down the bottomless well that dropped sheer from the floor within two feet across the threshold of the tiny cupboard-like room.

Far down, the water laughed in the light of the torch—laughed sinisterly. Something white was clinging to a projection about a foot from the face of the water. It was a cambric handkerchief.

Old Sidley closed and locked the door. He went downstairs to the library and stared at the fire in the grate.

(Copyright).

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HAPPY I AM TO HEAR MY DAUGHTER SING



OF COURSE YOU KNOW SHE GOT HER VOICE FROM ME



MY MY, I CAN QUITE UNDERSTAND HOW PLEASED YOU ARE



TO HAVE GOT RID OF IT



## Things That Happen

### Touched By a Turtle

A YOUNG man paused on his way home from work to stare into the window of a fish shop where a live fresh water turtle had caught his eye. It was a fair-sized specimen with a miserable expression.

The clerk walked into the shop. "Haven't you any pity?" he asked the proprietor. "You've had that poor thing in your window all day. Why don't you let it go? Will you?"

"You like to buy him, then letta beem go yourself," the proprietor suggested. "I can't sell him, so you take him for two shillings. Yes?"

"Oh, all right," agreed the other, and soon he was carrying the turtle in a bag down the street. He crossed Prince's Bridge and at a quiet spot on the bank of the Yarra he released the shellback, muttering, "There you go!"—"Sarna," Carlton, Vic.

### Greasy Heels

A FRIEND who spends quite a lot of his time among horses, and has been treating some of them for the complaint known as "greasy heels," was talking to a man who was a perfect stranger.

A woman walked by with the heels cut out of her shoes. My friend jokingly said to the other man, "That woman must have greasy heels, too."

Imagine his dismay when his companion said very quietly, "Yes, the wife does suffer with bad heels."—Mrs. J. Smith, Rooty Hill, N.S.W.

### A Policeman's Humor

ONE Sunday afternoon, in the bar parlor of a small country hotel, some ten of the local men were enjoying rounds of drinks.

The local constable decided that afternoon to pay a duty visit to the hotel, and upon arrival he walked up the passage-way to the parlor.

As he did so the telephone, which was handy, rang violently.

He unhooked the receiver, to hear, "Brown is on the way up."

The constable replied: "Quite all right. Brown speaking," and then he proceeded to carry out his duty.—"Boarder," Eaglehawk, Vic.

### A Delicate Toasting Fork

MY friend in New Guinea employs a cookboy to help her, and one morning he was exceptionally late in bringing in the toast, so she investigated, and found to her horror the boy lying before the fire with his feet suspended in mid air, a piece of bread resting on each of his dirty toes, employing his feet as a toaster.

My friend is still wondering how often previously she has enjoyed toast prepared in this charming manner.—H.J.

HOCKEY HALLMARK says: For the Bridge Party prepare a plate of nice, dainty sandwiches made with Hobbrook's Anchovy Paste. G.E.D.

### Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of 10/- will be paid for the best entry each week, and others used will be paid for at our usual rates.

### Unusual Shoplifting

WE mostly associate shoplifting with drapery stores, but it can be just as effective at the butcher's shop.

Standing in a crowded butcher shop, Oxford Street, Sydney, recently, while meat was being auctioned, I saw two men commit a perfect "lift." One held open his shopping case, and the other swiftly dropped in two legs of mutton from a nearby hook. By the time I realised what had really happened, the culprits were out of the shop and lost in the crowd.—"Mother," Randwick, N.S.W.

### Shaky and Snaky, Too

SUNBAKING on a canvas spread on the sand in a sheltered spot on our local beach, I felt something moving two or three times, and decided that the sand must be very loose in that particular spot.

However, it was not the sand. When I rose to go home a four-foot black snake of a particularly deadly variety glided out from under the canvas. I had been reposing on that reptile for at least two hours!—Mrs. Pen Johnston, No. 8 Mulgrave St., Bundaberg, Q'ld.

### Milk Laid On

IN our town there lived a shiftless family who seemed to me to have reduced the art of laziness to a nicety. Walking past their home one day I was amazed to see one of the elder children, a girl, come out of the house with a cup and go calmly up to their cow, which was grazing in the paddock, and draw off the required quantity of milk.—"D.P.," Miranda, N.S.W.

### Alarm Wakes Deaf Man

A GENTLEMAN friend of mine was deaf, and lived alone. I asked him how he managed to wake himself up. He told me that he went to bed with the alarm clock strapped round his neck, with the clock resting on his chest. When the alarm went off the vibration awakened him.—E. M. Rankling, Malvern, Vic.



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# HORDERN BROTHERS

## MUSIC



Conducted by Robert McCall

## RADIO

Wagner and Brahms from Melbourne — "Rigoletto" from Sydney — Musical broadcast feast.

### Two Great Composers

A CENTURY ago Richard Wagner was born; fifty years ago died Johannes Brahms. Musicians throughout the world, therefore, have elected to regard 1933 as a year in which to do homage to the memories of these two great Germans.

In no small way the Australian Broadcasting Commission plans to share in the commemorations. Six national programmes featuring the works of both composers and interpreted by prominent artists from both Sydney and Melbourne are to be transmitted from the Southern city.

### Season Starts Soon

THE season begins next Sunday evening when a trio comprising Edward Goll (pianist), Hyman Lenzner (violinist) and David Sisserman (cellist) will play the Brahms C Minor trio, an exhilarating work in which a composer, often thought surly, lets himself go with a will. Later the Sisserman Quartet is to be heard in the first string quartet (A Minor, Opus 51), a fragrant, simple work which will make very easy listening. After the pianist has played a solo group he will be joined by the cellist in the Sonata in E Minor.

### Sydney Philharmonic

THE Sydney Philharmonic will be on the air on Wednesday, with Howard Carr in the Town Hall rostrum. His intriguing programme includes the choral polonaise from "The Life of the Czar."

### Raymond Lambert

THE commemorative series will advance another step on Thursday (26th), when the young Belgian pianist, Raymond Lambert, plays the first Brahms concerto with the orchestra. "Frisian," "Rienzi," and "Tannhauser" will be the source of the Wagner offerings.

### Alice Orff-Solcher

THE Wagnerian element in this programme will be sustained by Madame Alice Orff-Solcher (soprano) and Walter Kingsley (baritone), the former presenting a very interesting bracket of five song-poems.

WE may regard this programme as the hors d'oeuvre of the five-course banquet to follow. On Tuesday, the 24th, we have a really substantial offering in the Brahms first symphony. Perhaps it would have been better had the second and third been programmed first, since they seem to be much more easily assimilated by most listeners. However, there is nothing to be afraid of in the "C Minor"—it is wonderful stuff!

### Professor Heinze

PROFESSOR HEINZE, whose baton will direct the orchestra, is next to present on this programme the beautiful third act of Wagner's "Lohengrin." What a delight this should be, embracing as it does, the exquisite pages of the love duet, the narration, and Lohengrin's farewell. Charles Niels will have the name part; Madame Orff-Solcher will be Elsa, and the King, Alan Eddy.



PROF. BERNARD HEINZE

### "Rigoletto"

MEANWHILE, on Friday night the Italian season reaches its third opera in the Sydney studios with the performance of "Rigoletto." Norah Hill, who was a charming Gilda during the last Williamson season, heads the cast, with Lionel Cecil as the Duke, and Franco Iral the Jester. The next operas, by the way, in the order of their production, are to be "Madame Butterfly," "Cavalleria Rusticana," then either a repetition of "Metastasio" or a first performance of "Gloconda."

### Dr. Orchard Busy

THE concert world shows signs at last of rousing from its lethargy. I believe that Dr. Orchard has arranged to include Respighi's "Pines of Rome" in his forthcoming orchestral concert at the Conservatorium. Last year he gave us our first hearing of the Italian contemporary's "Fountains of Rome." The "Pines," I should think, is a more difficult essay for an orchestra, which, by force of circumstance, is not vouchsafed a sufficiency of rehearsals. The descriptive orchestration fairly bristles with effects not usually found even in modern scoring. On the same programme there will be another first performance—Elgar's "Nursery Suite." This was written only recently by the veteran English composer as a birthday gift to the children of the Duchess of York.

### Music Clubs

SUBURBAN music clubs are flourishing. Rose Bay held a successful musicale this week, the artists being Patricia Mewton (pianist), Gladstone Bell (cellist), Oliver King (bass), G. Vern Barnett and Betty King (accompanists). Manly is to re-open its season this month with a programme specially provided by Richard McLellan. Another successful programme was enjoyed by the Wahroonga Club this week, artists being Gwen Selva, Peggy Palmer, Phyllis McDonald, Rowell Brydon.

## SHE HAS WON HER Wish

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

FLORENCE Austral, the Australian prima donna, who stated recently that her greatest ambition was to be able to sing again in Australia, has at last achieved her heart's desire.

ARRANGEMENTS are actually completed for the Australian tour of Miss Austral at the beginning of 1934.

For some weeks she has been making plans, but there are always so many things to consider, she says, so she is very thrilled now that it is all fixed up. Miss Austral has been so busy rehearsing for the Opera and so frequently broadcasting that she is an exceedingly occupied person.

Besides she spends week-ends, when not singing and every fine afternoon, at tennis.

Both she and her husband, John Amadio, are very keen tennis enthusiasts, and have a full-sized Wimbledon court in their lovely garden at Swiss Cottage.

No one disputes this Australian's place among the foremost songsters of the world. Her singing at the Sir Henry Woods recent promenade concerts astounded even her most habitual admirers. So Australia has a treat in store for next season.

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## LITTLE THEATRES

### "The Snakewoman"

ON Saturday last, and again this Saturday, Stuart Gurr's "Snakewoman" is on the Repertory Theatre's programme. Although Mr. Gurr has lived in the Indian jungle and obviously has considered well the difficulties of modern India, as a playwright he employs all the well-worn theatrical situations and effects, so that his work is melodrama.

It is, however, not crudely so, for one certainly does not keep hopping with longing that it will be over soon, as is the case with many Australian plays. If one is in the melodrama mood, it is quite enjoyable. Mr. Gurr should read "Nigger Heaven" and try again.

Nancy Gurr was outstanding as the "Snakewoman," with snaky movements, flashing eyes, and a voice full of suppressed emotion; William Gates, one of the amateur theatre's few male leads to possess both looks and personality was adequately haggard and torn-between-two-stools, in manner, as the young English henchman; and William Rees made quite a clever character study of the supercilious detective; but the Australian aboriginal who appeared on the scene from time to time was most incongruously un-Hindoo.

### Future Performances

"COMPENSATION," the next production of the Repertory Theatre, is called a play of South African life on the programme, but really only the prologue takes place in Africa. Otherwise, love-interest is the prevailing theme.

THE Players' Club will break its recent silence, next Thursday, with a studio evening at St. James' Hall, when a series of one-act plays will be produced, including Neil Cusack's "Shallow Cup." During November it will present "Arms and the Man."

THE musical and dramatic section of the City Council Service Club has arranged to produce Ben Travers' "Rookery Nook" at St. James Hall, Philip St., Sydney, on October 19 and 21.

MISS ILMA BARNES and her verse-speaking choir, and Miss Irene Vera Young, and her motion choir, will give a recital at the Sydney Savoy on October 24.

Miss Barnes, who won the Lady Northcliffe Scholarship at the London Academy of Dramatic Art, will interpret poems by movement and mime, while a trained speaker chants the words.

## TOO FAT?

You can reduce your weight without dieting or exercising, with a course of Ford's Corporal Capsules. They are harmless to take, affecting only the fatty tissues. Many people have reduced over one stone in six weeks.

A Sydney lady writes: "After my last operation I got very fat, and thanks to your wonderful Capsules I have reduced my weight one stone 10 pounds in six weeks."

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# MILK in Bottles For EVERYBODY?

"Women's Weekly" Will Give Housewives All Sides of Big Question

A vital matter for the Sydney housewife at present is the price of milk. Also the proposal that milk be delivered only in bottles or cardboard containers.

The Australian Women's Weekly proposes to give its readers all the points of view on the questions. This week we publish the following article by Mr. J. C. Ross, M.L.A., attacking milk control schemes.

By J. C. ROSS, M.L.A.

EVERY housewife knows that when the price of some article of everyday use increases the everlasting problem of providing for the family need is made proportionately more difficult.

When the price of something that is in the form of a luxury rises, she can refrain from buying it, but when a commodity such as milk is increased in price, she still has to supply the family need, and possibly deny herself and children of some other article.

Before the formation of the present Milk Board in January, 1932, milk was being sold in the metropolis of Sydney at prices from 3d. per quart upwards.

At this price the producers of milk were in a most unenviable position, many of them being forced out of business.

ONE of the first acts of the newly-appointed Board was to stabilise the price of milk to the consumer, and fix the maximum price at which the agent companies and vendors could sell it.

The immediate effect of this action was to increase the price to the housewife to 7d. per quart.

Most housewives, while they could ill-afford the extra cost, were quite satisfied when they were informed that, by reason of the impost, the farmer was able to obtain a fair return for his product.

If this was true, the present Milk Board could justly point to one beneficial effect that was attributable to their actions.

But, unfortunately, speaking generally, and having regard to all producers of milk—including the old-established producers of raw milk, who carry on their business in close proximity to the city, and those operating a hundred or more miles from Sydney—the increase is of a purely speculative character.

SINCE the formation of the Board, the quality of milk has been lowered. This was due to the ever-increasing number of producers who were forced to sell their milk through the agent companies; the policy of reducing the number of milk vendors, who were forced to sell "pasteurised" instead of raw milk; and the admitted illegal practice of extracting cream from the milk intended for metropolitan distribution.

Housewives would be well advised to watch with interest any steps to introduce the practice of bottling milk, or selling it in cardboard cartons.

Either of these methods must increase the cost to the consumer, and, quite apart from depriving them of their right of choice in this matter, will mean they may realise that the bottle containing their daily supply of milk was possibly in some disease-infested hovel, or that it may have been used for some repugnantly-objectionable purpose the previous week.

Of course, this objection cannot be made against the carton, as they will only be used once; but imagine the scope for contamination of the paper from which these cartons will be made.

To manufacture them cheaply, mass production will be the order of the day, huge stocks will have to be kept in reserve, many handlings will be necessary from the stage when the paper is made and the milk is sealed up in the carton, and the opportunity for contaminating the cardboard will be tremendous.

Public men, who would abrogate to themselves the right of forcing schemes such as this on the consuming public, are generally of a type who violently resent the most trivial interference with their own personal liberty.

My advice to the public is to express themselves in no unmistakable manner on this subject, and strenuously resist the flouting of their inherent right of purchasing their foodstuffs in a method of which they approve.

## Australian Film 'Foreign' In Australia

A FILM made in New Guinea has been acclaimed by critics in London and accepted throughout England as an Australian production, but it can only be brought into Australia on payment of exorbitant duty as a "foreign" film.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD is the producer of the film, which was exhibited in England under the title of "The Unsleeping Eye."

Wally Sully was the photographer, and the staff was one hundred per cent Australian.

After being "shot" in New Guinea, the film was developed in Sydney by Arthur Higgins.

So far there are no points apparent to the uninitiated eye that can stigmatise it as a foreign film. Federal authorities must surely use high-powered lens through which to view its qualifications.

The actual flaw in the proceedings arises from the fact that the film was immediately shipped to England and shown before London audiences.

Mr. Macdonald's case has been ventilated in a leading film trade organ, the "Film Weekly."

"Some badly expressed regulation," Mr. Macdonald told that journal, "has ordained that a film not produced within the United Kingdom must be classed as foreign. The term 'United Kingdom' should read 'British Empire.'"

In the meantime he is faced with the necessity to pay duty at 1/- per foot before the film can be released in Australia.

Mr. Macdonald, who has travelled widely, conceived the idea of producing "The Unsleeping Eye" to give to English audiences a vivid picture of the Empire in the more remote parts.

With this object in mind the producer appointed his staff, and they went to location in New Guinea, where the film was made.

Only to find that this Australian film has, by reason of its visit to the Old Country, become a foreign film.

# Whiddon Wins Every Week



LET HIM WIN FOR YOU

Every week Whiddon, Director of the Five Thousand Golden Box, wins cash in the State Lottery. On Friday his weekly win with ticket No. 47337 was £1000 for—

Miss L. Powell, Rosalind Road, Rushcutters Bay.  
Miss L. Saunders, Stanton Road, Haberfield  
L. Smith, Ourimbah Road, Mosman.  
B. Jones, 67 Hollingworth Street, Manly.  
J. Pedemont, Liverpool Road, Ashfield.

On Monday with Ticket No. 69214 Whiddon won £500 for the following people:—

Mrs. Carlyon, Box 992GG, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Mr. Knowlan, Bourke Street, Darlinghurst.  
Mrs. A. Travers, Montague Road, Cremorne.  
Mr. Flattery, Commercial Travellers' Club, Sydney.  
M. Smythe, Cowper Street, Randwick.  
G. Williams, 18 Bourke Street, Redfern.

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£60 with tickets

No. 45615 & 47688

13 prizes at ... £10 each  
17 prizes at ... £5 each

In the 159th Lottery  
Whiddon also won—

£100 with Ticket 93185.  
£50 with Ticket 39246.  
£40 with Ticket 93319.  
£20 with Ticket 25186.  
2 Prizes at £10.  
10 Prizes at £5.

All prize-winners can receive their cash the same day as the drawing. Whiddon pays as soon as he wins.

WHIDDON WINS AND WINS AND WINS.  
YOU CAN SHARE HIS LOTTERY LUCK.

WHIDDON'S RECENT WINS:

£500	159th Lottery	Ticket 69214
£1000	158th Lottery	Ticket 47337
£1000	156th Lottery	Ticket 93661
£5000	155th Lottery	Ticket 81379
£1000	152nd Lottery	Ticket 66062

AND HUNDREDS OF SMALLER PRIZES

Whiddon is now making a special offer to his helpers. He is directing the Five Thousand Golden Box which has been authorised for the benefit of the babies in St. Margaret's Hospital, and offers this extraordinary prize value.

A seventh share in a State Lottery Ticket, which can win £715, and a ticket in the Golden Box, which can win the first and

second prizes, valued at £5000, for 1/6. Shares similar to these won £500 on Monday.

To get these, just send a postal note for 1/6, with a stamped addressed envelope, and the coupon below, and by return you will receive your Lottery Share and special Christmas Box Ticket.

Only one to each household.

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# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

## PERSONALITY—

### Careful GROOMING

... Really counts more than good looks

By Evelyn

THAT elusive quality called charm is, and always has been, the most important attribute. It is not sufficient to be merely pretty—not even to be merely beautiful, no matter how pretty or how beautiful a woman may be.

And every woman—because she is a woman—has the power to charm and to attract. This power may be latent. She may not be conscious of it. But it is there waiting to be developed. That is why no woman need be plain to-day.

THE woman who has relied through early youth just on prettiness or beauty finds herself left rather behind when she finds that an empty

mind or unattractive manners—selfishness, thoughtlessness, stubbornness, or other unattractive mental traits—are keeping her from having a good time, and from making the friends she really desires.

But the woman who is not gifted with beauty is encouraged, of course. For she is able, by cultivating all the graces she can think of, to make herself attractive.

It is important for every woman to determine her type, and then to play up to it.

She may be the type to dress in severe clothes. She may be the type to dress in fluffy clothes. And this year, especially, fashions are so varied that any woman can choose smart and

fashionable clothes to enhance any type of looks.

With charming manners, an interesting personality and clothes that bring out the best in form and face, any woman can be attractive.

Good grooming counts, too. The woman who is always immaculate has a charm that is sure and lasting. She must keep on working to keep up this good grooming, but it is worth while.

Cosmetics, too, have their place in helping women to look their best. No woman should daub rouge and powder on in quantity. Especially the woman who is not pretty should not overdo the matter. But skillfully used cosmetics are a great aid to good looks.

YOUR coloring is the first factor to be considered in choosing your make-up. A rouge that clashes with



YOU DO NOT have to be born beautiful. You can acquire beauty—plus charm. . . . With pleasing manners, careful grooming, an interesting personality and clothes that bring out the best in form and face, any woman can be attractive. Beautiful Gloria Swanson, Universal star, illustrates an ideal type.

your own color. . . . powder that is obvious. . . . lipstick that makes your mouth look like a crimson gash. . . . all these can be avoided if you spend time and thought on the selection of your make-up requisites.

For this reason it is best to experiment with colors. There are several well-known firms who specialise in creating cosmetics to suit various types, and from whom you can get powders in a range of shades.

It is worth while to experiment until you get exactly the right shade for both evening and day use. For you know, of course, that make-up must be different at night from that used during the day.

### Before and After Powdering

SOME women always apply rouge before powdering. But this would depend on the type of rouge used. Liquid

and cream rouge should be put on before powdering and dry rouge after powdering the face. And it is wise to remember that brilliant rouge is best left for use in the evening.

A foundation cream should be applied to the nose, chin, cheeks and forehead, but not below the eyes. Apply it evenly and wipe off any excess with absorbent tissue paper. This should be followed by the application of the liquid or cream rouge as described.

Finally, don't be content to become a type. Study your type by all means. But don't rest there. Continue your study of yourself. Find out the one thing about you that is different to others, emphasise it, and so become a personality.

## A THREE-MINUTE Chat With MOTHERS

BY EVELYN

Did you know that exercise and lack of criticism will help growing girls (and boys) to overcome awkwardness—help, too, in the building of character?

We have all gone through what is known as the gawky stage—the age when we appeared to our dear aunts and uncles, and elders generally, as "all legs and arms."

THIS reminds me. The other day a visitor to a friend's house in the country told me, with amazement, of the improvement in appearance and man-

ner of the sixteen-year-old daughter, whom she had not seen for a year.

"She was so gawky when I last saw her," said this woman, "and now she's a dream of grace. And it's because her mother, realising what a self-conscious,

youngster becomes self-conscious, feels clumsy, and is far more likely to stumble downstairs again.

These two things—real help in developing better controlled muscles, and an absence of critical comment—assist anyone to overcome awkwardness.



EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY. — Walk on all fours, keeping the head relaxed. The right knee should be bent to keep the hips close to the floor. When the next step is made, the left foot should be brought forward in a long sliding step.

The best way to increase an awkward child's awkwardness is to comment on it. "There you go, stumbling as usual," says the thoughtless mother or father when the 14-year-old boy or girl slips down the last three stairs with a bang. The youngster becomes self-conscious, feels clumsy, and is far more likely to stumble downstairs again.



MISS EILEEN FITZGERALD

The Beautiful Film Artist is another of the lovely girls who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mercolized Wax



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

**SUZANNE STOGDALE** has the same colored eyes as her cousin, Elaine de Chair?

Rayner Hoff occasionally turns into a white-and-blond fairy?

Mrs. Radford dances, but the Bishop doesn't?

Rev. Terence Naughton may ask what are trumps, but is not too bad at bridge?

We wonder why Geoff Waring's table at a recent Yacht Club ball was laid in tin mugs instead of tumblers?

## A Bishop Feminist

**DR. J. W. ASHTON**, Bishop of Grafton, who is senior Bishop of N.S.W. now that Dr. Radford has left Sydney, and has just become Acting Metropolitan, is a Feminist.

He married Maud Anderson, B.A., one of the first students at the Women's College, when it was at Glebe.

"If I had my time over again, I would again marry an intellectual woman," says the Bishop.

All his six children follow careers, except the schoolboy, who doubtless will. The eldest boy and girl are doctors, then come a lawyer, an architect, and a kindergartener.

## Art Versus Oranges

Gerald Fitzgerald (son of the late Surveyor-General) who has a picture in the Art Gallery—first on the left in the Australian Water-Colors section—gave up painting during the depression, and started to grow oranges on Mangrove Mountain. He has been staying with his brother Bob, the famous interstate tennis champion, at the Hut, Hunter's Hill.

Recently he has sold several pictures, including two or three to a Macquarie Street doctor (does this indicate that patients are paying?).

So now his faith in the future of Art is restored, and he has leased his orangery to settle down once more to easel and brush.

## Friends and Relatives

Mr. R. de Courcy Russell, who recently won a first prize in the State Lottery, married Miss Emily Buchanan, sister of the late Mr. Willie Buchanan, who, with Mr. Russell, Mr. J. A. Armistage, and the late Mr. Matthew Naughton, made a well-known quartet of bachelor chums in the 'nineties.

The Russells, who live in Rose Bay, have a station at Narrabri. Another family alliance was formed among the friends when Jimmy Armistage, who was educated in England, and is such a good dancer, married Lurline Buchanan recently.

## Appropriate Decorations

Two parties from Government House visited the New Cavalier one night last week. Philip Game and Captain Moir, A.D.C., collected some kindred spirits to farewell Diana (Fish) Herring, and Commander Gifford was the life of the group that surrounded Major and Mrs. de Havilland.

A huge floral fish adorned Diana's table, and aeroplanes suspended from gas-filled balloons floated above the dancers. Philip's coterie included Vera Blackburn, Jane and Githa Conolly, Joan Crowhurst, Elise and Sadie Hudge, Captain Moir, Denis Carson, Wilfrid Wallace, Rusty Everdell, Neville Pixley, and John Marten.

Although Major and Mrs. de Havilland will start on a liner, a puss moth plane accompanies them. This will be used from Calcutta to England. It will, however, be merely a joy-ride—no record breaking this trip. Before leaving the East they will visit Bagdad, where the Major was stationed for some time.

## Navy's Watchful Eye

During depression days, the Navy has to fall into line with other Government Departments in the matter of economy. Therefore, instead of a staff, only one caretaker is now left in charge of the various destroyers and such, anchored in Sydney Harbor.

As a result, Lieutenant-Commander Casey, of the "Canberra," had to leave for a time the guests of his party last week while he went through the daily routine of jumping into a boat and visiting every ship to see that its guardian hadn't died of heart failure.

## Not a Mixer

Although the "Talleyrand" doesn't carry passengers, it has some marvelous state-rooms, always vacant.

But the captain is very exclusive. He will not mix with the men, so has to console himself with the Chief Officer, or, when he is not available, his little dog.

When visiting the Pattersons, a well-known Camberwell (Melbourne) family, recently, he earnestly begged Mr. Patterson, "If you and Mrs. Patterson can get away, please come, as my guests, on the next voyage, so that I can have a bridge four in the evenings!"

## Buyer of "Rosemont"

We hear that Mr. Charles Lloyd-Jones is the mysterious buyer of "Rosemont," the beautiful old home in Ocean Street, Woollahra, which has just changed hands. The price paid was, it is said, £10,000.

"Rosemont" was built by Mr. Alexander Campbell, whose daughter, Rose, later became Mrs. Cecil Darley. Senator J. C. Walker later lived there for a time, also the Sam Cohens. The late Sir Charles MacKellar, and more recently the late Lady MacKellar, were the last owners of "Rosemont."

## Feminine Invasion

Now that the Federal Parliament is meeting again, an influx of well-known women is expected at Canberra.

Among the prominent women who make frequent trips to the Capital during sessions are Mrs. J. A. Perkins, wife of the Minister for the Interior, Mrs. T. W. White, wife of the Minister for Customs, Dame Mary Hughes, wife of the former Prime Minister, Mrs. J. H. Scullin, wife of the Leader of the Opposition, and Mrs. A. C. Blacklow, wife of the member for Franklin.

The Prime Minister's wife is absent temporarily, but she shares with Mrs. R. G. Casey the honor of having her home at the Federal Capital. Mrs. Casey, whose husband has just taken over the administration of the Treasury, has a charming house at Duntroon in the grounds of the old Royal Military College.

## Big Game Hunter's Return

Darling Point Road seems queer to Mrs. Sloane, who is accustomed to tramping through East African forests in search of big game. She has always been used to wide open spaces, for she was born and brought up on Boonoomoonoomoo station, in the Riverina.

It belonged to her parents, the Hays. Mrs. Hay was formerly Mrs. du Frayer, whose son Alfred won one of Queen Victoria's personally knitted scarves during the Boer War. Victoria knitted four, which were given for bravery. Lieut. du Frayer, who came out on the "Ophir" as A.D.C. to the Duke of York (now King George) always wore the scarf as a sash across his chest. He and his sister Agnes are now tobacco farming in Africa.

Mrs. Sloane has six children, whose ages range from 27 to 7. The youngest two are with her, and will accompany her when she sets off again in a fortnight's time.



MARRIAGE PROVERB

MARRYING is easy—housekeeping is hard.

## Always a Wonder

When Jack Crawford returned, several country boys, not personal friends, were at the wharf to see the "Mariposa" berth. These young men had, however, a previous encounter with the champion.

It was during the country week championships at the White City. The (then) new "kumbak" machine was on display, and some of the lads thinking, "Well, this is too simple," started practising shots, finding, to their astonishment, that, if they did not quite miss the ball, they received it on the nose.

Then Crawford and Harry Hopman passed by, and were induced to demonstrate. Crawford not only hit a lemonade bottle, placed on the ground twelve feet away, once every ten shots, but hit the ball 500 times without stopping, and then knocked off voluntarily.

## Swedish Fiancee

Alexis Albert's charming fiancée, Elsie Lundgren, has only lived in Sydney for a few years. She is of Swedish upbringing, speaking that language always in the home, and having a governess here to teach her English. This she now speaks well enough not to feel embarrassment among her Australian friends.

Like Alexis, who once ran his own jazz band, Miss Lundgren is very fond of music, and plays the piano—although "only a little." Week-ends, of course, are always given over to yachting.

Alexis, who is a graduate in economics of Sydney University, is probably the only young man in Sydney to have a private apartment, including telephone, at his home. He will always be remembered at the University as the reason for the gift of a picture show to St. Paul's, as well as for annual prizes being given in anthropological and psychological subjects by his father.

## Adventurous Visitor

Two fortunate misfortunes occurred to Mrs. L. Ainsworth, a visitor from England, via Japan, who is "doing" Australia's interior as well as its coastline. When motoring through the Central Australian desert the car broke down near the first water seen for hours. Again, while they might have had to wait a fortnight for a spare part, the driver tapped the telegraph wire just in time to catch the mail, which was coming the same way.

An unusual sight was a horse apparently standing stock still, but really one side had been preserved before the sand drifted away, and the other side showed the stark bones of a skeleton.

## Racing Whispers

Sydney horses won three of the seven races at Caulfield on Saturday. Can they keep it up?

Kuvera's owner is already rearranging his sideboard to make room for the Caulfield Cup. Melbourne will hear a lot this week of our 'arbour, our bridge, our Bradman, our Smithy, our Crawford, and our Chatham.

Even money was obtainable about Chatham on Saturday at Caulfield. Randwick bookmakers demanded 5 to 2 on.

Blixten finished like a champion in the Caulfield Guineas, and will carry a lot of Sydney money in the Derby.



THIS IS DOLORES BONNEY, of Queensland, the first Australian woman to fly solo to England. With her plane she returned by the "Otranto." This picture was taken at the luncheon given in her honor by the Forum Club, Sydney.

—Women's Weekly photo.



# GOWNS from LONDON Exhibition & from HOLLYWOOD

Elaborate evening wear  
... backless & with sleeves



**CATHERINE** is a gown designed with dignified lines for Kitty Kelly (Paramount). Glimmering with sequins, it has a brilliant bow at the neckline and a brief train adds to its statuesque charm. The tiny puff sleeves conform to the new suggestion of sleeves with evening wear.



**JUNE** is a model of delicate angel skin worn by Judith Allen (Universal). Cut on such simple lines as to be classical in effect, the designer has relied on the sleeves to supply the note of contrast. With their exquisite beading and softly falling folds they are more than adequate to the situation.



**JUDITH** is a gown in beige chiffon, gorgeously adorned in all-over design of gold sequins. A quaint new whim of fashion is demonstrated in the long sleeves outlining the slim arms of Judith Kelly, the Paramount player for whom the frock was designed, and her dainty shoulders peep through a ruffle of killed tulle.



**THE THREE GRACES** were a feature of the women's wear exhibition at Dorland Hall, London. Interest again centres on the sleeve treatment and the backless décolletage. Though only one of these models has sleeves, the epaulettes of padded black crepe satin and stiffened net of the other two are a very artistic and arresting finish.

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AND QUALITY . . . .  
*Inexpensively priced*

Fairfax and Roberts specialise in Cut Crystal of thoroughly dependable quality, and invite your inspection of a carefully-selected range of pieces covering every requirement.

The articles illustrated are typical examples of the excellent values available.

1. Candlesticks, 6 5-in. high. Pair . . . . 36/6
2. Scent Bottle . 15/6
3. Powder Puff Jar . . . 16/6
4. Powder Puff Jar . . . 15/-
5. Trinket Tray, 9 5-in. x 7 1-in. . . . 35/-

**FAIRFAX & ROBERTS LTD.**

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney"

23-25 HUNTER STREET,  
SYDNEY.

LONDON is become great vigor. A black velvet greatly daring to judge by the clothes shown at the Fashions and Women's Exhibition which opened at Dorland Hall, Regent Street. The backless evening gowns showed as great a length of spine as any of the models seen at the recent Paris Collections.

Color went rampant in bright checks and plaids. Plaid taffetas especially burst out in

party-frock had great balloon sleeves in red, black, and white taffetas.

London seems partial to sleeves for evening wear, even though back and shoulders are left bare. One of the most sensational gowns had the lower portion

From Muriel Segal, our Special Representative in Europe.

in black and the white satin crepe bodice had long sleeves, but cut out pieces revealed shoulder blades and the upper arms were slit to show the shoulders.

Many of the afternoon frocks were effective, and had a certain attractive

stylishness; the influence of the cinema was very obvious. I have never seen a London fashion show as free from the dull beige and nondescript tones which I have always found the most depressing feature of English fashions.

This dress-show was called a trade-show, and intended for wholesale trade exclusively. So that the prices quoted were purely intended for re-selling. Nevertheless, I was amazed at the cheapness of the models allowing for 50 per cent. added before the model reaches you or me.

Imagine a bridge frock of dull repp crepe with balloon sleeves deeply cuffed in a Chinese design of diamonds, and the skirt showing the new back fullness, while the bodice is fashionably moulded to the figure and the price for this confection is 45/-.

So it would seem that prices are at last adapting themselves to the situation, and women may dress really smartly without feeling sinfully extravagant.



# FASHION PARADE BY JESSIE TAIT. SKETCHED BY PETROV

## HATS and SHOES for SUMMER DAYS

IT CERTAINLY has been a hectic year for hats. We had no sooner accustomed our eye to tiny shadow crowns, than they shot up to skyscraper heights again.

This summer, fortunately for individual faces, one may have a crown of any height and a brim of any width—and still remain smart.

FOR wearing with soft billowy organdies and chiffons there is sketched on this page a devastating black lacy straw, with the brim a good six inches in the narrowest dip. Then the huge grey stitched organdie with a high crown.

These huge cartwheel models have had great success overseas.

To go with your prints and crepes there is a large range of fine and coarse straws. The big brim is still the most popular. It is wide all the way round this year, and dips over the right eye. The flat-crowned, small-brimmed sailor is worn with sports and morning costumes, and looks well with linens, ginghams, and other crisp cottons that accent its tailored charm. White and string color take first place for big hats.

Even brim of cartwheels is getting wider . . . . .



• A cartwheel of black lacy straw (above), which dips to suit the whim of the wearer. It has a deep pink organdie rose as its only trimming.

• At left: One of the very latest models from Suzanne Talbot. It is inspired by the Egyptian headdress that recedes from the forehead and is turned back to make a triangular flap at the side of the head. The ornament is studded with big colored stones.



• A huge cartwheel in rough shining black straw, its brim is seven inches all the way around. The crown is girdled with field flowers.

then pastels and black. The draped crown, made of the dress material with a panama brim looks smart with prints. For evening wear fabrics make 90 per cent. of the hats. In Paris the designers use monkey fur, feathers of all kinds, silk hair (which is like a fine silk fringe) to make their newest models. These are all high at some point of the crown, and are still worn over the right eye. When the hat is of fabric it is nearly always trimmed with feathers, flowers or some small ornament.

### Shoes

IN the matter of good taste, simple shoes are imperative. They may have a tiny touch of trimming, an edging, a small buckle, but the elaborate much trimmed shoe is definitely bad style.

There are three types for town wear. First and foremost the pump—or court shoe. It should be cut high on the foot for comfort and good fitting. For ease in walking the new shoes have lower heels, not the high stiletts or very narrow shapes. The pump comes in patent leather, brown and black calf and kid, navy kid and white kid, buckskin and linen.

Some afternoon pumps are being made of bronze kid. Paris prefers brown, black or navy, with grey frocks, but eel-grey enthusiasts are ordering eel-grey leather pumps.



• A filmy hat of grey organdie with a wide stitched brim. The high crown is tucked-in upstanding ridges, and then pulled down and tied with a narrow ribbon bow.

• Right: A Patou model of black satin completely covered with fine black feathers which tie in a knot at the top of the crown.



• A large white panama with a very attractive brim. The crown is mostly composed of green crepe with white dots.

**Miss Jessie Tait**  
well known from the frocking of so many J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows, gives a review of fashion prospects for the coming season.

### Milady's Shoes



From top:

- 1.—A grey cotton suede tie, piped with navy blue kid.
- 2.—A white "Peccary" leather court shoe.
- 3.—Pin tucked kid trims a dark blue cotton one-eyelid tie.



- 4.—From top: Brown and white striped linens make this summer sandal.
- 5.—White lizard skin heel and toe on a white kid low Oxford.
- 6.—Pigskin in white or string color makes this very unusual strap shoe.
- 7.—String color buckskin with punched holes for trimming is used for this Oxford.
- 8.—Ruche of two-toned pleated leather on black patent pump.

### PARIS SNAPSHOTS

AT Longchamps all-velvet picture hats matched velvet coats, but with a contrast in dresses were worn turquoise, sapphire, or ruby velvet toques, with all black crepe ensembles as rivals.

RED and white straw braid gauntlets are another new glove fancy.

THE newest handkerchiefs are of organdie mull, soft as down. Smoky black ones are smart for evening wear. Sports handkerchiefs are enormous, some of them big enough to use as scarves that wrap twice round the throat. They have stripes and dots in all sizes. One of the most spectacular is in red and white checks—to be worn in the pocket of a black or white coat.

### For Summer Wear

Abroad, string color almost rivals white for summer shoes. Many fabrics such as string, pique or linen are combined with just enough leather to give them body and sole. White buckskin, suede, kid, and a new perforated leather called Peccary make the most practical walking shoes.

Combinations of white or string color buckskin with brown, black or dark blue are still used for sports shoes, but the one-color scheme reigns supreme for dressy wear.

### For Evening

Satin pumps are still the most popular for evening wear, dyed to match your dress or accessories. Gold and silver as well as colored sandals come second.

The third style is the sandal. They





## Four 1st Prizes 10 CLIENTS RECEIVE £1000 EACH in LAST 12 LOTTERIES

WITH a phenomenal run of luck during the last twelve Lotteries, Fred has paid out over 2000 cheques to his clients, and ten of those cheques were for the sum of £1000 EACH! Lucky Fred won at least THREE TIMES AS MUCH MONEY in the State Lottery as any other Syndicate. He continued on his winning way on Monday by winning £250 with ticket No. 78215; £300 with ticket No. 47439, four £200's with tickets Nos. 46128, 51246, 67147 and 80345, and numerous smaller prizes. He has won ten prizes of £100 each in the last twelve Lotteries, and his total winnings in the State Lottery have passed the £35,000 mark.

**NO ART UNION TICKETS TO SELL**  
Lucky Fred's Syndicates are conducted as a Lottery Syndicate only. There is no bother—there are NO ART UNION TICKETS TO SELL—you receive only the share or shares for which you ask!

**DON'T BREAK THE CHAIN OF FORTUNE,  
STICK TO LUCKY FRED.**

Ten happy people shared the £10,000 which Fred won during the last six weeks, when he won FIRST PRIZE of £20,000 in the 14th and 15th Lotteries. They were all old clients of Lucky Fred's who had bought shares before, but stuck to Lucky Fred—changed their luck—and received a cheque for £1000 each! You can do the same!

### SPECIAL OFFER

#### FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6

All the people who shared Fred's four first prizes had only one share each, so to give you a still greater chance, Lucky Fred offers you FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in different tickets in the next State Lottery to be drawn for 5/6. This gives you more chances than when you own one whole ticket.

### LUCKY FRED'S SAME-DAY SERVICE

Lucky Fred has proved his same-day service by paying £5000 in the 14th Lottery and £5000 in the 15th Lottery to his shareholders an hour after the Lottery was drawn.

Fred writes and tells you at once if your share wins a prize, so if you have not a result slip handy you always know if you have won a prize in Lucky Fred's Syndicates. Change your Lottery Luck before Christmas, and enjoy yourself with a big win. Money won "in the sweetest money of all."

### COUPON A CHARM AND SHARE FOR 2/6 OR A FIFTH SHARE FOR 1/6 OR 4 FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6

**How to Send in.....**  
Simply clip out this Coupon, and if you would like a Lucky Charm, as well as a Fifth Share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only, send a Postal Note for 1/6; for four Fifth Shares in different tickets a Postal Note for 5/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address. Lucky Fred's Syndicates are guaranteed, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove that so, while you feel lucky, send to Fred! You know the address—

**LUCKY FRED,  
Desk W.W.5,  
Box 3908 TT, G.P.O., Sydney.**

## FREED FROM PAIN AT 95

### After Suffering for Many Years

What a great thing it must be for this woman, after suffering from rheumatism for many years, to be free from pain again at her age. She writes:—"I should like to tell you that since I commenced taking Kruschen Salt two years ago, I am completely relieved of Rheumatism, from which I had been a great sufferer for many years. I am now in my 95th year, and much appreciate being free from pain, which I attribute to the regular dose of Kruschen."—(Mrs.) A. E. S.

If only everyone would realise that the "little daily dose of Kruschen" is just as important to internal cleanliness as soap and water are to external cleanliness, there would soon be no more constipation, no more sluggish livers, no more rheumatism, gout or lumbago. Kruschen is a combination of *via salis*—each one is necessary to some particular organ of the body. Just what you need to persuade your system back into a healthy condition very gently but very, very surely!

# WOMAN & HER WORK

## Conference Of Hospital Matrons During Health Week

An interesting feature of the Conference of Hospital Auxiliaries, which will be held in Sydney on November 21 and 22, during Health Week, will be a special session for matrons of hospitals.

THE Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. C. Hagen, who, with Mrs. R. W. D. Weaver, is a vice-patron of the conference, has offered her reception rooms at the Town Hall for this session.

Matron Boissier, of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital; Matron Kellett, of Sydney Hospital; and Matron M. K. Charles-West, of the Royal North Shore Hospital, will be in charge of this session, and have indicated that every opportunity will be given to hospital matrons to visit the city hospitals in order to see anything that is new in equipment, treatment, or administration.

This session will be a private one, and suggestions for matters for discussion are asked for from those taking part.

Although the problems of the country hospitals are not quite the same as those of the metropolitan and suburban hospitals, there is enough similarity to bring about good fellowship and helpful understanding by this reunion of matrons who carry the enormous responsibility of the ministrations to the sick.



From left to right: Matron Boissier (Royal Prince Alfred Hospital), Matron Kellett (Sydney Hospital), and Matron M. K. Charles-West (Royal North Shore Hospital).

—Dorothy Welding, Alan Row, and Dayne.

## Garden Inspections

THAT flowers in a beautiful garden can be of financial assistance to a cause such as the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales without even being picked and sold, is a fact which this union realised three years ago, and used to advantage.

Several times since then private gardens have been used in the same way, their owners throwing them open for public inspection at a small charge.

This week-end the kindergartens are to benefit again, for four owners of beautiful gardens in Burns Road, Wahroonga, have generously consented to let all and sundry view their sloping lawns, terraces, sunken gardens, and beds of prize roses. Sir James Murdoch, Messrs. Syd and G. K. Snow, and Orlinton-Smith are the four benefactors on October 21 and 22, when one shilling will admit spectators to all the gardens, or a silver coin to each one. Afternoon tea is also to be provided.

## A Pet Show

OCTOBER 23 promises to be an amusing day at Longueville, for the Lane Cove Younger Set of the Country Women's Association has arranged a pet show.

Rumor has it that, not only are all kinds of cats and dogs being entered, but also kangaroos, birds, and even porcupines.

Prizes are not being offered for the usual attributes, such as breeding and good looks, but for the dogs with the most comical or ugliest appearance and the most appealing eye.

Misses Irene Jones and Lillias Garling are the joint secretaries, and Messrs. A. Dillroy, Bennett, and P. Garling are the judges.

The scene of this riotous show is Miss S. Grahnam's home, in Stewart St., Longueville, the funds being for "Keera House," the C.W.A.'s holiday home at Deewhy.

## Conference of Auxiliaries

AMONG the important conferences to be held next month during Health Week will be that of the hospital auxiliaries scattered throughout the country and in the city. It is hoped that the outcome will be the formation of a N.S.W. association, in order to effect closer co-operation and prevent overlapping.

Delegates to the conference will be welcomed at a meeting to be held at the Y.M.C.A. on November 22. Professor Harvey Sutton, Dr. Elma Sandford Morgan, Dr. Holmes a Court, representative of the Health Department and the Australian Dental Association, will address the meeting.

## Infants' Mothers' Clubs

THE Federation of Infants' Mothers' Clubs last week elected its officers for the ensuing year. The result was as follows:—President, Mrs. M. A. Walsh; vice-presidents, Mesdames Paine and Heylin; secretary, Mrs. L. Middleton; assistant-secretary, Mrs. L. Bestman; treasurer, Mrs. Wallace. The auditors elected were Mesdames Mee and Chalson.

## Club Flower Shows

INTEREST in the cultivation of flowers for show purposes, and in floral decorations, receives great stimulus from the competitive exhibitions arranged by business firms and private clubs in the city.

This movement has grown considerably in the last three years, particularly among clubs, two of which arranged flower shows for this month.

The Girls' Secondary Schools' Club show was most attractive, and large entries were received for all sections,

which included a collection of home-grown native flowers.

Successful prize-winners were Miss M. Turner, Mrs. J. Hunter, Mrs. P. A. Mailer, and Miss E. Jeffries.

Good entries have also been received for the Sydney Lyceum Club's Show, listed for October 20, in its rooms, 156 Pitt Street. Mrs. Pring, president of the flower circle, is the organiser, and Mr. H. Wright the judge.

## Women Playwrights

AMONG the eight plays selected by the Workers' Educational Association Drama Club, for production, were two by women, Mrs. D. Ritchie and Mrs. H. C. Freeman.

The plays, four of which were dated for production on October 18 and November 15 and 18, were entered in a competition arranged by the Drama Club.

A committee of five, including Mrs. Gutterman and Miss E. Lorimer, are adjudicating, and will choose the two best plays and these will be produced on December 2.

Mrs. Ritchie's play, "Prejudice," is in the nature of political propaganda, showing as it does that a woman standing for Parliament has less chance of success than a man. In this one-act play, the heroine impersonates a man and obtains a seat.

"In Campbell Street" Mrs. H. C. Freeman deals with the opium traffic and the unrequited love of a half-caste Chinese girl for an Australian man.

## English Speaking Union

THE origin and geological history of the Jenolan Caves was outlined by Mr. Lambie to members of the English Speaking Union at their meeting at Farmer's last week.

Mesdames Maurice Gelson and P. Vale were joint hostesses for the occasion.

The address given was of particular interest to members in that they intend to pay an official visit to the Caves on November 11 and 12.

The address this week to the Union is to be on the life and work of Grieg.



ONE OF THE FEW Australian girls who have mastered the saxophone is Miss Nomi Molesworth, 17 years old daughter of Mr. V. Molesworth, M.L.C., of Vaucluse, Sydney. She was chosen as "sax" player for the orchestra of "Shappy Sydney" reviews at the Savoy this week. She has studied the saxophone for five years, and is quite a popular entertainer.

## Don't Forget

THE United Australia Party Younger Set, Chateaufort branch, will hold its third annual zabaret dance in the Chateaufort Town Hall on October 29.

THE Lady Mayoress (Mrs. R. C. Hagen) is arranging a party on the R.M.S. "Oranien" on October 24, in aid of the T.B. Soldier and Sailors' Relief Fund.

THE Governor and Lady Game will attend the Bowlers' Ball at David Jones' on October 26. The party will aid the Limbless Soldiers' Aquatic Club, and the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children's Institution.

LADY Game will open a fete on October 28 at "Pendana," March Street, Bellevue Hill, in aid of Canon Hammond's Christmas appeal for poor children.

THREE organisations—the Children's Hospital, the Homes of Incubation, and the Australian Mothers' Society—will bandy from the hall on board the R.M.S. "Oranien" on October 24. Lady Game is president, and Mrs. A. H. Nathan, Mrs. J. C. Leckie, and Mrs. E. S. Spooner, hon. secretaries. There will be both bridge and dancing.

THE first big effort of the Sisters of the Marist Community will be a fete at Mount St. Mary's College, Woolwich, on October 21.

LADY ISAACS has consented to open a garden fete at "Quambi," Albert Rd., Edgecliff, the residence of Sir Kelso and Lady King, on October 21, in aid of the Far-West Children's Health Scheme.

THE Ladies' Committee of the Kenwick Hospital for Infants, Summer Hill, will hold a fete in the grounds on October 21 at 2.30 p.m.

## St James Theatre of Distinction

Next David Jones in  
Eliz. and Cast'reagh Sts.  
Direction: Sir Benjamin Fuller and  
Mr. John Fuller.

## Gala Australasian Premiere

### Next Wednesday

at 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5 p.m., 8 p.m.  
The Most Notable Cinema Event  
of the Year!

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IMAGINE WHAT this view from the Port Macquarie Home means to the women from parched inland districts of N.S.W. It is characteristic of others obtainable from all the seaside homes of the C.W.A. in Australia.

## SEASIDE Holiday HOMES for Country Women's Good Work OUTBACK Families

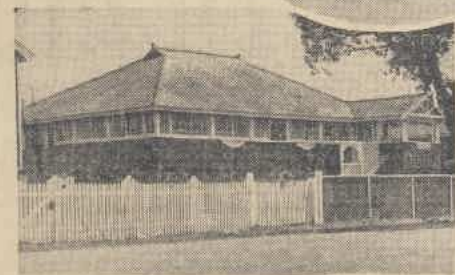
THE lot of the country woman may sound ideal with its perpetual quietness and lack of wearying noises. But the accumulative monotony of this quietness, when combined with the hardships due to conditions and climate, takes a big toll on the health of women and children.

There is little that can be done to ease the burden of these wives and mothers who so nobly help in the background of Australia's primary industries, but that little has been, and is being, done by the Country Women's Association of Australia.

The work of this association embraces many aspects, not the least of which is the provision of seaside holidays which, if they are not always free, are at least very reasonable in cost.

The three eastern States all have special homes built or donated for this purpose. New South Wales having been the first to start the fashion by opening "Keera House" at Dee Why (Sydney) in 1924. Six years later the Port Macquarie Seaside Cottage was obtained and two years ago Newcastle followed suit with a seaside cottage, while last year saw the opening of another cottage at Evans Head. The New South Wales association also has three mountain homes.

Victoria named its seaside home "Somers House," after Lady Somers, who took such an active interest in its foundation and continuance. It is situated at Black Rock.



"LINGA-LONGA," the Queensland home at Sandgate.

foundation and continuance. It is situated at Black Rock.

THERE are three seaside homes in the southern division of the Queensland association, and 14 seaside cottages situated all up the coast, the farthest north being at Thursday Island. The cottage at Zillie, in the Central Division, was moved to Eimu Park early this year. The Northern Division has started a movement to build a shark-proof enclosure near its huts at Kissing Point.

"COTTESLOE," the seaside home of the West Australian C.W.A., is a beautiful stone building on the edge of the sea, and is extensively used.

South Australia has no seaside home so far, but hopes to establish its first cottage shortly, and eventually to have others on different parts of the coast.

### Keera House

"Keera House" can accommodate as many as seventy persons at one time, and, besides its main building, which was opened by Lady Forster in 1924, sports a new weatherboard house

The dull days of winter have departed. The thoughts of nearly everyone turn to beaches, to cool mountain glens, and to places where the full benefits of warmth and sunlight can be enjoyed, without the discomforts of undue heat.

Women living near the coast or on the highlands welcome the approach of summer, but what about the others, in the parched, desert places of the country?



THE HOMES are all modern and up-to-date. This picture is of "Keera House," Dee Why.

clation took the form of a gift to the matron of a large dressed turkey.

NEWCASTLE'S record is just as creditable, for the home has accommodated 117 women and children in the last year, and through guest fees and donations now has a credit balance of £233.

During the year the committee has been busy with improvements and has managed to re-roof the home, paint the walls and roof, repair the fence, and buy six new beds and chairs.

### From the Mallee

The Victorian home at Black Rock accommodates 30 persons, and was opened just in time to provide holidays for mothers and their children in the big Mallee Holiday Scheme conducted by the association several years ago.

It is practically self-supporting, with a tariff varying, according to the time of the year, from £1 to 25/- for adult members, and 5/- to 15/- a week for children. There is a higher tariff for non-members.

YOUNGER SETS in the city and country make the home their special care, many sets making it possible for women, especially in the impoverished areas of the Mallee, to have a free holiday down the bay.

These energetic young members were chiefly responsible for the paying off of £600 of the mortgage on the home last year, and have helped largely in the installation of a hot-water system. Other maintenance jobs, such as the painting of the roof and supply of kitchen utensils, have been provided for by the sets.

Mrs. R. E. Shuter is chairwoman of the home committee.

### The Northern State

"Linga-Longa," at Sandgate (Queensland), is just as popular with its attractively furnished bungalow rooms. At present it is inhabited by 37 school-children whose ages vary from seven to fourteen years, and twenty women relatives. They are under the supervision of men teachers who are housed nearby, and during their stay are being almost regally entertained and shown the sights of the city.

## WELFARE Scheme for Women Workers

From Our Canberra Correspondent

Federal Government Urged to Consider!

It is suggested at Canberra that the Federal Government, by agreement with the State authorities, should arrange for the passage of legislation providing for a Commonwealth-wide scheme of industrial welfare for women.

It is certain that the suggestion will receive the warm support of women's organisations throughout Australia.

THE plan is still in the embryo stage, but it is suggested that with proper support from influential women's organisations it would not be difficult of accomplishment.

The scheme suggested would not be expensive in operation, for the Government would only have to pass the necessary regulations and make some provision for the policing of its law. This, it is stated, might quite satisfactorily be arranged by co-operation between the Commonwealth Government and the industrial authorities in the various States.

It has been pointed out to members of the Federal Parliament that Australia is well behind England and other overseas countries in the matter of watching the interests of working women, and it is this backwardness which is prompting interested parties to urge the Government to early action.

THE English law makes it compulsory for factories and other establishments employing more than 100 women or girls to engage an officer primarily for first aid purposes, but the system has developed to such an extent that the experienced women chosen for the position have included in their duties the consideration of recreational and health facilities for employees.

Miss Margery Stevenson, of Melbourne, who returned last week from a long tour abroad, is keenly interested in the industrial welfare question, and she has publicly announced her views. With training experience in London, Miss Stevenson is qualified to speak with authority and she agrees that Australia might well attend to this angle of industrial life.

It is regarded as certain that several members of the Federal Parliament will take the matter up as soon as the Budget proposals are disposed of.

There is a confident feeling at Canberra that the Government will see its way clear to meet the requests and to establish contact with the States with a view to securing some uniform Commonwealth arrangement for the welfare of women workers. That such a scheme would be helpful is beyond doubt.

Efforts of women's organisations throughout Australia to have a representative elected to the Federal Book Censorship Board have so far been unsuccessful, but the agitation is being maintained and there is still hope that the board will co-opt a woman to assist in its deliberations.

THE Minister for Customs (Mr. White), who is nominally responsible for the censorship of books, has washed his hands of the whole business and has indicated that the board, consisting of the former Solicitor-General (Sir Robert Garran), Dr. L. H. Allen, and Professor J. M. Hayden, has full power to obtain additional assistance if required.

The board, however, has been slow in recognising the claims of women, and has given no indication that it favors any addition to its number. The Government is not particularly concerned with the matter as the members of the board serve voluntarily and no expense is incurred.

There is a plain case to answer, but the interested organisations have been unable to receive any satisfactory explanation of the delay, apart from the excuse that it is considered unsatisfactory for women to have to examine and give an opinion on unsatisfactory books.

It has now been pointed out to the board that this is really a most unsatisfactory argument, as the decision on all but "border-line" books is still made by Customs officials, and the board gives its judgment only on volumes about which there is some doubt.

This, it is claimed, entirely does away with the argument that women's senses might be shocked by the matter submitted.

The selection of books for girls and young people essentially interests women and mothers, and as there are several prominent and highly educated women at Canberra fully qualified for the position, it is hoped that an early and favorable decision will be given.

In the event of further delay, it is stated that there will be a determined move to have the matter rectified by further direct approach to the Minister.

### Book Censorship

THE Book Censorship Board does not include a woman. Efforts to have a woman appointed are being made by various societies.

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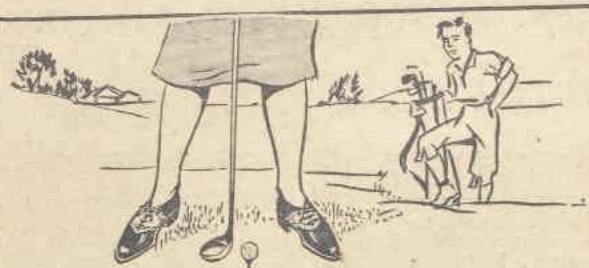
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## BUSH Houses and Plant WONDERS

By The Old Gardener

YOU know, Miss, I've been a gardener for forty years now, come a day, it's a long time. Yet every season I see and learn something new.

Some folk say to me, "Why don't you try and do better for yourself, Tom. You got the brains. Gardening won't get you nowhere."

Well, maybe it won't, I says, but that depends on how you look at life. But anyhow gardening gives you something that nothing else can.

Can't explain quite what I mean, Miss. . . not in so many words, I ain't got the gift of words, but when I'm digging among the flower folk, kneeling on the springy grass, with me hands moist with good soil, everything seems to come clear.

Sometimes I think of success, and remember the dreams I had when I was a bit of a lad. I think of people like that German fellow, Hitler, or the Italian, Mussolini. Then I look round at the flowers and, sure enough, there will be one with its face grown bigger and its head held higher than the rest. There must always be one. There can never be more than one. It stands out in the bed, but I know that in a few weeks, or less, it will be gone and another will have taken its place.

Each year I see the flowers born. They shoot, bud, flower, and flourish, and then they die that they may grow again.

For 40 years now, come a day, I've been watching and helping in this miracle of creation. It's a grand work, Miss, and I believe that what's true of the flowers is true of us. You can have all your money and fame and success but give me a bed of good soil and the right to be Lord and Master of life and death in the world of my garden.

YOU was asking about bush houses. Lots of the ones you see about the place are no good. I seen one the other day built of lattice and painted green. It looked pretty, but it wasn't no good. Let your plants do their own painting. Miss, I told the lady that owned this one to line it well with hessian to keep out the draught. Plants can't stand draught.

I saw another bush house painted white inside and brown outside. That were not so bad. It looked very pretty, too, with the green plants against the white background. But it's an insult to any self-respecting plant to use green paint.

Another unsuitable type of bush house is the kind using glass and lattice, with the glass at the sides only. The glass should always be on the top.

MY advice, Miss, is to let your bush house be plain and useful. Set it up against a fence and build according to the size you want. Use wire netting for the roof and interlace or fasten down tea-tree. This makes a good roof which will break up the sun's rays suitably. If you are using lattice the sides should be lined right to the roof, the door, too. All the light should come from the top. This will ensure plants of an even upright growth.

The shelves used as benches for the pots to stand on should be well spaced to give plenty of drainage.

A corner or two should be left in the bush house for soil-grown plants. A tree fern in the centre looks very nice.

NOW as to what to grow. . . Of course, all classes of ferns can be planted either in pots or in beds. There's the Australian maidenhair, and the English maidenhair, harty ferns from the bush, small treeferns and rockferns. Try foliage begonias, rex begonias, and tree begonias. They'll add color to the bush house. Here are some names of palms: Kentia, Phoenix Roebelinii, Cocos Yatay, Cocos, Weddelliana, Chamaecrops, Rapis, and Flabelliformis, the Japanese palm. They all like good rich heavy soil, in which some old, well-rotted cow manure has been mixed. When potting ram the soil down hard. Palms like that.

Aspidistra, of course, is the great bush house plant. They also like heavy soil. When you've got your bush house planted, Miss, keep a sharp look-out for insects. Scale insects, mealy bug, aphids, slugs and snails will all make a bid for free board and lodging in the bush house if you aren't careful. See you some more.



"One head is always highest."

## REDUCING Risks in SLAM Bidding

Contract Bridge — By Frank Cayley

AS I have previously pointed out, when a game call has been located, any player who still holds powerful reserve strength may invite a small or grand slam by nominating four or five no trumps.

Any "four no trump" is forcing, and shows either: (a) Two aces and the king of a suit which has been named by the partnership; or (b) three aces.

Holding the two remaining aces, or, in the second instance, holding the remaining ace and kings in all the declared suits, partner must say "Five no trumps." Lacking such values, he is not permitted to pass, but must "sign off" with a bid

While it is quite impossible to eliminate all risk in connection with the bidding of slams at contract it is, nevertheless, a comparatively simple matter to reduce this element to a very low level.

slam. Without good intermediate cards he may stop at a "six" bid, even though he can see the fourth ace.

Here is an example from play:—

NORTH	SOUTH
S: A X X X X	S: K Q X
H: A X	H: K Q
D: K X X	D: Q J 10 X X
C: A X X	C: K Q X

Both sides vulnerable. South deals.

SOUTH	NORTH
1 Diamond.	2 Spades (a).
4 Spades (b).	5 No trumps (c).
6 Spades (d).	No bid.

### NOTES ON BIDDING

(a) The forcing take-out made with three and a half honor tricks.

(b) Showing normal trump support and at least one reserve honor trick. Without reserve honor values the minimum call in "no trumps" would have been obligatory.

(c) Showing three aces and the king of diamonds.

(d) "Signing off" because his hand lacks the remaining ace. If North had held four aces and the king of diamonds his first slam invitation would have been "Four no trumps," followed by "Five no trumps" on the next round.

See how the partners were guided into a safe small slam and saved from naming an unmakeable grand one.

HOBST Holbrook says: My Worcestershire Sauce is the perfection of flavour. As it is the world's greatest appetiser.\*\*\*



You can't play an ace this way.

of five (or six, if his holding warrants it) in one of the previously mentioned suits.

We thus see that, when two players call "Four no trumps" and "Five no trumps," they locate all the aces, and at least one of the vital kings.

### "4 No Trump" Omitted

If a player calls "Five no trumps" without any previous mention of three aces and a king of a declared suit.

The responding hand is "forced" to call, and must use judgment in determining whether to say small or grand



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Thousands of otherwise healthy people die prematurely from High Blood Pressure and the frequent symptoms are dizziness, palpitation, headache, failing eyesight and memory, flushes, sleeplessness and kidney and bladder disease. Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids are the great antidote for High Blood Pressure and if you suffer in this way get a box of Menhoids from your chemist and take them regularly for 3 months and then occasionally afterwards. Menhoids purify the blood stream of poisons, flush out kidney and bladder, relieving the terrific pressure which causes heart failure and keeps the blood pressure at a safe level. Menhoids are a pure, natural remedy and are safe for the most delicate sufferers.

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# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

—: By Jane Anne Seymour :—



It is miraculous how schoolgirls have the power to turn into a bevy of beautiful flappers overnight. Yet at the G.P.S. Sports on Saturday this was evident, and again at the Athletic Ball at the Blaxland Galleries, which is to take the place of former theatre nights and safeguard the ideals of the G.P.S. Council.

The boys fell in with the Council's schemes quite happily, and, although the Galleries were so packed that even the balcony had to be commissioned for dancing, were all angelically sedate. High School O.B.U. had a raised lamp as centrepiece to their table, but the other decorations, consisting of shields and colors of every school, surrounding the Galleries, were a gift from Scots'.

Mr. R. C. M. Boyce and Mrs. Boyce, and Mr. A. J. O'Neill were official hosts, entertaining representatives from every college. Helen Hertz put up her hair, and danced in green organdie. Doris Kennedy had a twenty-first birthday party, her sisters Jean and Phyllis, and friend Joan Harrop being among her guests.

ABOUT a year ago Henzel Conroy was conspicuous in a ballroom as being the only girl who danced holding her skirts with her left hand instead of resting it on her partner's arm. At the United Service Ball, however, from the Vice-Regal young guest, Barbara Holmes, downwards, every second woman was following the same fashion.

THE uniforms certainly made this party at the Wentworth a brilliant sight, although, excluding Sir Phillip Game, only two of the Air Force officers were present.

CAPTAIN DAVID LINDSAY was in the old-fashioned brown Light Horse uniform, and Brigadier-General Lloyd, wearing piles of decorations, looked a very proud father of the only debutante, daughter June.

AT Grace Bros, in York Street, the "Ladder to Fame" exhibition is still affecting crowds of visitors almost. If not quite, as much as it affected Mr. Justice Milner Stephen, who laughed so much that he sat on one of the pictures on a nearby chair, and broke the glass.

Mrs. J. C. Leete's "Disappointed" is, however, a surprising achievement for a non-painter, even though the attractive "wash" originated in a chance spilling of water on some paint, which she smeared over, unconscious of making an artistic effect.



MISS LORRAINE SMITH, who is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith, of Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill, will leave shortly for London.

YET even before this show closes Lady Gordon has begun to think about her part in the "Stitches in Time" exhibition at the Blaxland Galleries in November to aid the D.N.A. Her mother has already posted to Lady Gordon examples of "stitchery" she did when a very little girl.

PERHAPS they have accompanied their husbands to campaign meetings, or perhaps they are too modest about their dishes and feared a hostile demonstration from infuriated sufferers from indigestion. Whatever the reason, the programme of the Floral Festival in the Town Hall on Friday announced "salad lunches by wives of Members of Parliament," and "you are asked to take your tea quietly."

All the "Roses" looked radiantly beautiful, although Gretel Bullmore (Queen) and her maids, and two other Rose Queens and their attendants were the only girls to curtsy to the vice-regal party.

The Town Hall looked almost as barn-like as ever, in spite of some exquisite good deeds on the part of amateur gardeners and florists.

PERHAPS the brightest item, however, was Mr. Layton announcing that a man had won the prize of a permanent wave.

TWO magnums of champagne were produced at the family dinner party which welcomed Mr. H. B. Allard home



THIS IS JUNE LLOYD, who made her debut last week. June is the daughter of Brig-General H. W. Lloyd, M.L.A., and Mrs. Lloyd, of Milson Road, Cremorne.

—Women's Weekly photo.

from abroad. Mr. Allard has a curious hobby for a man of figures—poetry.

At one time he used to get annual inspiration at "Belltrees," Scene.

THE portrait of

Miss Campbell, principal, wasn't finished in time for the jubilee garden party at the Girls' High School, Moore Park, on Saturday, but as experts said transplanting was allowable, the ceremony of planting a cutting from the original tree in the old building took place.

Un fortunately, Mrs. Hollingworth, Mrs. Bowden, and Mr. Warrior, seeing a crowd assembled round the

hole, planted the tree while the official party were still at afternoon tea.

When they arrived and saw what had happened, Miss Campbell said: "No, the tree is not planted." So Mr. Thomas, Director of Education, announced the tree was about to be planted, Mrs. Bowden held one of its leaves, and Mrs. Hollingworth smoothed the ground again, and then Mr. Thomas announced the tree was planted.

Ethel Turner's family said they would never forgive her if she stayed away any longer, so she was absent in the Mountains, but the Mackies and other notables, were present, including crowds of flappers in organdie and a humorist who announced that "all the best artists in Sydney have been chartered for Wednesday's Jubilee concert, including the High School's voice-speaking choir."

AS well as the artists, Elsie Findlay, Dominico Caruso, and Athos Martelli, there was another performer at Lady Game's musicale on Saturday night. Rosemary Game, amid hearty applause, approached the piano, bowed, and played "God Save the King."

As a matter of fact, Rosemary's performance was just as we like it—not a dirge—in spite of King George's edict.



MISS VERA PARKER, who is the daughter of Mrs. S. E. Parker, of Rockhampton, is taking a part in "Cyrano de Bergerac," to be produced by the Independent Theatre group, Sydney.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Mr. Sep. Levy and Mr. Percy Higgins met for the first time since they were youngsters—one a schoolboy at "Clifford," and the other living at "Cahors," Potts Point. Mrs. Ellis Fielding Jones wore a novel sling for her arm, which she had injured while rock-climbing. It consisted of a broad band of ribbon velvet, black on one side and oyster white on the other, tied with a bow at her neck.

Mrs. Sep Levy's face, too, emerged cameo-like from a bow at her neck. Mrs. A. C. Goddard wore her O.B.E. decoration on a black lace frock with ermine cape, while Mrs. Halse Rogers' wide streak of white hair looked both fashionable and distinctive.

YEARS ago a non-Roman Catholic philanthropist, who had made a fortune in West Australia and in Africa, donated and furnished a beautiful house at Croydon to the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart Young Children's Home.

On Sunday the annual reunion took place, when Archbishop Kelly presided, and Father Fleming made an appeal on behalf of the Home.

LAST year it was wet, and the approach to the Bush Book Club-rooms in Castlereagh Street is the sort of corridor Maurice Chevalier walks along among the roofs of Paris, yet the record number of 3832 books and periodicals was received, so that the Bush Book Club had reason to hope for great things from this year's "At Home."

Parcels are rarely posted, except to the reader whose parcel goes across the S.A. border, then back to N.S.W., and some few others, but recently the concession of free transport for parcels has been removed. The readers therefore send 1/- for every lib., and don't have to send the books back.

They are in honor bound, however, to pass them on. As a rule, the club members, who are at their rooms daily, and are delighted to receive contributions towards their fine work at any time, have tea in the kitchen. In honor of Lady Game, it was held in the reception room on Monday, too, only a few being relegated to their usual habitat.

FOR Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights this week, the Savoy has been booked for "Snappy Sydney" Revue, in aid of the Women's Hospital.

Much as the finished product is a real feather in Miss Bryant's cap, we personally found the dress-rehearsal even more amusing.

Cries of "don't follow anybody," apparently addressed to the orchestra,

"They have forgotten my trousers—do you think I can get some by to-morrow?" "Do you want to hear Mr. Williamson to-night?" "No, no, oh NO!" while among the distinguished audience Mrs. Crossing looked on at "these amateurs" having once read in a paper that she was "quite good, but a little gauche!"

Nuttie MacKellar started to stick to the floor, having had the soles of her shoes lacquered; Bea Massey White, who appeared towards the beginning, and again at the end, had to stand the whole evening, as her marvellous trousers don't permit of sitting; and, after the curtain being lowered on David Came kissing Jean Kennedy, and an interval of twenty minutes it was raised once more to disclose David and Jean still kissing.

THE turns, though of distinctly "revue" character, were often well conceived, or disclosed real talent, and the settings, too, were very attractive, as when they formed a background of windows for the "Twentieth Century Blues" ballet.

We are not sure if we preferred Dr. Cedric Cohen as the "very particular oculus bird, who always flies backwards because it doesn't care two hoots where it is going, but likes to know where it



MRS. R. J. PENNYQUICK is joint hon. secretary with Miss Betty Hagon for the party which the Lady Mayoress (Mrs. R. C. Hagon) is organising on the "Otranto" for T.B. Sailors and Soldiers on October 24.

is coming from," or as a "Done" girl. In both cases he was a riot.

The "Done" sketch was the most laughable. John Carabon looked so sweet that one was almost shocked to hear he spent his time in "talking chat, and learning when the beer was flat," and "Giff" in "Cherry's" own clothes, was as imitable as ever.

Bea Massey White's fine voice was heard in rather too ordinary numbers; Eleanor Martin was a beautifully graceful and facially expressive "Peter Pan," and Mrs. Job. Mrs. Venour Nathan, Frank Crago, Bee Shepherd, and Otto Bohrmann were also good.

THE opening of the Bush Brotherhood's 1933 Sydney doings is at Government House this Friday. Now that Canon How has refused the Archbishop of Queensland, people of that State are hoping that Bishop Peetham (a former Bush Brother) will be offered it. He has done such wonders in the north.

Perhaps his health is against it, as he isn't very strong. Bush Brothers often turn into Bishops. Bishop Wyld (Coadjutor Bishop of Bathurst) and Bishop Halse (Riverina) were Brothers.

IN 1905, George Lambert painted one of his nine portraits of Thea Proctor. Recently Mrs. Lambert found it, minus the body, and sent it to Miss Proctor. Next week it will further add to its history by being exhibited at the Blaxland Galleries in a show of work by Australian artists, an annual affair which was inaugurated by Lambert.

Aelaide Perry, who is responsible, says Thea Proctor, for four painter travelling scholars being sent from here this year whose work is, for the first time, up to the standard of the London schools, and Grace Cosington-Smith, who, with Mr. Roland Walkelin, Margaret Preston, Roy de Mestre, and the Ramsay twins has a really personal and subtle color sense, will enter some of their work. The unusual opening time is at noon, on Wednesday. Cyril Ritchard, whose brother, Edgar, started painting at 15, working only on Saturday afternoon, and is now doing splendid work in London, takes the greatest interest in art himself and will perform the ceremony.







# STEERING a Husband Away From SIRENS

A Reply to Kathleen Norris;  
Not Always "Sirens"

When a girl or woman has worked for a considerable time in business association with a man, and falls in love with him, is she to be abused or pitied?

This question is frankly raised by a woman reader, Valerie Ley, in reply to a recent article in The Australian Women's Weekly by the famous American author, Kathleen Norris.

In her article, entitled "Steering a Husband Away From Sirens," Kathleen Norris warned wives to beware of their husband's office entanglements.

We publish below the reply by Miss Valerie Ley, and also a further statement on the same question by Kathleen Norris.

By VALERIE LEY

REFERRING to Kathleen Norris's article entitled, "Steering a Husband Away From Sirens," may I say, with all due respect to this famous authoress, while I agree with her viewpoint on the subject, I do feel that the tone of disparagement running through it towards the "other woman" was not exactly admirable.

The word, "siren," could hardly be applied to a girl or woman who worked with or for a man for a considerable length of time; knew all his shortcomings and whims, endeavored to please and help him in every direction; who discussed and listened to his plans, his work, or profession, which, next to a wife, is nearest a man's heart, then to find, at some crucial moment, that she has an affection for this man which is extremely strong and lasting.

There is much to be said of such a situation, and believe me, there are hundreds.

THE man, owing to the woman's reliability and dependability, also finds himself deeply attached to this helpmate, and so it begins.

But the girl of to-day is much too sane a person to bluff herself that anything will ever come of it.

She knows that happiness gained at another's woman's expense is not worth having.

Nevertheless, this "love" and understanding that spring up between two people (maybe it has all been lying dormant for years, and, incidentally, a lot could be said of the corresponding qualities in each other's make-up), is something over which not one of us has any control.

It is to be regarded as a tragedy, especially to the girl concerned.

ADMITTEDLY, it is wrong to love another woman's husband.

But it is one thing to love him, be a good friend, and maybe even to lunch or have dinner with him occasionally, and it is another for the wife and the outside world to put the worst construction on this fine feeling and comradeship.

I agree that it should be stopped the moment one is conscious of it, but I fail to see the wife as the injured party in the majority of cases. Usually it is the girl who unhappily finds herself in love with a married man who suffers most.

It is she, and she alone, who sees the futility of her love, and I think, when discussing this subject, that she deserves a little real sympathy and understanding, and not blame, as is so often handed out to her.

IF wives endeavored to be honestly interested in their husbands' work and hobbies. If they let the idea of "husbands should make us happy" vanish, and in its stead try to think only of making their husbands contented, why then I'm sure they would find these "little affairs" would never cause them the slightest pain.

Mainly because the husband would not have need to go elsewhere for sympathy and complete understanding, other women would not be given the opportunity of getting to know him so intimately that they suddenly find themselves in love.

Many women who are so-called "loving wives" are extremely selfish and tyrannical in their own homes when it comes to any consideration of their husbands' peace of mind and general comfort, not to say anything of the amount of women who are absolutely disinterested in a man's work or profession, so long as he provides them with all the necessities and comforts they desire.

HOBBS Holbrook says: I brew my Pure Malt Vinger from Australian barley, and nature it is for one year.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

IT isn't that a woman is making marriage a business, jealously fighting for her own place and home and income and safety, and indifferent to the suffering or desires of everyone else.

It's because she knows that love and home and children and social circle aren't things to be established, and destroyed, and established again, and destroyed again, a dozen times in a lifetime.

Married love is a rare plant, of slow growth; it has a quality of its own a thousand times more beautiful than that physical, emotional, heady attraction we call passion; the thing that draws some man's wife to some woman's husband, and breaks up social groups so restlessly.

For in the end we all have to find happiness in marriage on exactly the old terms, be it the fifth marriage or the first. We have to find it in character, gentleness with the faults of others, patience in building, courage in failure, generosity in excess. Until a man finds those qualities within himself, and a woman finds them within herself, there will be no happiness in any marriage.

THERE is, to be sure, the excitement and novelty of a new alliance. A few weeks of exhilaration—not more. After that the new relationship will settle down just as the old one did, but on harder terms.

The man is older, more exacting, less idealistic than he was fifteen years ago. He feels the tacit disapproval of his friends keenly; feels the entire, or partial, separation from his children much more than he will ever admit. He cannot be as loving, as gay and confident as he was in the first; too many new elements have entered into the situation, too much lies behind it. He has new delights—yes, but their taste is a little flat.

So that an honest man, with a loving wife, ought to feel grateful to her when she frowns down his philandering, and makes his little love affairs as difficult as she can—if she loves him, that is. If she doesn't the problem is quite a different one, of course.

But if she loves him enough to fight for him; loves him enough to be made unhappy when his feet wander down primrose paths, then he ought to thank God that he CAN'T get free, that this firebrand and this woman, these children with their faults and charms, their bad grade marks and their kisses, this tiresome old puzzle of bills and home-making, of entertaining the Smiths and paying the dentist, CAN'T be shaken off.

This is his kingdom, a happy one or an unsuccessful one just as he chooses to have it. He can make it heaven for them all, or he can chill and alienate and hurt them, and pay the bill, sooner or later, himself.

It would be wonderful if poor human flesh and blood COULD have these little fights in love safely; if a man COULD develop an intimate friendship for a pretty girl, every year or two, and have his fill of love from her, and return to the family circle with no harm done.

But unfortunately there IS harm done—harm to the girl, to the wife, to the children, to himself, when these things rush to finalities, as they always do.

The time to stop them is before they begin. The prayer that especially fits them is not a prayer against actual wrong-doing, but against the occasion of even wanting to go off the track. A part of it is "Lead us not into temptation . . ."

MURIEL: I've said "No" to many men during the last few weeks.

Mary: No doubt, there are so many hawkers about these days.

BROWN: Do you and your wife ever have different opinions?

Green: Good heavens, yes—only she doesn't know it.

TRAM CONDUCTOR: You say he's only ten? He looks more like fourteen to me.

Mother of Boy: I can't help it, can I, if he worries?

Each week £1 is awarded for the best entry, and 5/- for others used.

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"Love and home and children aren't things to be established and destroyed, and established again and destroyed again, a dozen times in a lifetime," says Kathleen Norris.

## THE HUB offering Simply Everything for Tiny Tots!



Frock and  
Bloomer Sets

No. 1.—Frock and Bloomer Sets in Printed Haircords or Cambrics. Several attractive styles. All hand smocked. White or Self Collars and Cuffs. 18, 20, and 22in. lengths. Usually 6/11. HUB PRICE . . . 4/11

No. 2.—Locknit Art. Silk Milanese Frocks, with matching Bloomers. Two smart styles with hand smocking and touches of hand embroidery. Several dainty shades, 18, 20, and 22in. lengths. Usually 7/11. HUB PRICE . . . 5/11

Little Boys'  
Ranger Suits

No. 3.—Tiny Boys' Ranger Suits in Locknit Art. Silk Milanese. White shirt with colored collar and cuffs. Colored knickers. Lengths: 18, 20, and 22 inch. Usually 6/11. HUB PRICE . . . 4/11

No. 4.—Little Boys' Ranger Suits in fadeless "Linora" White, shirt trimmed with smocking. Colored Knickers in Sky, Sage, Lemon, Almond, Brown, 18, 20, and 22in. lengths. Usually 3/11. HUB PRICE . . . 2/11½



Infants' Frocks

No. 5.—White Jap. Silk Frock, with trimming of Val. Lace and Insertion. 18 and 20 inch lengths. Usually, 4/11. HUB PRICE . . . 3/11½

No. 6.—Locknit Art. Silk Milanese Frock, in Ivory only. Daintily hand-smocked. Neck and sleeves trimmed with picot edge. Usually, 7/11. HUB PRICE . . . 5/11



Infants' Shawls

No. 7.—Infants' Shawls in Silk and Wool, or All-Wool. Fancy designs, with wide lace border. Usually 13/11. HUB PRICE, Each 9/11



Not illustrated

Infants' Sample Frocks

A Sample Range of Infants' Frocks, in Ivory Crepe-de-Chene and Locknit. Very dainty styles. No two alike. Usually . . . 9/11 21/- HUB PRICE . . . 6/11 15/11

Terry Squares

Infants' Terry Toweling Squares. Size, 24 x 24in. Usually 12/11. HUB PRICE, DOZEN . . . 9/11

The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST. SYDNEY

## BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

REVEREND VISITOR: And don't you ever say prayers before your meals, sonny?

Precocious Child: Oh, no—Dad says our cook's pretty reliable!

MURIEL: I've said "No" to many men during the last few weeks.

Mary: No doubt, there are so many hawkers about these days.

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## AUSTRALIAN ROOT ENDS CONSTIPATION

Australia must win out of the Depression by supporting every outlet of Australian produce. Nature gives this sunny land certain advantages. Australians must wake up to them. For years women used foreign rice powder until the Depression taught them that Australian-made rice powder was better. Now it is being proven that the products of the Australian vegetable kingdom provide a superior remedy for Constipation than foreign salts and pills. And not only is this new Australian remedy better, gentler and safer, but it costs nothing in duty, freight and exchange. So, for a shilling, you can get, from any real Australian Chemist, a bottle of 50 Cramer's 'Australian Root' Pills—the best vegetable, non-mineral regulator, stimulant, liver tonic, blood purifier and Constipation remedy on the market. Support your own country's goods and do something real to end the Depression that foreigners started.

OFFICE BOY (to laughing typist): What's the matter, Miss Brown—hysterical?

Typist: Not a bit. I'm practising my laugh for the boss's golf story.

A NEWS item.—One man is knocked down by an automobile every ten minutes in Chicago.—One would think it would wear him out.

JONES (calling Smith over telephone): Can't you come over tonight?

Smith (answering Jones): Oh, I can't; I'm washing my R.V.D.'s.

And just here the operator accommodatingly remarked: I'm ringing them.



**For SAFETY YOUR BABY needs this Vitamin-rich Emulsion!**  
Contains 50% pure Cod Liver Oil



"I thought I was giving baby ample food, but actually he was starved for the necessary fat cod liver oil emulsion would have given him. I never knew until the Clinic Nurse told me that he needed Elliott's Clinic Emulsion."  
—Extract from original letter.

BE free of all anxiety by compensating the deficiencies in your child's food with the addition of Elliott's Special Clinic Emulsion. It contains 50 per cent. of the highest grade Cod Liver Oil, and provides the essential vitamins, A and D, which promote growth and prevent rickets.

It is absolutely free from hypophosphites and all other drugs. Give your baby the right start in life through Elliott's Special Clinic Emulsion. Insist on getting Elliott's!

Obtainable at all Chemists  
Regular size bottle - - 1/9  
Family size bottle - - 3/-



## ELLIOTT'S Special CLINIC EMULSION

RECOMMENDED BY N.S.W. BABY HEALTH CENTRES

### EASILY EXPLAINED

MRS. S.: Mother! Is that another new hat you're wearing?  
MRS. J.: And just you wait till you see the truck I bought to go with it!  
MRS. S.: Wherever do you get the money for all these new clothes?  
MRS. J.: Well—the truth is, your father and I have begun to watch every penny we spend, and you can't imagine how much we've saved lately.  
MRS. S.: I wish Roy and I could economize.  
MRS. J.: Then just ask Roy to get a copy of "The Private Man's A.H.C." and study your income and expenditure month by month.  
MRS. S.: Where can you get this book?  
MRS. J.: At all Newsagents and Stationers, or send One Shilling to Box 3069, G.P.O., Sydney. Then you'll save pounds every month.

### VAREX Permanently Cures Varicose Ulcers

Varex rapidly heals the most stubborn cases of varicose ulcers permanently. No "laying up" required, and only one dressing a week. Thousands of letters praising Varex are received from grateful patients every week. Call at the Treatment Rooms and see the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist,  
Varex Ltd., 602N, George Street (between  
Lowe's and Angus & Coote's), Sydney.\*\*\*



### The Clustered Softness of YOUR WAVY HAIR

"The clustered softness of your wavy hair, that glorious colour which enchants me so." Lovely hair is of such captivating charm that poets and artists consider it a vital requisite of beauty. Yet, many girls wear hair whenever they can. Is it wavy? Ask the men! You will find them rapturous over a girl's lovely hair—especially if it be the wavy kind that adds a touch of piquance to the face. Many a clever man has picked his bride because of the spell cast by truly lovely hair! Thousands of lovely girls owe their beautiful tresses to Hennelsohn Shampoo and Hennelsohn Wave Set. This is the perfect combined hair-beauty treatment—guaranteed to give you lovely gleamy, wavy hair, or curl you nothing. Try it. Get a package of Hennelsohn and a bottle of Hennelsohn Wave Set from your chemist or store today. To-morrow you will have glorious, radiant hair, full of those rich, captivating waves that everyone admires—or no cost to you at all. Nothing else equals this marvellous Kathleen Court method of infusing new life into dull hair.

## KEEPING PACE With the TIMES

It is Possible to Combine the New With the Old in Home Decoration

By Our Home Decorator

HERE have been displayed such a riotous collection of glaring colors and bizarre shapes under the label "Modern" that people of good taste, who do not happen to be familiar with the genuine, have acquired a prejudice against the movement.

There is nothing revolutionary or particularly new in the idea of combining color with simple design—and this is the basic principle of the so-called modern decoration. The Egyptians did it. But from then to now we have had a variety of everything else, chiefly the ornate and the stuffy.

In Australia we are quick to seize upon anything in keeping with modern practical life. We quite agree with simplicity, usefulness, bright, cheerful colors, a throwing out of unnecessary ornament. . . . In our living rooms we want low, deep-seated chairs from which we can, without effort, reach our magazines and cigarettes on a convenient low table. Above all, we want things that can be easily kept in order. It is a good creed. And if you but know it, all are cardinal principles of this new and worldwide modern trend.

In Europe they have already made great progress in a distinctly modern treatment of interior decoration, with their simple, bright, lacquered furniture, large windows hung with soft silken or cotton curtains of gay, clear color, through which the sunlight can filter. Gone, the days of the formal drawing-room, of the delicate, high-backed chairs.

### A Modern Color Scheme

THE illustration on this page—a living-room in a modern English home—portrays the rational side of modern decoration. Take particular note of the light fittings—the very latest. A good central light cannot be improved upon. The glass is opaque and sheds a becoming light entirely devoid of glare. This type of light, be it mentioned, avoids a disconcerting suddenness between highlights and shadows.

### Combining New With Old

NO one need be deterred from furnishing a room in the modern manner by the supposition that all the old furniture must be displaced by new. It is entirely possible to make use of any good furniture that is not ornate. Where possible, take off old paint on pieces which are made of really good wood, so that the grain will show. The distinctly modern note in furniture is the use of beautiful wood.

Avoid always elaborate design and ornamentation, and adhere to plain surface and straight lines.

Strive for a simple, fresh, harmonious ensemble, and dispense with the useless accumulations of time.

Avoid also the indiscriminate use of bright colors; avoid muddy colors. Give your attention rather to the blending of color in accessories. A little thought will bring a rich reward—your rooms will reflect personality and charm.—E.E.G.



Here is a modern scheme in black and white that is pleasingly attractive. The low, deep-seated chairs and cleverly patterned rug harmonize perfectly with the more modernistic fittings.

## FLOWERS Add the Final Lovely Accent To Your Color Scheme . . .

THE wisest women have learned that chic is captured by an invisible net of perfect details. No home has reached its best or approached the perfect until flowers have their rightful place in it. These can add the final lovely accent to the color scheme.



Your gardens are bright now and gay with flowers. Do not gather them in quantity, regardless of quality and color, for home decoration. Give thought rather to the blending of colors—to perfume, if you will.

This same thought can be applied to those of you who must depend on the florist for your supply. Don't rush in and buy a bunch of yellow blooms for your room because they are cheap and will last, knowing perfectly well that the predominating color note of your room is rose. Ten chances to one, when you do reach home, you will push them any-old-how into a bowl, and hope for the best!

Much better to have fewer flowers, chosen with care, in colors to harmonize perfectly with your rooms, and arrange them with all the artistry and skill at your command.

## CLEVER IDEAS

FOR THOSE who have difficulty with lighting fuel fires, the following is suggested.

Mix half a pint of kerosene with a biscuit tin of ashes. Keep air-tight, and, when lighting a fire, sprinkle a handful of this mixture on the wood, and without any trouble your fire will readily kindle.—Miss N. Cork, Wellington, N.S.W.

WHEN PATCHING the knees of men's trousers, undo the side seam, put patch on, and sew up seam again. When I see the knees showing wear I patch same and darn weak spots.

To patch with the machine, I find this a much quicker and neater way of mending.—Miss E. Anderson, Mont Albert, Vic.

TO REPAIR a hole or leak in a galvanised bucket, dipper or any enamelware not used for cooking, cover the hole with a little putty, press on firmly and leave to dry in the sun for a couple of days. Putty may be kept in an air-tight tin for emergencies.—Mrs A. Scott, 41 Byron Street, Camperdown, Q.

INSTEAD OF throwing away playing cards when they become sticky and dirty, try laundering them. Dissolve some soap flakes in a little warm water. Dip in a small sponge and wring dry. Rub each card separately and dry lightly with a soft cloth.

Lay whole pack out on a table, and, with a fairly hot iron, give one or two rapid strokes to each card to restore the gloss. Stack up and put away.—"Glenora," Richmond, Vic.

WITH THE approach of hot summer days, the following hint on how to make home-made ice in a few minutes will be especially acceptable to country readers: Stand a tin pail of clear, fresh water in a larger receptacle containing a weak dilution of water and sulphuric acid. Into this larger vessel, dissolve a handful of common Glauber salts, and the water in the smaller vessel will freeze in a few minutes. The cost is only a few pence. Exactly the same process can be carried out when ice-cream is wanted in a hurry.—A. I. Renton, P.O. Brisbane, Q.

## Your OLD GOLD

GOLD PRICES NOW AT THEIR HIGHEST. NOW IS THE TIME to take your Old Gold, Silver and Platinum Coins and Jewellery direct to HARRINGTONS. THE ACTUAL REFINERS. You will be pleasantly surprised with your transaction. Valuations free and replies by return to country clients.

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Cool as the Clouds

The very thing for Kiddies Smocks, Tunics, Rumpers and Overalls . . .  
"Summer Breeze"  
SERVICEABLE FADELESS COTTONS 1/11 1/2 yd.

## CRAVING FOR DRINK DESTROYED

EUCRASY Banishes all Desire for Drink.

It is a priceless boon to all who use it for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless, and can be given SECRETLY or Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and Testimonials.

Dept. B, The Eucrasia Co.,  
257 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.  
Established 35 Years.



# Our FASHION Service & FREE Pattern!



**WX170.**—Frock of figured marocain with contrasting organdie trimmings. The skirt features an unusual line. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch and one yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. Width at hem, one and five-eighths yard. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX171.**—Frock with high-waisted effect and flared skirt, suitable for large and medium figures. This style is suitable for making from a large variety of fabrics, but it would look very smart if made from one of the new sand crepes. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust five and three-quarter yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and seven-eighths yards. Size 44-inch bust requires six and a quarter yards 36-inch. Width at hem, three and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 48 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX172.**—A novel double-breasted frock suitable for medium figures. The material shown here is a fine herringbone checked material, but it is suitable for making from practically any silk or cotton fabric. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch and half a yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yard. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX173.**—White line or pique frock, with unusual one-sided effect to the skirt, and Mayan sleeves. Material required, three and three-quarter yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX174.**—Coat with high neck fastening and fancy sleeves. The fabric most suitable for making this style would be linen, but it can also be made from any silk or cotton material to match your frock. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, five yards 36-inch. Width at hem, one and five-eighths yard. Size 44-inch bust requires five and one-eighth yards 36-inch. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

This dainty frock is used in our free pattern which you can have in return for the coupon at the foot of the page. It is cut to fit size 36in. bust, and all hems and seams must be allowed for when cutting.

**FREE PATTERN**



**WX146.**—Baby boy's suit. Material required, three-quarters of a yard of 36-inch for shirt, and three-quarters of a yard of 54-inch for trousers. To fit 4-6 years. Other sizes, 1-3 and 2-4 years. Smaller sizes take less material. **PAPER PATTERN, 94d.**

To fit size 2-4 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 94d.**  
**WX147.**—Frock for the tiny tot, trimmed with pin tucks. Material required, one and three-eighths yard of 36-inch. To fit 2-4 years. Other sizes, 1-3 and 4-6 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 94d.**

**WX175.**—Tailored jacket and skirt with front pleat. Material required, two and a quarter yards 36-inch for jacket, and two and one-eighth yards 36-inch for skirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**WX146.**—Small boy's jumper and trousers. Material required, one yard 36-inch for jumper and five-eighths yard 36-inch for trousers. Other sizes, 1-3 and 2-4 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 94d.**



**WX69 (Stock Pattern).**—Baby's jacket. Material required, three-quarters yard 30 inch. To fit size infants. Other sizes, half and 1-2 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 94d.**



**WX177.**—Hat of organdie or any material to match the rock, with pleated crown and stitched brim. Material required, three-quarters yard 36-inch and half a yard French canvas for stiffening the brim. To fit sizes 21, 21½, 22, and 22½ inch head. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated. Personal inquiries regarding these patterns may be made at—  
**SYDNEY:** Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.  
**MELBOURNE:** The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.  
**BRISBANE:** Shell House, Ann St.

**WX176.**—This gauntlet may be made of any dented fabric to match the frock. Material required, half a yard 36-inch. Cut in size six and a half inch hand. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**THIS** dainty garment, illustrated this week from our Stock Pattern department, is another useful coat for a small babe. Made in crepe-de-chine or a light weight woollen material, it would be very useful in giving just the little extra warmth that baby needs when he goes for a jaunt out-of-doors.

Our Stock Pattern department is devised for your convenience. Patterns on hand include all manner of everyday garments that the home seamstress finds constantly in demand.

## FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns may be obtained on personal application at our offices as follows—

**SYDNEY:** Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.  
**MELBOURNE:** The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.  
**BRISBANE:** Shell House, Ann St.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to the following address only—

Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O., Box 4055W, Sydney.

Name .....  
 Address .....  
 Pattern Coupon, 21/10/33.

**4711** Eau de Cologne

The fragrant refresher at home and out of doors — invigorates and revives.

**Genuine Eau de Cologne**  
 Blue & Gold Label

Factory Representative for Australia: **JULIUS BLAU, 14 YORK ST. SYDNEY.**



## PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

### A SUCCESSFUL CALAMITY

GEORGE ARLISS gives a magnificent performance in "A Successful Calamity." His role is that of a millionaire tired of the continual round of social affairs to which his young and pretty wife, Mary Astor, drags him. Likewise his daughter, Evelyn Knapp, and son, William Janney, are addicted to the gay life of their set. Arliss determines to make his family regard him as something more than a provider. He pretends he is ruined and absolutely penniless and awaits his family's reaction. Their attitude towards him is amazing and Arliss is dumfounded. His son announces he will go to work at once, his daughter says she will marry a rich bore so as to maintain the rest of the family, while his wife rushes to the nearest Mont de Piete to pawn her elaborate jewellery.

The picture is wonderful entertainment. The story is bright and well developed, and one that everyone will enjoy because of its universal appeal. The supporting cast, too, is probably the best Arliss has ever had—Mary Astor, Evelyn Knapp, Grant Mitchell, David Torrence, and William Janney, all of whom have a wide following.—Warner Bros.

### ELMER THE GREAT

STRIKINGLY original are some of the humorous sketches in "Elmer The Great," with Joe E. Brown supplying most of the laughs.

Lacking in ambition, lazy and stupid, but a few of Brown's bad traits. But he can play baseball, hence his erring ways are overlooked. He goes through

### ANOTHER LANGUAGE

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE" is a comedy-drama with unique settings, co-starring Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery. The story concerns the oppressive effect of a middle-class family upon the happiness of a young girl who marries into it. The young girl is Helen Hayes, who is more interested in sculpture than in family gatherings. The part she takes is strikingly different from any of her recent portrayals. Robert Montgomery, plays the role of the husband, who lives too much for his selfishly-adoring mother. Louise Closser Hale takes the difficult role of the mother. This characterization provides an interesting plot and shows the domination of a well-intending mother-in-law who is actually Helen Hayes' rival in her hold upon the son. John Beal, who scored in the juvenile role in the original stage presentation, repeats his brilliant performance in the picture. He is the impulsive nephew of Robert Montgomery, who rebels against family tyranny, and complicates matters by falling in love with Helen Hayes.

There are many hilarious moments in the picture, despite the dramatic structure upon which the story is based. Henry Travers, Margaret Hamilton, Willard Robertson, and Irene Cattell complete the cast.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

### DIPLOMANIACS

ROBERT WOOLSEY and Bert Wheeler, starring in "Diplomaniacs," have long teamed together in comedy roles. The partnership was first established when Florenz Ziegfeld selected



(Left to Right) Phyllis Barry, Wheeler and Woolsey, and Marjorie White in "Diplomaniacs," a hilarious burlesque of the Geneva Peace Conference, at which the famous comedians win the Ignoble Prize for establishing friendly relations with Government blunders.

a hectic baseball season as the constant butt of the rest of the players because of his colossal conceit. Secretly, he harbors a smouldering love for Patricia Ellis, proprietress of a grocery store, for whom he drives a motor truck when he does not play on the baseball field.

The picture is one long laugh from the first flash to the final fade-out. Claire Dodd, who is an ardent supporter of the baseball team, is an adept at baiting Brown. And how she does it! At one stage of the picture Brown believes he is talking through a microphone to an ever-admiring audience. With his chest out and his head erect, he stands to give the listeners a "treat," but, strange to say, he is not heard—his team mates must have their little joke—he is talking through a thermalite.

Others in the cast include Frank McHugh, Preston S. Foster, Russell Hopson, and Sterling Holloway.—Warner Bros.

### "SONG OF THE EAGLE"

"SONG of the Eagle" is a powerful drama of the amazing events following the legalising of beer in America. Principals in the picture are Charles Bickford, Richard Arlen, Jean Hersholt, Mary Brian and Louise Dresser.

Honors must be given to Richard Arlen who displays to perfection the tone of voice, refinement, and bearing required in the young irresponsible person of "Bill Hoffman."

The picture centres around a respectable American brewing family, who lived through war, prohibition and the return of beer, participating in a modest way in all the events that make the history of the past twenty years. Louise Dresser plays the role of the mother, with Jean Hersholt as the father, and Richard Arlen as the son.—Paramount.

### MOONLIGHT & PRETZELS

"MOONLIGHT and Pretzels" features a back-stage romance, with Roger Pryor in the main role as a small-time booper with one ambition—to crash Broadway and succeed as a song-writer. Pryor early in the picture finds himself stranded in a small town called Walkerville, Mary Brian, proprietress of the local music store, lends him a helping hand and gives him a job. Just as he gives up hope as a song-writer he is advised that one of his songs has been accepted. He rushes to Broadway and scores a tremendous hit as a composer of musical comedy successes.

But everything does not run smoothly for Pryor. His theatrical producers swindle him when he is at the height of his fame. Then he breaks away from them, determined to produce his own show. He has to fight for his life to keep his company together, and at one time



## STARS State VIEWS

### ON THEIR Ideal MAN

THE stars themselves afford excellent grounds on which to base the most exacting claims.

They are beautiful, gorgeously gowned, perfect as to figure, trained to speak in softly modulated tones and schooled in all the finer points of technique.

Husbands were definitely in the discard when the subject of the ideal man was under discussion. Each star describes the man in the abstract and is certainly exacting in the qualifications with which he must be endowed.

HAVING weathered the delights or the drawbacks of numerous matrimonial ventures, Peggy Hopkins Joyce speaks with the voice of authority. While still in her teens the romantically-minded lass eloped from school. However, this marriage was annulled three days later by her parents. Her subsequent conquests included Frederick Hopkins, with whom the bonds lasted exactly 12 months; Stanley Joyce, multi-millionaire, who showered her with gifts, and the Swedish Count Morner, who was only able to hold the lady's whim affections for a matter of six months.

So Peggy Hopkins Joyce (we presume she is still the Countess Morner, too), says feelingly and apparently not without reason, "I'm afraid I'll never meet my ideal man, except—in a book. He must be a superb sportsman, never eat his breakfast until he has shaved. He must not stop telling me I am beautiful because I am his wife, and he must never mail me romantically when I am dressed to go out!"

Peggy has already written two books on the subject on which she has learnt much by experience, "Men, Marriage, and Me," and "Transatlantic Wife."

Our recent acquaintance with Claudette Colbert, as the princess in "To-Night Is Ours," would lead us to suppose her choice would be a man endowed with all the attributes of Royalty, but actually she declares herself in favor of mankind in more or less simple guise. Not that it is in the sense of being endowed with less than the average amount of brains, for she says "He must love good looks, good food, and good conversation."

She makes a further stipulation, however. "He must be extraordinarily

good-natured, and not want to go to night clubs or parties to be amused!" Evidently dainty Claudette does not appreciate the hectic life commonly attributed to the citizens of Hollywood, despite the fact that she is generally acknowledged to be one of the best dressed women on stage or screen.

Tiny, glamorous Sari Maritza is just as completely feminine in her avowal as she appears in her exquisite personality. She was born in Tientsin, China. Though her father is English, her mother is Viennese, and Sari has attended schools in England, Germany, Switzerland, and France, and speaks five languages fluently. At 18 years of age she made her first screen appearance in Hungarian pictures, and prior to her advent in Hollywood appeared

in both English and German productions.

With this cosmopolitan background, Sari should surely have some knowledge of the weakness or the strength, the quality which she stipulates, of the men of all nations. For the ideal role she demands a man who dominates her entirely. Men who are able to manage their womenfolk with finesse are the ones, she declares, who win worship from feminine hearts.

WYNNE GIBSON apparently expects her ideal man to be especially endowed, for she alludes to him, en passant, as the man "who would make her comfortable and unworried in the midst of a blizzard!"

Such further attributes as a keen sense of humor and a skill for conversation are also indispensable if he is to remain in the blue ribbon class with Wynne, of the blonde tresses.

If we interpret Wynne's statement aright, Helen 'T welvetrees'

### They Know Their Man

(From left to right) Sari Maritza, Helen Twelvetrees, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Wynne Gibson, and Carole Lombard describe their ideal man in no uncertain terms.

## Theatrically Speaking

INTEREST in Madge Elliott or in the romantic career of the dainty Prudence, or perhaps both, is sustained at Sydney Royal, while at the Criterion, Noel Coward's scintillating wit continues to expose the secrets of "Private

has to find thirty thousand dollars within a few hours, or forfeit the controlling interest in his show.

Leo Carrillo, Mary Brian, Herbert Rawlinson, and Lillian Miles all have featured parts, and a bevy of over fifty beautiful girls in graceful step and picturesque movement make "Moonlight and Pretzels" a wonderful entertainment.—Universal.

Lives" to a diverted public. Previous acquaintance with this show tends to induce a retrospective frame of mind which, in its turn, revealed many Thorne-dike traits in Isabel Elsom. This blonde English star in the leading role affords a striking contrast to Sylvia Welling, J.C.W.'s contemporary impersonation. The latter is appearing at Melbourne Royal in "Music in the Air," while Dot Brunton's vivacious personality in "Roadhouse" is the magnet that draws appreciative audiences to Melbourne King's.

Hoot Holbrook says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Holbrook's Maudie Oliver is correct for the cocktail.—

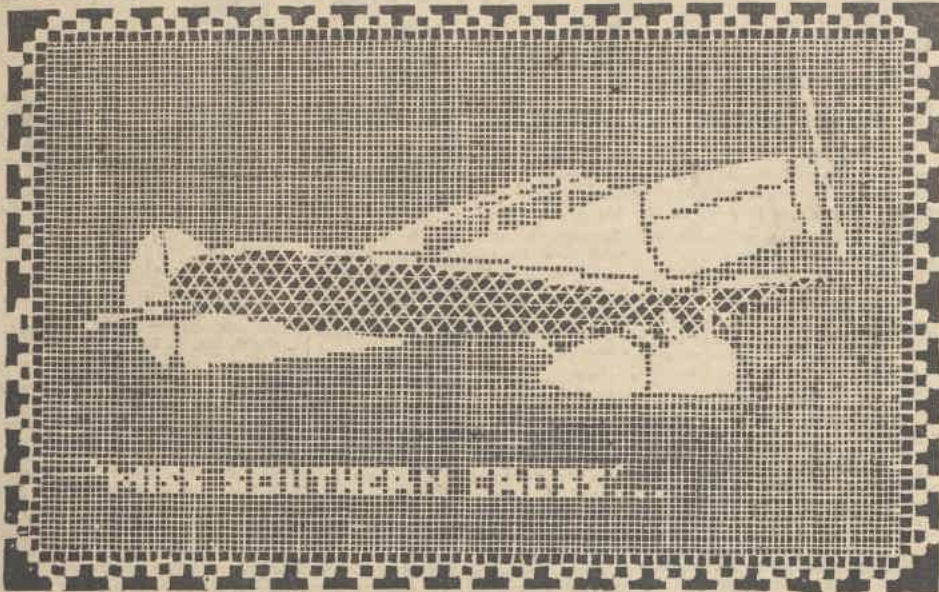
opinion is in accord with hers, for she claims that above all other qualifications a man must have dependability. In her own words: "I don't care if he is bald, bow-legged, or bigoted so long as he does not keep me guessing." Helen, we take it, prefers the man who calls a spade a spade.

Carole Lombard, on the contrary, requires finesse. She gives her vote to the man who "plays better than he works." Further, he must be superior to her in every way.

But, when they chat so glibly of the many desirable qualities with which the opposite sex should be endowed, they are not talking matrimonially, or there would assuredly be a surplus of spinsters in silverscreen circles. On the other hand, perhaps their seeking of so much nobility supplies the reason that Reno is such a popular resort.



# SMITHY'S Wonder PLANE Now In CROCHET



MISS SOUTHERN CROSS AS A TRAY-CLOTH OR CENTRE-PIECE

What is more, full, clear directions for working the "Miss Southern Cross" tray cloth or centre-piece are FREE, on request, to every reader of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No sooner had Australia's heroic airman landed after his record flight, than our Needlecraft Expert set to work to immortalise this epic of the air—and here you see a faithful reproduction of "Miss Southern Cross" in crochet.

COULD you wish for a more fitting or novel reminder of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's record flight from England

to Australia? The veriest amateur will be inspired by its symbolic charm. This epic design, when completed, measures 18 1/2 inches by 10 inches. All you require is a size 41 steel crochet hook, and one ball of No. 80 "Mercer" crochet cotton, and, of course, the FREE instructions for working. Readers are asked to send a stamped addressed envelope with their request. Address your request to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

**J. R. ADAMS' BRIDGE BOOK**  
FOR a concise treatise on contract bridge, J. R. Adams' "Contract Bridge Book" surpasses anything yet published in Australia.

Mr. Adams is one of the Commonwealth's foremost bridge authorities. Everything that he has learnt, from many years of experience, is epitomised in this neat magazine-sized work. The author gives a theory of contract bridge playing never published before anywhere.

# LADY PEACOCK Was "DEPUTY Member"

## Likely to Win Seat

IN less than a month Victoria will probably have its first woman member of Parliament, Lady Peacock, widow of the late Sir Alexander Peacock. She was invited by the Premier to contest the Allandale seat in the Assembly, rendered vacant through her husband's death.

The by-election is on November 18. A Labor candidate has nominated, but Sir Alexander defeated his Labor opponent at the last election in 1927 by 5063 to 3938.

It is generally expected that Lady Peacock will win, as she was so closely identified with her husband's work.

She was often called the deputy member for Allandale.

There is great jubilation among women's organisations, and she has received many telegrams of congratulation and offers of assistance.

THROUGHOUT her 32 years of marriage Lady Peacock has always taken an active part in her husband's

Lady Peacock.

political career, regularly addressing election meetings. She should be an outstanding personality in the House; on one occasion she held an audience of 7000 for 45 minutes at Ballarat.

She told The Australian Women's Weekly, "I have had no time yet to plan any scheme to put before Parliament."

A member of the Government says that though Lady Peacock has genius for organisation she is not likely to be offered a portfolio without parliamentary experience.

# GUESSING VOICES from THE AIR

A New Fascinating Competition

## Big Cash Prizes for Unique Film Contest!

£25 in cash prizes and six consolation prizes of double tickets to the St. James Theatre are to be won for this new Australian Women's Weekly film competition in connection with the talkie, "Dinner at Eight."

THIS spectacular film, in which fourteen of Hollywood's most famous stars appear, ushers in the celebration of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's tenth championship year.

Every night until Saturday, October 28, Station 3GB will broadcast ten of the stars from "Dinner at Eight," at about ten to seven. All you have to do is to identify their voices in the order in which you hear them over the air.

There are fourteen stars in the film—Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe, Billy Burke, Madge Evans, Jean Harsholt, Karen Morley, Louise Closser Hale, Phillip Holmes, and May Robson.

Ten of them can be heard in your

own lounge by tuning-in to 3GB at ten to seven. Listen in one night, and then listen-in again to make sure you are right. Write down the stars in the order in which you hear them, number them clearly, and address your entry, "Dinner at Eight," Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney. The coupon F on the competition form on page 43 must be attached to each entry.

In the event of more than one correct solution being received, the £20 prize will be divided.

The decision of the Editor of the Australian Women's Weekly will be final.

Entries must be in before Thursday, November 2. Results will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly the following week.

Come up and see me sometime - anytime!

Paramount's ALLURING NEW PERSONALITY

# MAE WEST

IN

## "She Done Him Wrong"

WITH CARY GRANT NOAH BEERY OWEN MOORE

Commencing Saturday, Oct. 21 at the Sydney REGENT

Make up your mind now to see Paramount's alluring new personality! Boy! if there's one thing you should do, it is go West, young man, go West. And take the girl, or the wife with you, too, in case she might get notions.

You'll find a fresh interest in pictures with the new kind of woman!

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN.

J. G. WILLIAMSON LTD. PRESENT

**THEATRE ROYAL**  
Nightly at 8. Matinee Wed. and Sat. at 2.  
The Famous Musical Play

# THE QUAKER GIRL

WITH MADGE ELLIOTT CYRIL RITCHARD GUS BLUETT, LEO FRANKLYN, FRANK LEIGHTON, MARIE LE VASSE, JOHN DUDLEY.

**CRITERION THEATRE**  
The Distinguished English Star

# ISOBEL ELSOM

In Noel Coward's Comedy

## PRIVATE LIVES

WITH GEORGE BARRAUD Preceding Each Performance MARIE BRENNER With JOHN DUDLEY in association.

Jessie MATTHEWS in

# "The Good COMPANIONS"

A Glamour British Attraction.

6th WEEK Associate Program.

On the stage Miss INGE STANGE in expressive dances with Corps de Ballet, also Albert Cazaban and Concert orchestra playing "Famous English Melodies."



## DON'T PLAY AT

## Blind Man's Buff



**BUY MEDICINES  
ONLY FROM YOUR  
CHEMIST**

**MIRPIL SOOTHES SUNBURN**  
Mirpil Skin Balm will be found wonderfully cooling and soothing in cases of sun-burn. Price, per bottle ... 2/6

**Parke-Davis Vanishing Cream**  
Non-greasy, delicately perfumed, deliciously refreshing. Excellent as a base for face-powder. In tubes for the hand-bag. 1/-; in jars for the dressing-table ... 2/6

**CEREBOS HEALTH SALINE**  
You want a cooling, invigorating tonic such as Cerebos Health Saline to keep you bright! It's safe and gentle, contains no harsh mineral salts. Banishes headaches and feverishness caused by functional irregularity. Bottle ... 3/-

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**  
Tender gums need massaging with Ipana Tooth Paste—dentists will tell you that. Ipana not only cleans the teeth, but tones and hardens the gums. 1/- a trial tube, or in a super-size ... 2/-

**DENTALUX TOOTH BRUSHES**  
are called the finest tooth brushes in the world—and with good reason. Their strong, sterilized bristles make for utmost service and safety. A size and shape for every need. Prices from 1/6 to ... 2/6

**"MAGNOPLASM"**  
The modern treatment for boils, carbuncles, septic wounds and erysipelas. A genuine FALDING product. Ask your Chemist. Large size, 3/-; Small size ... 2/-

## MERCOLIZED WAX

Do you bury skin blemishes beneath a film of face cream, or entirely remove them with Mercolized Wax? One clogs, the other clears the skin. Mercolized Wax gently frees the skin from all impurities. Ask your chemist.

## GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

every two hours when you have cold or sore throat. Repeated tests show that Listerine Antiseptic reduces mouth germs by 98 per cent. Non-poisonous, absolutely safe, actually healing to tissue, and deodorizing. 3oz., 7oz., 14oz. bottles.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

The closing hours for Pharmacy are 7.30, Mondays to Thursdays; 9 p.m., Fridays; and 1 p.m., Saturdays, with two hours of service on Saturday evenings, 7 to 9 p.m. After these hours only urgent prescriptions can be attended to.

NOTE—Prices mentioned in this advertisement apply to the metropolitan area. Your chemist's stocks of proprietary medicines and toilet requisites are always complete. There is no need to let alone the desire for substitution.

**FOR SAFETY'S SAKE  
buy from your  
CHEMIST**

Authorized by a Joint Committee of the Pharmaceutical Society of New South Wales

and the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia (N.S.W. Branch).

## LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business. Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government.)

## DON'T TALK Through

There is no need for Australians to be stereotyped!

**Your HAT**  
Advises Louise Mack

Do you talk through your hat? Do you make stereotyped remarks? Do you think what you're saying? Or do you just echo what's in the air and say what everybody else is saying, mechanically, brightly, emptily, a la Joey in the big green cage?

WHAT strange phases of human life are disclosed by a letter bag!

Here is a correspondent writing about this subject in a strain that finds swift echo in my heart.

"We have lately come to Sydney from Queensland and taken a cottage facing north, and everybody that comes to see us says the same thing. They all draw a long face and remark: 'Pretty, but I'm afraid you'll get the westerlies!' Or, 'Oh, dear, the westerlies will get you!'"

"When I tell them that I love the westerlies, they don't believe me. They don't even listen. They simply go on saying mechanically, 'The terrible westerlies! Pity about the westerlies! You'll get the westerlies!' The westerlies will get you! And everybody is THE SAME. They get on my nerves. I wish you would put in a plea for the westerlies," ends my correspondent.

## Do You Run Down the Westerlies?

How strange that letter should have come to me of all people in the world, because I am one who adores our westerlies, and comes to life when a good strong wind is blowing from the west.

Yes, literally to life do I come, tingling with something out of the wind. Out of dullness, torpor, dreaminess, inertia, all those kinds of things, into sparkle, dash, vim, energized, and energizing. "Vigor, vitality, vim and punch, and the power to act on a sudden hunch."

If a westerly begins blowing I leap out of bed and start doing EVERYTHING AT ONCE.

If the westerly blows hard enough, I can plan out a book to the end, make a decent Risotto, toss off a Zabalane, put up the curtains, write my articles for the Australian Women's Weekly, mend my stockings, water the garden, laugh, sing, dance and see from end to end of my vision. As there is nothing exceptional about me, I presume that

thousands of other people feel the same when the good old westerlies arrive. BUT THEY DON'T SAY SO, THEY DON'T NOTICE, THEY'RE STEREOTYPED, that's why, and they say all sorts of awful things about the westerlies, making themselves thoroughly miserable.

## Stereotyped Means Dull

COME now, we Australians, we shouldn't be stereotyped.

Of all people in the world, we should be ourselves; that's our glorious heritage, left us, one and all, by our forbears.

Let us peer back into the dim and misty past. Let us see by the light of their camp fires our forbears not being stereotyped. Let us catch them deciding where to BEGIN A CONTINENT. Here? There? Bending over the earth we can see their shadowy forms thinking out passionately yet calmly for themselves every detail that

## ETIQUETTE



When alighting from a car the hostess waits until last—but a man with them gets out first to help the ladies alight.

## For Young Wives and Mothers

When a new life is entrusted to your care

By M. TRUBY KING

"What garments, and how many of each kind, is it necessary to prepare for baby's first year?" is a question frequently asked by the young wife.

THE following is a list which is within the means of most mothers, and comprises all the essentials: mothers may, of course, add additional garments according to their means.

## For Baby's First Year

- 3 or 4 cellular cotton shirts, made of aertex or delfal.
- 4 silk and wool vests.
- 4 petticoats (not necessary in the tropics).
- 4 frocks.
- 3 coats.
- 4 nightgowns.
- 3 binders for the cord dressing.
- 2 bonnets (knitted).
- 1 small linen hat.
- 4 pairs of knitted booties.
- 1 large shawl.
- 2 small soft shawls.
- 6 bibs.
- 6 small handkerchiefs.
- 3 dozen napkins.
- 2 pairs of knitted pilchers.

NEVER put any other material next baby's skin but cellular cotton. Wool is much too irritating, and even silk and wool will irritate the baby with a tender, fair skin.

Silk and wool singlets should be placed over the aertex shirt. Two yards of cellular cotton material makes three shirts, cut out of the width of the material. Sew a wide piece of tape on to the bottom front of the shirts to which the napkin safety-pin should be pinned.

Petticoats, frocks for cold weather, coats, and nightgowns may be made from the cheapest porous flannel.

Never use flannelette for any of baby's clothes, as it catches fire very easily and burns quickly. Many babies have been burnt to death from the use of flannelette.

The petticoat should be cut about 23 1/2 inches long. In very hot climates nuns' veiling may be used in place of flannel for the petticoats. A little less than three-quarter yard flannel makes one petticoat.

Cut the frock 24 inches long, or about half an inch longer than the petticoat. Cashmere, nuns' veiling, viyella, crepe-flannel, delaine, cotton crepe or artificial silk may be used according to the climate and the mother's purse. In the tropics, muslin frocks may be warm enough. Light, hand-knitted frocks are useful for cold climates. About three-quarters of a yard of material makes one frock.

For the coats, any of the materials suggested for the frock may be used, and the mother may express her individuality by dainty embroidery in the corners. A coat should be worn over the frock when taking baby out for his daily pram-ride. Half a yard of material should make one coat.

DO not buy expensive flannels, as they are not porous enough, and tend to be "matty" when washed. One and one-eighth of a yard of flannel makes one nightgown. In the tropics nightgowns may be made of nuns' veiling or soft muslin.

Bonnets, booties and bibs are frequently given to the baby as presents, so it is wise not to provide yourself with many of these. They can easily be bought later if the presents do not eventuate!

Always wrap a shawl round baby when taking him out of his cot. This prevents his catching chills.

The best material for napkins is Turkish towelling. However, for very little babies, or babies that have sore buttocks, the use of butter-muslin nap-

Do you gossip because others do it?



would mean life or death to them, to Australia, and to US!

## Even The Baker

I'd just got that far when somebody knocked, and, opening the back door, I found the baker. "To-morrow's bakers' holiday," he said, threateningly, and I dared not refuse, though I didn't want any bread really. His face lit up with misery as he handed me a loaf. "This westerly's something cruel!" said he. Then off he went to make the same stereotyped remark from house to house all day long, with the bright blue skies over him and the golden sunlight lapping our land in ecstasy through which the westerly wandered gaily. "Cruel weather," said he. Hundreds of times I suppose he said it that day.

## Don't Be Stereotyped

To be stereotyped about the weather doesn't matter much, after all, but suppose the habit gets formed of ALWAYS SAYING WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS. I know of good men and women who, through a few people saying they were this, or that, became victims to absolutely false statements which everybody repeated without stopping to think for themselves.

That's all right when we PRAISE. And there's a lucky aspect to the Australian whose book, picture or play gets praised, because EVERYBODY will praise it, EVERYBODY will say it is GOOD. And that's very nice and comfortable, though not morally or intellectually VALUABLE.

But adverse remarks are different, and the greatest woman Australia has produced felt very deeply before her death the unkind thing that EVERYBODY said about her because WHAT EVERYBODY SAID ABOUT HER WAS NOT TRUE!

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Having read the first most interesting articles in your series on Mothercraft, I am wondering if you can advise me. I am a young married woman with no one to whom to turn. Unfortunately, I lost my mother when quite a child, and have had no opportunity for learning anything about parenthood."

Miss Truby King has written a reply which will be posted direct. Copies will be sent free to interested readers on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

The binder should not be used after the cord has healed, as it weakens the back and abdomen and prevents deep breathing. The idea that a binder prevents rupture is very old-fashioned. On account of its weakening effect, it is more likely to encourage rupture than prevent it. Binders should be made from soft muslin, folded three times, so that the band is about five inches wide and three-quarters of a yard in length. Wash and boil the binders before they are used for the first time. Then iron flat and roll like a bandage.

Rubber pants should not be bought. Their use is most injurious to the tender skin of any baby.

## Truby King's Baby Patterns

Mothers may obtain a complete set of baby patterns by sending a P.N. for 2/- to Box 1940K, G.P.O., Sydney.

These patterns are the outcome of years of experience, and are planned with a view to health, economy, and appearance. The garments have no constricting bands, the patterns are simple, yet can be prettily trimmed with hand-embroidery and lace, as desired. These patterns are illustrated, so that you may see what the garments will look like when made up. And full printed directions are supplied.

These Truby King patterns have been designed so that garments cut according to the outer lines should last the average baby for at least a year—thus avoiding the necessity for making two sets of garments. If, however, the mother desires to make a smaller "first" set for use in the first six months, this may be done by cutting according to the inner lines on the patterns.

The set of patterns makes an ideal gift to anyone expecting a visit from the store.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications other than requests for patterns should be sent to the sister-in-charge Australian Mothercraft Society, 353 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.





OYSTER COCKTAIL is delicious, and here you see lovely Shirley Grey, of Paramount, heartily endorsing this statement.

# A Melody in COCKTAILS

Cocktails as a prelude to luncheon and dinner; mid-morning or afternoon interludes, and joyous concoctions for that especial party!

COCKTAILS are too good to-day to be relegated to the 20 minutes before dinner aperitif as originally intended—to thaw one's guests and ensure a pleasant flow of conversation. They now appear at odd times during the day, and are fast taking the place of tea and coffee for afternoon "teas" and suppers.

Non-intoxicating cocktails are gaining in popularity, and many delightful health-giving fruit juices can be combined and served. A clever hostess can mix her own quite easily—especially with these recipes and hints to guide her to instantaneous success.

By  
**MARGARET SHEPHERD**  
who is special instructor to leading hospitals.



APPEARANCE as well as taste counts. Shake cocktails well before serving.

FIRST of all, the appearance must be taken into consideration. The color must be attractive, and the garnishings must blend or stand out in direct contrast.

A LITTLE lemon juice and lemon rind (which is removed before serving) will help to bring out the delicate flavor of other fruits. Too much, however, will mask the flavor completely. Always take great care never to oversweeten; a cocktail should have a sharp, clear taste, with a little tang in it.

Tomato juice comes in tins all ready to chill, shake, and serve. It is a delightful appetiser, and the flavor can be varied by adding a soupçon of garlic, shallot, or mint, or any other flavoring one prefers. Next in favor comes grapefruit. Its slightly bitter sharpness will improve the flavor of most other fruit juices, and is an excellent aperitif before meals. Pineapple juice, if not too

sweet, is also to be recommended. For a small party, only two or three varieties are necessary. The hostess should, however, remember to have a reserve supply on hand, chilled and ready to serve if necessary.

## Tomato Cocktail

One tin tomato juice, 2 finely chopped shallots, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley and mint. Add the above ingredients to the tomato juice and allow to stand in a cold spot for one hour or more. Strain. Serve thoroughly chilled, with an olive.

## Spring Time

1 glass gin, 1 glass orange juice. Put together into a shaker and shake well. Surround with cracked ice. A few sprigs of mint added to the above, before shaking, is a change.

## Oyster Cocktail

Allow 3 or 4 oysters to each person. 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, and paprika to taste, 1 tablespoon partly whipped cream, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Mix above ingredients together, put into glasses with oysters. Chill thoroughly, and serve with thin strips of buttered brown bread. Lemon can also be served separately, as shown in the illustration, top left.

## Orange Cocktail

One cup orange, lemon, and grapefruit juice, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup iced water, sprigs mint, cracked ice.

Mix the fruit juices, sugar, and salt together. Pour over the cracked ice in cocktail glasses. Add sprigs of mint.

## Creme de Menthe Cocktail

Six slices pineapple, 1 grapefruit, 2 oranges, cherries, creme-de-menthe syrup.

Peel and remove the pulp from the oranges and grapefruit, and cut the fruit into small pieces. Dice the pineapple, and mix with the oranges and grapefruit. When well-chilled, put into glasses and pour over the creme-de-menthe syrup. Garnish with cherries.

## Strawberry Cocktail

One dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup hulled strawberries, 2 cups of grapefruit, mint leaves.

Separate the grapefruit into sections, and remove all the fibre. Mix with strawberries, add lemon juice. Chill well. Turn into cocktail glasses, and garnish with mint leaves. Strawberry jam mixed with water will sweeten the cocktail.

## Maiden's Prayer

Two tablespoons Cointreau, 3 tablespoons Dry Gin, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

## Lohengrin

One glass of Dry Gin, 1 egg, milk, 1 glass creme-de-cocoa, ice and sugar to taste.

Pour gin and creme-de-cocoa into a cocktail shaker, add the well-beaten egg, sugar to taste, and half-tumbler of milk. Shake well. Serve in a glass surrounded with cracked ice.

# This Week's £5 PRIZE WINNERS

## A variety of Recipes

### from Readers!

No matter where you are, your best recipe has equal opportunity of winning a worth-while prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Contest. Next week, in addition to the first prize of £1, consolation prizes of 2/6 each will also be awarded. Send your entry to-day!

FROM the hundreds submitted by readers everywhere, the judges, after careful consideration, awarded this week's £1 prizes to the following:—

## Favorite Tomato Savory for Sandwiches and Biscuits

Two good-sized tomatoes, 2 teaspoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs, 1-2 of an onion, 2oz. of cold ham, 1 egg.

Mince cold ham and onion, mix with the breadcrumbs, adding the tomato pulp. Season with salt and pepper. Bind together with a well-beaten egg, and just bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Use when quite cold. It is delicious.

£1 to Mrs. E. Hynes, 31 Fairfax Rd., Mosman.

## Delicious Sweet

Cover the bottom of a pie dish with bread cut in diced squares, not too closely packed, and pour over sufficient orange juice for the bread to take up.

Make a custard with the yolks only, of two eggs, one heaped tablespoon of sugar, a little salt, one small teaspoon of cornflour, and two cups of milk. Mix the cornflour with a little milk, heat the milk and pour into egg yolks, etc., return to saucepan, and stir until it thickens. Pour over the bread. When cold, make a meringue with the whites of the eggs, a tinned white will improve the quantity and quality; add sugar and salt to the whites, and beat until very light. Then add one tablespoon of apricot jam (must be apricot), beat well through the meringue, and drop on custard.

## A Minute's Writing May Win £1 Prize for Pineapple Recipe

PINEAPPLES are cheap! Have you a specially good recipe "up your sleeve"? Here is your golden opportunity to make it a prize-winner. Results of the competition will be announced on November 4.

Consolation prizes awarded. Simply clip the necessary entry form from Page 43, attach it to your recipe, and address: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, marked, "Best Recipe Competition."

hard in rustic shapes. Place in a hot oven for one minute with door closed; open door, and if burning a pale brown lower the gas and remove when nicely colored. Allow to get cold. Fill individual glasses and sprinkle with crushed walnuts. Sufficient for six persons. Serve with cream.

£1 Prize to Mrs. F. M. Fagner, Russell St., Clayfield, Brisbane, Qld.

## Savory Chicken

OR 12 SERVINGS

Chop 4 or 5 large onions finely and fry in a saucepan with 2 tablespoonfuls butter, until onions are slightly browned; then add 2 cups hot water, 1/2 loaf bread (made into crumbs), salt, pepper, and seasoning to taste. Spread a layer of the mixture on the bottom of a casserole, then pieces of raw chicken, cut in pieces large enough for serving; then another layer of the crumb mixture. Place cover on casserole, and bake in a moderate oven until the chicken is tender. Cooked in this manner, the chicken is deliciously tender, and goes ever so much farther.

£1 Prize to Mrs. I. McKay, Suva, Suva, B. N. S. W.

## Scotch Pies

Mix 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon of carbonate soda, into 1/2 lb. of flour, then rub in 2oz. of dripping, mix with BOILING water, cut 2oz. of butter, finely and rub in flour, add one onion, salt, plenty of pepper; partly cover with water and cook about 1 hour. Line pie dishes with paste, and put in hot meat, cover, and cook about half an hour.

We can't make these often enough! £1 Prize to Miss Ivy W. Chamberlain, 150 Bernard St., Bendigo, Victoria.

## American Lemon Pie

One and a half cups soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon cornflour, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 egg yolks, 1 cup boiling water, 1/2 cup sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon (fresh lemons must be used).

Pour the boiling water over breadcrumbs, and set aside. Mix sugar, cornflour, lemon juice and grated rind, also well-beaten yolks of eggs, all together, with the breadcrumbs. Butter a pie-dish, line with shell of short crust, pour the mixture in, bake in moderate oven till set. Make stiff meringue with the whites of eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls sugar; do not spread over top, but allow to drop off spoon. Return to oven for few minutes to just tinge amber. Serve hot or cold.

£1 Prize to Mrs. M. McKinnon, 17 McKinnon Rd., S.E. 18, Vic.



## And now—Some Warm-Weather Dishes

With the return of warmer weather the thoughts of the lady of the house will turn to the cooking of food in keeping with the season—something light to replace the warm solid dishes of winter time. Here are a few dainties, quite easily prepared, which will be found excellent for tennis luncheons, outdoor picnics, etc.

## Scones, Marble Cake, Savoury Pie, Pusher Biscuits, Salad Dressing (to keep)

These dishes will be demonstrated at next week's free gas cookery lectures to be held as follows:—

Head Showrooms, Pitt and Barlow Sts. (Near Central Station)—Tuesday, October 24 at 2.30 p.m.

Branch Showroom, Beamish St., Campsie—October 23.

" " Bay St., Rockdale—October 25.

" " Elsie St., Burwood—October 26.

" " George St., Parramatta—October 27.

H. T. Seymour Ltd., Marrickville Road, Marrickville—October 25.

Diment's Store, Forest Road, Hurstville—October 27.

(All suburban demonstrations commence at 2.15 p.m.)

Come along to these helpful demonstrations and learn how to improve your cookery knowledge.

"Enduring Service"—a handy booklet containing hints, suggestions, etc., will be mailed to you free on request.

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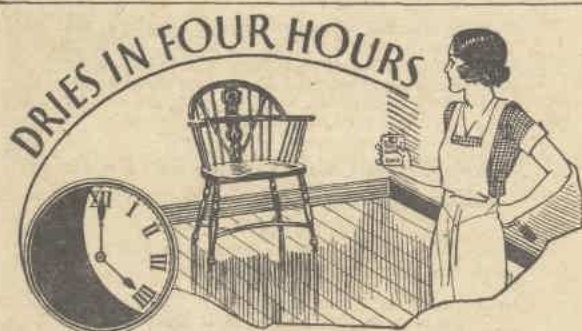


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Ask for particulars and a "QUICK" colour card from the Berger, Sherwin-Williams or Rogers agent near you.

## CLEANING Your FUR COAT

NOW winter has gone, fur coats will soon be discarded. As the fur coat has been in use all the winter, it is undoubtedly soiled, so here is an easy and economical way to clean it at home: Warm some bran in the oven and rub



this well into the fur with a soft cloth or brush. If the fur is long, part it with the fingers and make sure that you work the bran right down into the skin. Go over the whole of the fur in this manner, shake vigorously, beat lightly on the wrong side with a thin cane, then brush the fur with a very soft brush. Leave in the sun for an hour or two, and store in newspaper to keep free from moths.

You will find your fur quite fresh and ready to wear next winter.—SUE.

## HONGKONG CLARA

(Continued from Page 8)

HONGKONG CLARA ran after me as I raced across the deck to the ladder hanging over the side.

"Give me a gun," she said, "and I'll come with you."

That brought me up short.

It would be sheer madness for me to go ashore, I suddenly realised. What could I do—alone? I had seen quite twenty of the brutes, and there might be more. Besides, I couldn't go and leave a white woman by herself, in case the pirates attempted to seize the boat. I rather wondered why they hadn't done so.

But, anyway, they had got Briggs. He must be a couple of miles away by this time, well into the thickness of the bush.

The Chinese crew were already returning. But they left one of their number behind—Hoy, the cook, who had gamely tried to defend Briggs. He had been stabbed in the chest. Vaguely I could see his body lying under the trees, still and twisted. Poor Hoy! He was a game and decent fellow.

Getting over the first shock of the thing, I had another when I looked at Hongkong Clara. Her lovely face was drawn and white.

"You needn't look so scared," I said roughly. "I don't think they'll come back and attack the boat."

She flashed round on me.

"It's not that," she said furiously,

## Garden Fragrance For your Lingerie

Did you know that you can use the flowers from your garden to perfume your clothes?

THE delicate fragrance of many of our sweetest flowers cannot be imprisoned in a bottle. So why not gather them from your own garden, crush them into tiny muslin sachets, and place with your lingerie?

In this way, your clothes will retain that subtle suggestion of perfume so desirable to every dainty woman.

In many centres, violets are still rearing their richly-scented heads. A bunch of these left in a drawer for half a day will perfume clothes sufficiently for a special outing in the evening—especially if your garments are slightly warmed first. A spray of mimosa, wallflowers, stock or freesias can be used in this way, too.

And what about our wild flowers? The flowers should be gathered when the sun is hot, crushed, and put into muslin bags, to avoid staining, and then placed in boxes and drawers.

After using flowers in this manner, you will never return to heavy bottled perfumes for lingerie. There is nothing to compare with the delightful freshness, and suggestion of delicacy, which real garden fragrance gives—without cost, and in such a simple way.



her hands clenched. "It's Captain Briggs I'm thinking about."

I say, I had another shock then. I stood and stared at her in frank amazement. She seemed almost beside herself with anxiety about Briggs.

MOODILY I stood and watched the darkening shore. I began to entertain a slightly better feeling for Hongkong Clara. Her anxiety was genuine enough. It wasn't just pretence. I could see that. Hongkong Clara was actually "struck" on Sam Briggs. Odd as it may seem, I believe that thought was uppermost in my mind just then. I simply couldn't understand it. I didn't try to understand it; I knew merely that it was so.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

I shrugged. She tossed her head at me scornfully. Then, her mood swiftly changing, she asked for a cigarette. I watched her as she leaned against the rail; the dawn of the coast was coming, and she looked more beautiful than ever just then.

The tide was rising. In less than an hour, as I reckoned it, we should be clear of the mud-bank. But, before that, a messenger came. A grinning, cocksure little devil with a bullet-scar on his cheek.

He carried a dirty bit of paper, on which was scrawled a message in pidgin English, demanding a sum of five hundred pounds for the return of Briggs. If the money wasn't forthcoming within ten days, the message concluded, the pirate chief would have much pleasure in sending Briggs' ears as a reminder.

I knew China. I knew the type.

to stone, not knowing what to do, or hardly able to think.

I knew it was little use appealing to the Chinese crew. I saw only one thing for it now. I had some stores quickly put ashore, with a spare rifle and some ammunition. I ordered the Chinese boys to sail downstream as fast as they were able to Changchow, and enlist the help of the British gunboat. It was all I could do.

The "King George" slid away downstream, with the Chinese crew staring back at me and chattering like scared monkeys. None of them, I knew, ever expected to set eyes on me again.

I started into the bush on the track of Hongkong Clara. My, that girl travelled fast! It was high noon before I came up with her sitting on a bank, puffing a cigarette.

"Hello," she said, when she saw me. "so you changed your mind, after all?"

"No," I growled. "you changed it for me. We might as well all have our ears chopped off while we're about it. Oh, yes, the more the merrier."

She began to laugh at that, as if the whole thing were a joke. We went on again after a time. There was a sort of trail through the bush. We saw footprints everywhere. The chase was already a hot one.

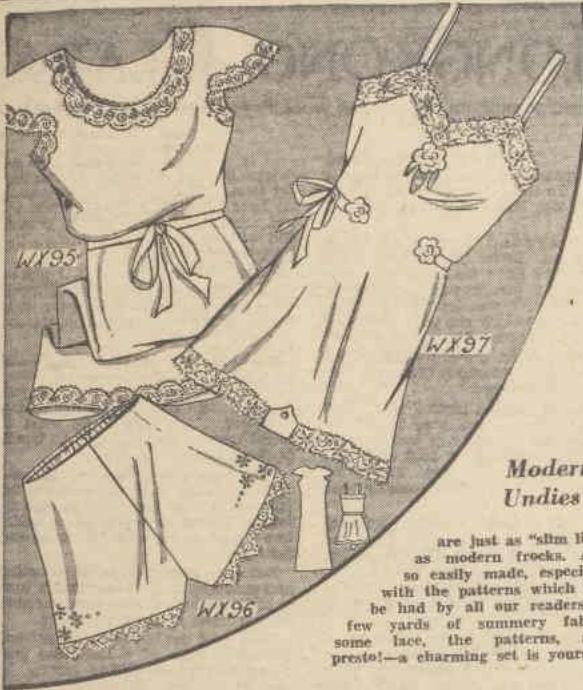
"What do we do when we come up with them?" I asked sarcastically. "Rush the camp?"

She pushed back her stream of silver hair.

"Don't be silly at a time like this," she snapped. Evening came, I began to stare at her as we pushed on. Her clothes were torn almost to shreds. Her face was blistered from the broiling heat of the sun. Her arms and hands were scratched.

(Please turn to Page 38)





Modern Undies

are just as "slim line" as modern frocks. And so easily made, especially with the patterns which can be had by all our readers. A few yards of summery fabric, some lace, the patterns, and presto!—a charming set is yours.

## SEND for these PATTERNS

THIS is the kind of lingerie you'll thoroughly enjoy making—and wearing, too! Just one hint—do be sure to choose fabrics worthy of the clever patterns and the work of your own ten skilful fingers.

SPRING is with us. Summer is on the way. The time has come, therefore, when we can consider lingerie in its finest and most alluring form. The choice of fabrics is unlimited... Artificial silks and cottons are now printed in such delightful designs that they cannot be resisted for inexpensive garments, while washing satin, crepe-de-chine, or celanese can be practical and washable besides looking luxurious.

Shown at top left—the ideal summery nightgown—light, cool, and dainty, and as pretty as you could desire with its quaint shoulder effect and round neck, lace trimmed.

And if you want your smart frocks to fit without the slightest suggestion of a wrinkle, why, you've only to slip them on over the cleverly shaped lingerie sketched above.

WX95.—Nightgown featuring the new extended shoulder. Material required, three and a quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

*Lovely slender-line Lingerie you can make.*

WX96.—Scanties of celanese. Material required, one and a quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX97.—A cool undergarment of crepe-de-chine. Material required, two and one-eighth yards 30 inch. To fit size 36in. bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## Embroider Them! JOLLY Little Hobby HORSES

You can copy or trace on to ice-cream frocks, rompers, feeders, nursery towels, curtains, cushions and the like, for Christmas.



THESE quaint hobby horses and the cute Xmas tree motif, you will notice, are composed of single units. They can be used separately, exactly as shown, or repeated over and over again to form an intriguing border.

If you wish, you can trace any number from the design above on to any material by using a sheet of carbon paper. This is quite a simple process.

All you have to do is to put a sheet of carbon paper between the tracing and the material, the greasy side facing the material, and go over the outlines with a sharp pencil. In this way you can use the design printed above as often as you like.

Many of you, of course, are quite clever at sketching, and this design, as you can readily see for yourself, is by no means difficult to copy.

Worked in blue silk on white fabric, our hobby horses and Xmas tree would look rather fascinating and appealing in their quaintness.

They lend themselves, however, to a joyous combination of color.

**L**INEN can be kept indefinitely, and its color or snowy whiteness retained, this simple way:

Wash your linen, but do not starch it, as this tends to crack. Pack it into blue paper—the heavy quality. Then see it into an old pillow case or sheet to preserve the color.

And one can readily imagine a very important young personage strutting along and trusting that every "man" he meets on the road is absolutely "knocked to pieces" with envy!

Now that far-seeing needle-workers will be preparing for Xmas—what more delightful gift to your juvenile nephew or niece, or tiny friend, than some garment or nursery item featuring these jolly hobby horses?

How shall I tell my daughter? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Maggie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Miss Lilian Clerk, c/o G.P.O., Box 259EE, Sydney, N.S.W.





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## HONGKONG CLARA

(Continued from Page 36)

YET I never heard her complain. She never hung back a second. In fact, although I say it myself, it was Hongkong Clara who led the way.

She knew China. She knew it better than I did. Better than Briggs. Much better. She knew the bush, too. She could find a way through the thickest scrub, where I was immediately at a loss. I don't think she once hesitated, although I hesitated many times.

All that night she drove herself on, and me also. Hongkong Clara was like a woman possessed.

Then we lost the pirates' trail. But I knew, now, where they might be heading for—Fochow, a lonely creek thirty miles inland. A boat could sail up that creek and hide easily for months. So I decided to push on that way.

We left as broad a trail as we were able, hoping that the men from the gunboat, led by their Chinese guides, would be able to follow. That, I knew now, was our only chance. On the other hand, we might be killed or captured.

Suddenly, through the darkness of the bush, we saw the gleam of a fire. "You stay here," I whispered, "while I go on and take a look. Maybe I can locate Briggs."

I lay watching the creek all that night. Several times I saw Briggs quite clearly. There were about forty Chinese, I saw. A junk was moored well out in the stream.

I went back to Hongkong Clara. "You saw him?" she asked. "Well, I suppose the only thing we can do now is to wait?"

She had a little caution left, I was relieved to find. In her state of mind I was afraid of... well, almost anything.

I took a look at the camp in the light. Briggs was sitting by the fire, his legs crossed, smoking his pipe. His refer jacket open at the throat, revealing his strong, powerful neck.

The Chinese left him alone, except when one of them threw some food at him. Once I saw Briggs stand on his feet and stare towards me, almost as if he could see me. My heart fluttered a bit.

THE day wore on. Another night came. And another day. That, too, passed. Our food was almost exhausted. Things began to look pretty critical.

Hongkong Clara must have realised just how critical they were, but she didn't wilt. Her jade eyes were clear and steady, her red mouth curiously hard. I don't ever remember seeing a woman with such a red, hard mouth before.

"You're risking a devil of a lot for Sam Briggs," I said to her once, still amazed and puzzled.

She looked at me with those fierce jade eyes of hers. "Hongkong Clara is used to taking risks," she said.

My thoughts switched again to Briggs, unhandsome, unromantic, an eminently respectable master in sail. I confess the whole thing was beyond me.

Night descended. We were lying there together, silent, when suddenly the night seemed to become full of frantic sounds. Several shots blazed off, one after another. We sprang to our feet, staring.

Next instant, in front of our very eyes, the bulky figure of the captain burst through the bush. He was running heavily. He almost stopped when he saw us, then came on at full pelt.

A great brute of a Chinese sprang from the bush, close at his heels. I saw him raise his rifle. Then I heard a snap beside me. The fellow spun round like a top and sprawled in an ugly heap.

Hongkong Clara had fired as calmly and accurately as any front-line soldier.

I SAW her grab at Briggs' hand. We began to run for our lives. A bullet whistled close past my head. Another followed. Then we had crossed the clear bit of ground and were plunging madly through the thick bush.

Pausing on the edge of it, I picked off a couple of Chinese. That stopped them for a while. We could hear their shouts behind us as we ran on, stumbling and falling.

Suddenly Hongkong Clara fell. Without a word, Briggs stooped and snatched her up in his arms. Then Briggs, just as Hongkong Clara, became like a man possessed. He knew what it might mean if she fell into the hands of the Chinese.

I don't know how long we had been running, almost in blindness. Suddenly, however, I saw some of the fleet-footed Chinese close behind. A bullet tore a gash in my arm. I turned and fired back.

But the Chinese came on, shouting and shooting. I saw Briggs turn to make a stand, saw his arm go round the shoulders of Hongkong Clara.

Then from our left came the sudden, venomous burst of a Hotchkiss gun. I saw the Chinese falling queerly. I saw a young naval officer walking calmly towards us, revolver in hand, and grinning like a schoolboy.

"Thank goodness," said Briggs, "we've still got a navy."

The sailors had arrived in a launch.

The "King George" was moored against the bank.

Briggs sat below, a little haggard, and grey of face. I was standing just behind him.

Suddenly I looked up and saw Hongkong Clara. She came down the little companion, cigarette in mouth, smiling. At Sam Briggs. And Sam Briggs' mind went back to her. He began to rise up out of his seat. His eyes were fixed on her.

"Clara..." He began to say something in a queer, husky voice, half putting out his hands to take her.

She moved past him. I saw her go to the wall, where Briggs' old refer jacket hung. With a knife she calmly slit the lining.

I saw her take something and hold it in her hand. Then, still with that smile on her face, she turned and stared at me and Briggs.

"Did you boys ever hear of the Sarabai Ruby?" she asked.

I said not a word. Briggs stammered something or other, then stood and stared at her.

"Here it is," she said, and held it out in the palm of her hand. "The one and only Sarabai Ruby. Worth ten thousand pounds. Yes, I took it from the man I shot in the hotel at Changchow."

"Good-bye, boys, you've both been so nice to me." Then she paused a moment and swung a reproving little finger at Briggs; and Briggs' face, just then, was a study.

"You're rather a dear, Captain Briggs. And I'm sure Mrs. Briggs is rather a dear, too. Give her my love, Captain, when you get back to Newcastle."

Briggs, poor chap, never said a word. From the deck I watched Hongkong Clara go down-river in the launch, with a crowd of smiling sailors around her. There was a steamer waiting at Nuking.

I saw it all, then. She had put the Sarabai Ruby in the lining of Briggs' jacket when she had pretended to stitch that rent in it.

That was why she had followed poor Briggs about like a dog, almost. That was why she had been like a woman possessed when Briggs had been carried off. Yes, I saw it all.

After a long time, Briggs himself came on deck. He didn't speak for hours, and I let him alone. We slipped past Changchow, and on towards the mouth of the river. Then, at last, I ventured to address him.

"Where are we going now?" I asked. Briggs looked sourly across the water. "Back to Newcastle," he said.

(Copyright)



MARY CARLISLE, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, matches her simple pique frock and rough-straw hat with gloves of waffle pique pattern. The color scheme is white and most suitable for the warm weather.



# NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

## A WORLD with 19 MEN ...and only ONE Woman

A MOST unusual new book is Neil Bell's "The Lord of Life," published by Collins. The author deals with a situation brought about by a world catastrophe which wipes out every living being except the passengers and crew of a submarine.

The only human beings left to rebuild the new race are 19 men and one girl, Sylvia Lessing.

Sylvia, before the calamity, had been the loveliest debutante of the season. She was tall, slim, and fair, with honey-colored hair and a vivid red mouth.

Eleven of the nineteen men were the submarine's crew, and, with the exception of Sid Larkins, they were all in their early thirties. Sid was considered the dud of the party, and was given all the messy work to do.

The other eight men were Commander Charles Brooking, who took control of the situation at first; Lord Sheldingham, Sylvia's uncle; Lieut. Seppings; Dr. Raymond Stiles, Bishop of Oldcaster; Sir Henry Musgrave, First Lord of the Admiralty; Aubrey Delamere, an actor-manager; Arnold Hoople, a distinguished novelist; and Chief Petty-Officer Flagg.

How this extraordinary mixture of people came to be in the submarine is explained in the first half of the book.

"The Lord of Life" is an interesting study of the psychology of sex. The problems of the situation are dealt with logically, but without making the story dull.

WHEN the band of survivors first begin to realise their responsibilities they are inclined to shelve the problem of Miss Lessing. They do not admit her to their conferences; they take it for granted that she will fall in love with one of them, and that in the ordinary course of events everything will be all right. But it does not work out.

Her first husband, Commander Brooking, fails to produce a family at all. By arrangement, lots are cast to determine who shall be the next to have the honour of being Adam in this new world, and the bishop wins. But he only succeeds in fathering two boys.

By the year fourteen the position has become desperate. No baby girls have been born, although every man, with the exception of the down-trodden Sid, has been married to Sylvia. Nine fine young boys have been added to the camp, however.

AT last the company realise that Sid, who has been maltreated for fourteen years, holds the trump card. As each man took his turn of being Sylvia's wife he automatically became "King." But the thought of Sid lording it over the others is too ridiculous. So they tell him of his honor, but explain that he will not be allowed to enjoy the privileges of the others. Sid indignantly refuses to oblige and leaves the camp altogether.

Pete leads him to a spot where he meets another sole survivor—a girl. They

### E. J. Brady's Poetry

TO use a simile in keeping with the verses, Mr. Brady bowls along before a fresh breeze and every sail drawing through the pages of "Wardens of the Seas." In this collection, smacking strongly of the sea and ships, of sailormen and of ports from the Spanish Main to the Australian coast, he covers much blue water. Sometimes, one feels, he does not realise the depths over which he sails—but he is never dismayed. His

verse is spirited, romantic, colorful, packed with men and places forever associated with the pageantry of piracy and the brave days of old. It cannot fail to stir the imagination. He has chosen his subjects well and handled them with a verity that, in the face of much of modern verse, is refreshing.

However, no could learn something from modern verse. The strongly marked rhythm of Mr. Brady's work tends to distract attention from the beauty of the phrasing, and his efforts to ensnare

a fleeting rhyme are sometimes labored; he becomes involved, loses simplicity, essays the abstract, and becomes obscure occasionally.

"Wardens of the Seas" is perhaps the outstanding poem of the book, and the "Rover of Saltee" next.—C.G. (Endeavour Press, 2/-).



JULIE: Can you understand a woman talking scandal about her dearest friend?

ETHEL: No, Unless she was stuck for something to say.

live together in a home-made Eden and have three little girls—which also has its drawbacks.

The book has a somewhat O'Henryish twist at the end. If you don't mind having to use your imagination it is quite amusing. (Our copy, Dymocks).

"FOR Valor." Frank R. Adams. Now here's a good old-fashioned yarn. Katherine Day, rich New York girl, learns that her wicked uncle Roger is plotting her murder. They do this sort of thing in America. So she disguises herself as a boy. Lots of murders and excitement. (Stanley Paul, 7/6.)

### The Home Annual

"THE Home Annual" for 1933 is an ideal gift for sending abroad, as it deals in an outstanding manner with the life, scenery, and attractions in every part of Australia.

There are nineteen color plates reproduced from paintings by noted artists, including Australian landscapes by Harold Herbert, Daryl Lindsay, John D. Moore, Norman Carter, Hans Heynen, Arthur Streeton, and J. R. Eldershaw; flower studies by Margaret Preston, and an aboriginal study by B. E. Minns.

The well-known author, Ion L. Idriesse, has written an impressive article, "The Wild Man's Land," and Professor H. Whitridge Davies' article, "Observations in Central Australia," is accompanied by photographs of aborigines at Hermannsburg.

### SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"DARKE LADIES." Jean Barre. Darke Ladies is an estate belonging to Sir Bevis Mayne, who, through his extravagance, is on the verge of bankruptcy. After a series of adventures the situation is saved, mainly by a young brother who returns from the seclusion of a monastery to help his family. (Wright and Brown, 7/6.)

"AFTER the Battle." David Learmonth. A quite interesting account of the manners and morals of the officers and men of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Whether it is authentic or not is a matter for debate. The author is not writing from first-hand experience. A war book which is not about the war. (Hutchinson's, 7/6.)

"THE Grocer's Wife." J. S. Fletcher. A life-like picture of Mrs. Wetherfield, wife of Normanholt's leading grocer. Like all grocers' wives, she aspires to greater things, and marks down the sons and daughters of local society people as suitable matches for her own children. Everything works out more or less to plan. (Hutchinson's, 7/6.)

"MORE Women Than Men." Miss L. Compton-Burnett. From a grocer's wife we come to the story of the proprietress of a girl's boarding school. Her name is Josephine Napier, and she is as unscrupulous as the sounds. The book is somewhat stodgy. (Helmemann, 7/6.)

## WHEN NATURE needs Only a gentle NUDGE!

A LAXATIVE that gets its results through a violent purging of the intestines, such as salts and pills, is worse than no laxative at all, for that is too big a price to pay for temporary relief from CONSTIPATION. Such cathartics disturb indigestion—they upset the stomach, they shock the nervous system. Salts re-crystallise in the blood. They are not good for you!

There is no need to enumerate the great value of LUBRI-LAX in the following conditions:

Rheumatism, Neuritis, Biliousness, Chronic Headaches, Gall Stones, Liver Affections, Haemorrhoids, Nervous Irritability, Insomnia, and a host of others, all of which are due to a toxic condition by absorption from a sluggish bowel.

Avoid Liquid Paraffin as you would the plague—it lacks the solidity of Lubri-Lax and causes seepage.

### What the Doctor Looks for . . .

Before the Doctor approves a Laxative, he demands that it:

- Should be a lubricant
- Should be mild and gentle, yet effective.
- Should not rush food through the stomach.
- Should not disturb, but aid digestion.
- Should not gripe.
- Should not be habit forming.

On each of these points LUBRI-LAX gets a perfect score.

### Doctors approve Lubri-Lax Way

It checks on every point they look for in a Laxative.

LUBRI-LAX gently stimulates the bowels to action, it simply gives Nature a gentle "NUDGE" when action is delayed.

### Doctors agree . . . . .

LUBRI-LAX is simply a Scientific Combination Lubricating Laxative of Agar Agar Phenolphthalein and Petroleum of the right quality in the right well-balanced proportions, and the right dose will "NUDGE" Nature without exception every time she fails you.

### Prove it yourself . . . .

There is only one way to know that LUBRI-LAX is better than any other Laxative that has failed you, and that is to find out for yourself. Take a dose before retiring, and tomorrow you will know why LUBRI-LAX is all that is claimed for it.

Remember, that Gentle "Nudge" affects the most obstinate case.

In two sizes, 2/- and 2/9. Double Strength 3/6.

If unobtainable from your chemist, send direct to Box 1436J, G.P.O., SYDNEY.



Elizabeth Craig

would like you to have her Custard Book

ELIZABETH CRAIG, whose word on cookery matters is law to millions of women, is a great believer in custard. She thinks it is one of the most wholesome dishes in the world, but she also thinks that most women do not know enough about the scores of delightful ways in which it can be used.

So she has written a book containing many different recipes for custard dishes, for the preparation of which she recommends Foster Clark's famous Creamy Custard as being scrupulously pure, convenient to use, and highly economical.

If you fill in the coupon above you can have a copy of Elizabeth Craig's book free.

**Foster Clark's**  
creamy CUSTARD

25 143

and keep regular with...  
**LUBRI-LAX**

## GREY HAIR 300 lose jobs

THE aged, "burnt out" appearance that grey hair causes is a great handicap in business as well as in social life.

Youth is thoughtless and the grey-haired find themselves on the shelf and forgotten in the social whirl. But in business it is serious because their very subsistence is jeopardized.

Particularly in these times of unemployment grey heads are finding it difficult to keep their jobs, and at least 300 of them are displaced every year by younger people. This is tragic—unfair—but grey hair does undoubtedly make one look old and worn out, and there's no excuse for anyone to put up with grey hair who doesn't want it because it is so easy to bring back the natural colour by just brushing Raydene through the hair two or three nights a week.

Thousands of people have proved this already, and the case of this Sydney man is interesting. He says: "My work as sales manager takes a lot of nervous energy out of me, and I suppose that caused me to go grey. There's something pathetic about a

grey-haired man, so I took a friend's advice and started on Raydene to get back the natural colour. I only used two lots of Raydene, and my hair looks just as young now as ever it did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to use."

Raydene is the new antiseptic which restores grey hair to its natural colour without the use of dyes or stains.

Raydene contains no dye, paint or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen. Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way, because its colour is permanent and will not wash off or change in shade, and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/9 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two. If preferred send a postal note to—

W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 285 George St., Sydney (opposite G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd and Co., Melbourne House, 345 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Macdonald and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Raydene will reach you by return mail.



THAT morning Oliver had been awakened by his trainer Nando, a handsome muscular Mexican. It was seven o'clock. Training was part of that self-discipline Bill Turner had so heartily recommended. Oh, how Oliver hated it, as he stood under the shower.

"After veronal, you have to sleep your eight hours," he said, dissatisfied.

"Three rounds of rope-skipping will take all the veronal out of your system," Nando assured him.

Oliver abandoned himself to the masseur's hairy hands. He didn't feel better. His dreams had been cut in two when he awoke, and he couldn't remember what they had been about. Only an impatient, boring, pulling sensation had remained in his veins from those incomplete dreams. Oliver looked at himself in the mirror as he shaved, and knew that the expression of his face meant longing for Donca. God protect one against women, he thought unfeelingly. On the terrace stood a glass of grapefruit juice. Nando followed him with the boxing-gloves in his arms.

"Throw the damn' thing away!" he ordered when he discovered Joe Ray near the table, a cocktail-shaker in his hands.

"That's only for people that play golf and have work to do," Joe grinned. "But you will photograph with the fruit juice in front of you. The ladies of the American Women's Association will adore you for that."

Oliver thought that all freckled people were unsympathetic to him. Joe was so freckled he looked like a red-head, though he had no red hair. Fruit juice was disgusting! One of the men, dragging an insulated cord after him, looked for an outlet to connect his plug to the reflector. Oliver sat there in his old bathrobe of Oxford days; it had once been red, but had

## FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 6)

faded under the Hollywood sun.

Jerry appeared. "Two hundred and fifteen letters," he said, turning his face away and putting down twenty that he had selected for Oliver to peruse.

Oliver pushed them aside. "Let's go, Nando," he ordered. "Let's warm up a little."

There was a regular boxing-ring rigged up near the swimming-pool. He jabbed a punching-bag as he passed it by. The full heavy thud of the leather made him a little more sprightly.

"Howdy, Charley," he said negligently to the camera-man.

"A little make-up before we begin," Joe remarked tactfully.

"Skipping first," Nando countermanded, handing Oliver the rope.

Oliver put on the boxing-gloves. He shuffled a little on his feet.

"Time!" Nando cried, with a stopwatch in his hand. And Oliver began to jump. It went very well. Heart and lungs worked like pistons, and the sweat came down his face. He skipped long—nine minutes, not wasting a second's thought on Donca.

Dan, the manservant, towelled him. When the negro laughed, it looked as if he had four times as many teeth as any other man. And he was always laughing even when he was sad.

"Now it's getting serious," Charley said, as he brought forth his camera.

"Hold it! Quiet, all!"

"Wait a minute!" Joe said, like a ring referee. "Make-up first."

Dan had already prepared the make-up box. Oliver looked at it with the same disgust he had shown in his early youth at a heavy thick-set maid.

"No. Nothing doing. No make-up."

he said. He took a pose before the camera.

"What? No make-up! Not on your life!" Joe retorted domineeringly, as he took his stand before the camera. "Your nose shines like a cucumber."

Oliver looked again at the make-up box, and thought it was stupid to be so disgusted by it. But he was. He took a little powder and dusted his face carelessly. Charley threw a glance at Joe. Joe sighed.

"Light!" Charley called, and the arc-lamp began to hiss its light in the sunlit garden.

Oliver took a perfect boxing pose. His muscles played. Nando, who had been photographed a hundred times boxing with stars, posed so as to steal not even one inch of film from the subject about to be snapped.

"Ready?" Joe asked tensely. "Go!"

WHEN that was over, there were three serious rounds of boxing with Nando. The latter boxed very carefully, but Oliver hit out pretty hard. He had an excellent straight left, and he was very happy as long as he sparred. A punch in the pit of the stomach whitened his lips. He told himself that he had taken that blow pretty well, though he was fairly miserable. But Nando saw him bend forward, and was sorry and full of sympathy. Afterwards they ran around the swimming-pool. Then they swam out together on a bet. All this, though it was very serious sport, was interrupted by poses and camera-grinding. Then Oliver played with the dogs, stepping gingerly on the gravel of the garden between immense blue urns. He had a splendid view from there over

the flat city that trembled in the heat. "Sometimes I feel as if it would be more agreeable to lie down naked on a cactus plant than go through all this," Oliver remarked—but they only laughed.

The five dogs barked, and quite untamed. Only one of them was good for the camera—Pluck, a chow, phlegmatic and without any character. Oliver liked him because he was difficult to conquer. He was spoiled and unapproachable. Sometimes Oliver allowed him to sleep in his bedroom. He sometimes wished that Pluck would return some love, and that he would lick his hand with his warm blue tongue as the stormy little terrier Tobias often did. But Pluck would not lick the hand of any man.

Oliver was no sooner on the massage-table than he again began to think of Donca. He had to. Couldn't help it. It was easy to get along without whisky—self-discipline. But Donca! He needed her. . . . He groaned; Nando was hurting him.

"Well?" Nando asked, passing the inside of his arm over his forehead.

"Nothing. But don't dig your hand into my stomach," Oliver murmured.

Nando mumbled something in reply. He wasn't pleased. He did not like Oliver's weight. Oliver had lost weight, which was bad. And Nando did not like Oliver's skin; he had pulled it together with two fingers about the ribs, and had let go.

"What's the matter with my skin?" Oliver asked, worried. He was in love with that cool tense body of his.

"Doesn't get any color. It's sluggish," Nando commented.

Oliver didn't listen. He was again thinking of Donca. He was crazy. As a matter of fact, Oliver didn't care much about women. He warmed up with difficulty and never abandoned

himself. He had never taken the trouble to conquer a woman. He had allowed himself to be conquered, out of boredom and politeness. He had played the great lover in every film, and in the dreams of millions of women, but he had never been that in life—until Donca came.

To a man like Oliver, all women appeared shameless. They stood too thickly planted in his road, too expectant, offering themselves openly. He didn't take much stock in them. Their eyes, their clothes, their perfumes, their little hints, and their brief casual touches, left him cold. But Donca was something else. Just as Nando was rubbing into him some lotion that smelled of turf and pine and almost burned his skin, he had a grand luminous idea. If Donca had gone at three o'clock to bed, she was still in bed. Contracts guaranteed a rest of twelve hours between work. He had ample time to rush down and be at Donca's bedside when she awakened!

He took the small car, the roadster, and drove down alone. It was already hot, though it was still early morning. He drove the car slowly down Sunset Boulevard, then more swiftly as he neared his destination. He didn't even take the trouble to park the roadster, but left it standing where it was, and rushed into the house. Donca's bedroom was empty. A few cheques were lying about on the writing-table. Donca never employed any perfume. It was one of her eccentricities. With all that, the room was full of her odor. Oliver skipped down the narrow stairs. The house was like dead. In the little round yellow-walled breakfast-room was a plate with a half-eaten nectarine on it. Oliver laughed impatiently. He remembered how frequently he had found Donca with a fruit-pit in her hand, wandering about without knowing what to do with it. He called:

(Please turn to Page 42)



Made in Australia,  
Financed by Aus-  
tralians, and pro-  
duced by highly  
trained Australian  
workers.

THE secret of success in picnic catering is very simple. The answer is crisp, delicious Sao Biscuits. These appetising items are available to the housewife in so many tempting forms of variety. Try them with butter and cheese, fresh or

stewed fruit, ham or paste, or, in fact, any sweet or savoury item your taste suggests. They are packed in airtight tins of the most convenient size to carry. They are the acme of popularity with everyone. Try them at your next outing.

Tune in to 2 C.H.  
every Monday and  
Thursday, 7.15 p.m.  
"DOWN MEMORY  
LANE."

# ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SAO BISCUITS

Try also ARNOTT'S FAMOUS OATEN CAKE BISCUITS. The new Spring Health Food, one of the most delicious biscuits ever made.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS AND MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM!



# FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

THE lost children and the Moonman looked ever so sad and miserable. Where was their good and faithful friend, Wunderlust? What could have happened to him? Suddenly Fred got an idea!

"I have the magic slippers on—fancy not thinking of this before. I can go back to Mushroom Grove without the slightest trouble, and see if Wunderlust is there!" said Fred excitedly.

The lost children seemed slightly cheered by this suggestion coming from Fred, and Leonie, who had been very brave up to the present time, burst into tears, crying, "Fred, please hurry up, won't you? We want Wunderlust back here with us!"

Saying he would do his best to bring him back, Fred sped off at a high speed.



FRED, sped off in search of Wunderlust.

He had not gone far before he heard a rumbling in the heavens above; half afraid, he looked up and saw that awful Black Growl cloud hovering above him. A queer feeling came over poor Fred. He had heard lots of stories about the wickedness of this particular cloud.

He had heard how it delighted in wetting and tormenting lost children who were unable to get shelter. Had not it been the Black Growl cloud that Fairy Floss spoke of in such a frightened tone. And, lastly, but not least, did not Leonie's wicked aunt live on this cloud. Did not this witch, for that was all she was, govern the cloud and encourage it in all its wrong doings?

It was all too clear to Fred. The nasty Black Growl cloud was trying to frighten him back to Moonland. Fred knew this, and thought that if he could once get on the Black Growl cloud he would be able to find where Wunderlust was. To ask his slippers to take him

## Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—

I was delighted this week to receive so many letters and contributions from new pals in Queensland, and am glad to welcome all the writers into our happy throng.

The best letter for this week comes from South Australia, and was written by Lora Kroschel, Stonefield, South Australia, for which she received the prize of 10/-.

Here is an extract from Lora's most interesting letter:—"I went for a trip with dad to the Barossa Ranges during my last school holidays. Everything was very beautiful. There were blossoming fruit trees, lovely gardens, and green velvety grasses all over the different hillsides. Also there were shrubs growing in every conceivable shape and color."

Lora's letter, besides being very interesting, is beautifully written and well punctuated. Good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

there he knew was just walking into danger. The witch would be sure to spy him as soon as he landed, and goodness only knows what she would do with him. Perhaps she would lock him up in a dark cell, where there were hanging cobwebs and horrid spiders? Fred shivered as he thought of such a possibility. But what was that? "Oh! Oh!" yelled Fred. Something had come out of nowhere and knocked against him. He turned about him but could see nothing. Then it came again, and this time it tried to grab hold of his arm. What was it? If only he could see. The sky which hitherto had not been particularly bright was now worse than ever—it was black. Fred could not see the Black Growl cloud, nor could he see what was trying to take hold of his arm.

"Oh!" Fred cried with pain, as some unknown object roughly took hold of his arm and hauled him through the air.

He was hurled through space at many miles an hour, and finally landed on some very dark, damp, soddy soil. He sprang round to see who had hold of his arm. Lo and behold, it was no other than the wicked grinning witch! (The witch has Fred in her clutches. Don't miss next week's instalment).

# TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



## NONSENSE RHYME

I put my right shoe on,  
It did not take me long.  
I put it on my left foot,  
And so my right was wrong.  
I changed it for my other shoe,  
With movement quick and deft,  
But, strange to say, upon the floor  
I found my right shoe left.

Price Card to Betty Robinson, 359 King St., Newtown.



PRIZE CARD to Jean O'Sullivan, 27 Eskine Street, Sydney.

## RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION.

Prize of £1 to Ruth Jones (14), "Yarmouth," Marston Rd., Darling Point, for sending in the best painted picture. For the next best painting, Prize Cards are awarded to Una Hawse, 374 Miller St., North Sydney; Grace Wheeler, Hraitt Rd., Plumpton, via Booby Hill; Leonie Bathurst, 51 Bend St., South Bathurst; Joan King, 45 Lincoln St., Richmond; Edmund Howard, William St., Fairfield.

## JUST CHATTER

NELL BANNON, of Belmont, recently went for a trip to Rockhampton; Annie Walton, of Corowa, had a pet dog.

Marjorie Millard, of H a w k s b u r y R i v e r, attends Herring Domestic Science School; Ruth Johnson, of Hurstville, is fond of gardening; Beth Harris, of Bevelly, had a most enjoyable holiday in the country some time ago.

Margaret Derwent, of Oatley, has a crow for a pet; Gae Frey, of a d h a m, of Strathfield, had school holidays went for a trip to Lawson; Sheila Chambers, of North Sydney, is fond of painting.

Barbara Baker, of Neutral Bay, writes very good verse; Alma Gavenlock, of Narrara, has a parrot for her pet.

Betty Jones, of Brisbane, is getting a little pup shortly.

Elkie Morris, of Maribeth, writes verse.

Norma Haslam, of West Maitland, is fond of watching sunsets; Ken Sammother, of Yau-cluse, likes swimming and playing tennis; Flora McDonald, of Belmont, is very fond of "Terry and Teddy."

Bazel Gustin, of Waverley, rides a horse to school every day; Joyce Blackett, of Enfield, recently had a delightful trip to the tower, Betty Woodham, of Canterbury, is very fond of sketching.

Dorothy de Luxe, of Port Macquarie, has three black Pomeranian dogs; Peggy Butler, of Melbourne, is fond of reading jokes; Florence Williams, of Earlwood, is a very good descriptive writer.

MARY FOWLER, of Blayney, has two sisters and brothers; Nellie Moore, of Tarragone, is fond of painting pictures; Kay Mac-

Donald, of Darlinghurst, is a keen player of cricket; Arthur de Voogd, of Ragsdale, is fond of fishing.

Nigel Wright, of Strathgyle, likes reading a good joke; Michael Herrigan, of Lismore, is 12 years old; Gloria Lardner, of Enfield, is fond of long motor drives; Gladys Sperring, of Camilla, likes reading very much.

Gregory Guinney, of Concord, writes quite interesting stories.

INTRODUCING PAT THACKER, of Chatswood.

## FOR FUN & FANCY

If a bear were to go into a linen draper's shop, what would he want?—He would want muzzlin'.

Prize Card to Archie Buck, Smithfield Rd., St. John's Park.

Eric (poet!) May I leave the table?

Uncle Bob: Yes, that's about all you have left.

What tune makes everyone happy?

Purtime.

Defective: I'm looking for a small man with one eye.

Villager: Well, if he is so very small, perhaps you'd better use both eyes mister.

Prize Card to Connie Chrysalis, "Water-view," Port Macquarie.

Son: Mumma, isn't that monkey like Grandpa?

Mother: Hush, dear, you must not say things like that.

Son: But the monkey can't understand, can he, Mumma?

Prize Card to Geoffrey Robinson, 276 Walsh St., South Yarra, Victoria.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO-LET, a house by a man with 4000 frust.

FOUND, a Collie dog by a boy with a long nose and extremely long tail.

LOST, a thick hammer by a man made of wood.

A HAT was lost by a girl made of straw.

WANTED, a room by a lady 20ft by 18ft.

LOST, toy engine by a boy nine inches long.

ON SALE, a house by a family with 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, etc.

Prize Card to Maria Bottero, Bousley Park P.O., Fairfield.

Mother: Stop rolling the dust-bin, Willie!

Willie: But I am amusing baby. Ma.

Mother: Where is baby?

Willie: In the dust-bin!

Prize Card to Jack Reahan, Roselawn, The Mall, Bankstown.

Three men were having an argument as to which possessed the longest name.

The first gentleman said, "My name is Alexander Cecil Scott."

"Ah!" said the second, "mine is longer than that, as I am called Herbert Albert Joseph Page."

"Well," said the third, "I beat the lot of you, for my name is Miles Long."

Prize Card to Mabel Farnie, Roseville Baths, Roseville.

The Browns had called their new house the "Nutsell," and the small boys of the neighborhood kept on calling and inquiring if the colonel was in.

Prize Card to Joan Bradford, 286 Howe Street, Eastwood.

Music instructor: I'm surprised to hear you admit you haven't been practising. "Rude. What can you get out of music if you don't practice?"

Susan: Spence an evening from my father!

Prize Card to Bert Blitchcock, Florence St., Fairfield, South Brisbane.



## Know Your FUTURE

Amazing Book to Help you Guide Your Life by the Stars

What does the future hold for you? What influences are at work shaping your life? What can change present failure into future success for you? The answer to all these questions can be told by the stars in the Heavens if only you can read the message that they hold. Up to now the Science of Astrology has been understood by only the few who have devoted their lives to its study, but now the publication of an amazing new book—"Know What To-morrow Holds"—has reduced Astrology's many complicated calculations to simple forms, so that everyone may read the message of the stars for themselves. **LUCK?**

Many people believe that life is a matter of luck—they believe in lucky numbers, lucky stones, lucky colours. This book will show you that there is no such thing as luck. Certainly some colours, some numbers, some stars, exert a definite influence in your life, and if you understand these influences, properly your ambitions will be realized—your dreams will come true—health, wealth and happiness will be yours. Let this book teach you!

Too long has this vital information been withheld from most people. Only expensive, hard-to-understand books have taught this lesson. But now this wonderful new book—"Know What To-morrow Holds"—is published at 2/6 only, so that everyone may take advantage of Astrology's wonders and work out their future for themselves.

Stop living in the dark. Know what the future holds. Send for your copy of this wonderful book to-day.

The Century's Most Amazing Book

### "KNOW WHAT TO-MORROW HOLDS"

Obtainable only by sending Postal Note for 2/6 to the Ralph Publishing Company, Dept. 2, Box 1811, G.P.O., Sydney.

## WHEN SALT IS A POISON

Who would have thought that ordinary table salt, that commonest of articles in the family kitchen, is actually a poison in cases of High Blood Pressure, Diabetes, and diseases of the heart, brain, and kidneys? The question of diet is most important in disease because often the treatment and medicine are made useless by the food the patient eats, for after all food affects the body in just the same way as medicine does. That is why doctors prohibit ordinary table salt in the diet of patients suffering from these diseases, for salt raises the blood pressure and damages an already diseased heart, brain, and kidneys.

It is difficult for most people to avoid salt when it is used in the kitchen in cooking of the food, for salt is an ingredient of almost every dish, and food without salt is tasteless and unappetizing.

Every person who suffers from High Blood Pressure, Diabetes or Heart, Kidney, or Brain disease should never use ordinary salt at table, because ordinary salt raises the already High Blood Pressure and causes extra strain on the kidneys and heart when they are already weakened by disease. You can get a special medicated salt called PRESSOR-SALT for your own use at table, which neutralises the effects of ordinary salt used in the cooking of your food, which will not raise the blood pressure or affect the heart, and has a beneficial effect on the kidneys.

You can buy Pressor-Salt in green paper-pouch flasks for 2/6 at all chemists and stores in Australia, or a postal note for 2/6 to the well-known chemists, W. JAMES ROGERS, LTD., Dept. 3, 365 George Street, Sydney (opp. G.P.O.); G. F. Lloyd and Co., 120-122, Market Street, Little Collins St., Melbourne; D. Macdonald and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, will bring your Pressor-salt by return mail. If you would like a copy of the diet chart, ask them to send you one free also.

## YOU CAN BE A LOVELIER PERSON BY NOVEMBER 20

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## Falling STAR

(Continued from Page 40)

"A PPLEQUIST! Manuela! Takus!"

No answer. In the hallway the little Chinese boy Wang was trying to get his foot into a shoe. He had been in his bare feet. To Oliver's impatient question he pointed vaguely in all directions. One finger pointed to the sea.

In Santa Monica the beach houses are built close to one another. It is a distanceless neighborhood. Each one has its own little shore and bathing-place, a portion of sea and sand. Oliver shaded his eyes and looked around him to see Donna's red bathing cap. There were crowds of people in the water. Those who recognised him greeted him. Further out, there was a little anchored raft. Donna might be there. Oliver went to the cabin where his bathing-suit was hung, dry and full of sand since the last time and looked at himself in the mirror as he donned it. His skin was good despite what Nando had told him. It was hot and tingling with expectation. It shrank a little when he stepped in the water and swam out.

DONCA wasn't on the raft, nor was she anywhere about. Oliver lay down on the wet boards, somewhat disappointed and a little out of breath. He had to see Donna. Some one in a boyish bathing costume, lying flat and lazy on the back, glided on top of a wave and landed on the raft. It was Peggy, the young actress who had been engaged to replace Ria Nara in Oliver's next film.

"Howdy, Peggy," he said.  
"Howdy, Mr. Dent," she called back smartly though a little shyly. She owned a rather handsome slender body, even if a little gangly.

"Could you tell me where the Morescu is?" he asked.

"I think she's gone down to Beverly. Heard Mr. Mackenzie say so. I saw her car about nine-thirty from my window. I am staying with the Mackenzies for a few days," Peggy informed him while she scratched her right shin-bone with the sole of her left foot. "Mack thinks that he will direct 'Progress'."

"So—to Beverly. 'Progress'? Well, that's all right. Left at nine-thirty. Pretty early. It's nice to think we will be working together soon, isn't it?"

"I should say so," Peggy replied.

"Well, have to be on the go," Oliver informed her, and slid down into the water.

Peggy swam out beside him, her face turned toward his. But he never said a word. He had the impression that the short distance between the raft and the shore was too tiresome; and that was ridiculous. He was covered by a wave, and swallowed a lot of water.

"Careful," Peggy cautioned when he reappeared and the next breaker came on upon him.

He put up a good fight, but he didn't feel well doing it. A powerful undercurrent pulled at him and pulled him out. That undercurrent had been the cause of the drowning of many people. Peggy remained bravely by his side until he reached the shore, breathless.

"Thanks," he said. "You are a nice kid, Peggy."

She ran away. Oliver put his hand to his heart. The sky seemed quite black for a few seconds. He closed his eyes, worried by his faintness. Suddenly he felt a warm tongue licking at his face. A white little fur bundle was sitting beside him on the sand, and looking at him from adoring black gummy eyes.

"Tobias!" Oliver said, astonished and stern. "How did you get here? Did you run after me?"

Tobias, the little Sealyham terrier, dug his paws into the sand. He loved his master, though he was not exactly the master's favorite. Though recently bathed, the dog was very dirty again. It was a long stretch from Beverly to the shore. Dust and dry grass had clung to Tobias's skin. Tobias was almost always dirty. His coat, which should have been hard and wiry, was soft and silken despite the pompous pedigree he boasted of. The little dog had never been much of a prize, was probably a cull of the litter, and his master frequently thought him a burden. But Tobias had a sense of humor and played the clown, and knew how to amuse Oliver better than any of the other dogs.

"How on earth did you find me?" Oliver demanded of him.

And Tobias seemed to answer: "Well, that wasn't very hard."

Oliver rose to test whether he had shaken off his dizzy spell. He had. "We will be on the go now," he informed the dog. "No time to lose. Come along, you little rascal."

Tobias considered it an extraordinary honor to be taken into the car. His little body swelled with happiness and thankfulness as he perched himself on the seat.

"We are both idiots, Tobias," said



SHE (after quarrel): Why, only this morning you said I was like a daisy!  
HE: Yes; but daisies shut up at night!

## These READERS Share £100 This WEEK

### No. 2 Couplets Winners and Full List of All Feature Awards

Another £100 is shared by our readers this week. The amount includes Couplets No. 2 winners and prizes for numerous other features. Winners' names are announced below.

NEVER did a competition provide such fun as The Australian Women's Weekly Couplets. Here are the winners for No. 2. The third of the series is now closed, and judges will be working hard selecting winners for publication next week.

But there is still a week to go for Couplets No. 4. It is not too late to enter now. You must, however, have a Couplets No. 4 coupon, and that is only obtainable from last week's paper.

The £50 first prize for Couplets No. 2 goes to W. O. Bishop, 75 O'Brien St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Here are her couplets—  
"You worm," she replied, fixing him with a glare.

But they were acting for the Talks, so he didn't care.

I parked my husband in the street. He was a traffic cop, and we'd reached his beat.

Mabel is our typist, and she always comes in late.

Yet no one was surprised at all when they saw how much she ate.

Other Couplets Winners  
Twenty-five consolation prizes of £1 each for Couplets have been awarded to the following:

Mrs. M. Harvey, 227 Ocean St., Narrabeen, N.S.W.; Miss E. O'Connor, 53 Park St., South

Oliver to the dog. Tobias didn't seem to understand that...

In Donna's garden, below the tall palms of Beverly Drive, the water of the fountain was playing in the air. The Morescu, they told him, had suddenly decided to leave Santa Monica and return to Hollywood. The gardener was there. So were Takus, Manuela, and even Meyer the chauffeur. The whole crew was at work. They shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads, and knew nothing. Madame wasn't there. With the feeling that something was snapping inside him, Oliver returned to his car to go back home. It wasn't yet eleven o'clock. He felt he wanted to be bathed and massaged and rubbed again, and to put on a cool fresh shirt. Little Tobias's perky red tongue trembled; he, too, was thirsty.

"Shall I take the car into the garage?" the colored man asked Oliver.

Oliver looked into the dark face absent-mindedly before saying:

"No, I am leaving at once."

NEXT WEEK:  
The story of Oliver and Donna takes an unexpected turn.

Vaux, Melbourne; Mrs. Paul Conley, "Black-warry," Traralgon, Vic.; Mr. A. Gregory, 6 Roberts Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.; Mary White, 29 Hudson St., Newport, Vic.; Millicent Alexander, Kurraba Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.; Mrs. F. A. Thorpe, 44 Consett St., Concord West, N.S.W.; Miss Cordia Atkinson, 50 Moore St., Cheshire, Melbourne; H. Wiltshire, 143 Ben Boyd Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.; Mrs. W. Bushby, Parramatta St., Campbelltown, N.S.W.; Miss M. Creagh, 411 Dowling St., Moore Park, Sydney; Edward Cecil Clarke, 88 Maryborough St., Sydney; E. Davies, 14 Gordon St., Burwood, N.S.W.; Miss R. Beattie, 4 Sera St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.; Miss M. Bates, Oswald St., Edgewood, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. Johns, 118 Curlew St., Bondi, N.S.W.; Miss Mollie Connors, 287 Gordon St., Cheshire, Vic.; Mrs. Edith Vahland, 72 Mitchell St., Bendigo, Vic.; Mrs. J. B. Moodie, Donnellithorne St., South Kyneton, Vic.; Mrs. L. Rolfe, 194 Tooronga Rd., Glen Iris, Melbourne, Vic.; Miss Joyce Leslie, 2 Cadby St., Middle Brighton, Vic.; Mrs. H. B. Thorne, Wendouras, Ballarat, Vic.; Miss B. McColl, "Jemalong Station," Forbes, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. Southern, Terralons St., Kiama, N.S.W.

Other competitors who won consolation prizes are:—

So They Say  
Miss L. Fisher, 9 Campbell St., Eastwood, N.S.W.; Mrs. C. A. Longworth, Lauriston, North Coast, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. E. Neilson, 22 Albion Street, Lakemba, N.S.W.; D. Weston, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld.; Mrs. R. Jukes, 52 Simpson St., East Melbourne; E. H. Schache, Hampton St., North Brighton, Vic.; Edna White, 1A Dalgety St., St. Kilda, S.E.; Miss A. James, Woodville St., Hurstville, N.S.W.; Mrs. G. W. Thomas, Cobaki Bridge, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.; Mrs. Edith I. Reeve, 21 Hilltop Cres., Manly, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. H. Bagnall, Elmore, Vic.; Miss Marion Clarke, Prairie Park, Murrumbidgee, S.E.; Miss D. G. Wright, 6 Hermitage Rd., West Hyde, N.S.W.; S.E.

Brainwaves  
"H.W.," 67 Brook St., Coogee, N.S.W.; Mrs. T. Denton, 45 West Notary Street, Arncliffe, N.S.W.; Mrs. V. Cantwell, Wattle Flat, Vic.; Mrs. W. A. Brady, Wendouras, Ballarat, Vic.; Miss D. Greenhalgh, Unit, Tweed River, N.S.W.; Mrs. W. Thornton, 4 John Street, Woolahra, N.S.W.; Miss J. South, 7 Hill Street, Chislehurst, S.E.; Miss P. Lyons, 19 Lambert Street, Enniskillen, N.S.W.; Mrs. E. M. Dutton, Jun., Black Mountain, N.S.W.; S.E.

Best Recipes  
Mrs. E. Ryan, 31 Fairfax Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.; Mrs. F. Pinner, Russell St., Clayfield, Brisbane, Qld.; Mrs. I. McKay, "Bourabien-dini," Bowral, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. McTavish, 67 McKinnon Rd., McKinnon, S.E.; Mrs. E. M. Dutton, Jun., Black Mountain, N.S.W.; S.E.

Clever Ideas  
Miss N. Cork, Wellington, N.S.W.; S.E.; Miss P. Anderson, Mount Albert, Vic.; S.E.; Mrs. A. Scott, 41 Byron St., Camperdown, N.S.W.; S.E.; Mrs. C. Walsh, Bridge Rd., P.O., Richmond, S.E.; Mrs. E. A. L. Benton, Post Office, Brisbane, S.E.

Things That Happen  
Mrs. J. Smith, Rosy Hill, N.S.W.; S.E.; Mrs. Ben Johnston, 8 Mulgrave St., Bundaberg, Qld.; S.E.; Mrs. J. Fraser, 2/30 Waters, Lovedale, Qld.; S.E.; Rose Road, 41 Nicholson St., North Carlton, Vic.; S.E.; Mrs. R. Milligan, Branks St., Eaglehawk, Vic.; S.E.; Mrs. E. M. Fraser, 123 Avoca St., Randwick, N.S.W.; S.E.; E. M. Ranking, Malvern, Vic.; S.E.; Miss D. Porter, Kingsway, Miranda, N.S.W.; S.E.

Children's Section  
Bath Julia, "Yarmouth," Marston Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.; S.E.; Lora Kroschke, Stonefield, South Australia; S.E.; Beryl Martindale, Tamarama St., Bondi, N.S.W.; S.E.

## JOCELYN'S Racing REVIEW

By "JOCELYN"

DURING the past month Sydney has been the Mecca of turf followers, but the venue changes to Melbourne this week.

Interest will be sustained in the southern capital from the running of the Caulfield Cup on Saturday until after the Melbourne Cup, Australia's greatest handicap race, on November 7.

ORIGINALLY the Caulfield Cup attracted no fewer than 293 nominations, but the number has been considerably reduced by the scratching pen. The open nature of the event, however, ensures a large field to face the starter. Chatham, winner of half a dozen races in succession, was handicapped with 9.5 in the Caulfield Cup. The Sydney champion is to be reserved for the short distance weight-for-age events in Melbourne, and it is hard to visualise defeat for him in any of them.

The Sydney-owned horse, Kuvera, is the logical favorite for the Cup. His excellent form during the A.J.C. meeting entitles him to the position. Kuvera will doubtless appreciate not having to chase such a flier as Chatham on this occasion. Kuvera is a brilliant galloper, able to take up a good position in any field, and, on a firm track, his 9.5 should not be too much of a burden to carry to victory.

Outside the favorite, quite a number of Sydney trained horses are fancied by their connections. Topical has done well since his Metropolitan failure, but, in the Cup he will be unfortunate in not having the services of Andy Knox, who incurred the displeasure of the stewards on Saturday last and was suspended from riding for one month.

Middle Watch ran an excellent second to Chatham in the Caulfield Stakes on Saturday, but showed signs of lameness after the race. His trainer is hopeful, however, that he will be able to take his place in the Cup field. Magnitas was another to call attention to his prospects by a brilliant finishing run in the Stakes on Saturday. As he will carry 25lbs. less in the Cup on Saturday, he should be well in the firing line at the finish. I expect to see Kuvera first past the post, while I rather fancy Gaine Carrington, a former New Zealander, and Magnitas for places.

The Burwood Handicap will probably throw further light on the prospects of some of the V.R.C. Derby candidates, although the distance is 3½ furlongs shorter than that of the Derby course. Blixten is top weight with 9.5. Limarch, with the same weight, is also in the Caulfield Cup, and may have a fly at the bigger prize-money. The Melbourne three-year-old, Rhapsodia, was a failure during his recent visit to Sydney, but may show to better advantage in his own State.

The A.J.C. has an interesting programme set down for Warwick Farm on Saturday. An added attraction of the meeting will be the fact that local sportsmen will be able to support their fancies for the Caulfield meeting on the same day at the Farm, without infringing the betting laws. Although most of the champions are absent in Melbourne there is plenty of material left in Sydney to provide a keen afternoon's sport. Fifty-three horses have been nominated for the Maiden Handicap.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, Cl.  
BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

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# SKITTLES by POST



MRS. WROBEL, vice-president, and Mrs. Seibel, president, of the Goodwood Ladies' Skittles Club, in a practice game at the skittle alleys of the Concordia Club.

—Women's Weekly photo.

## Picturesque GAME

Among the more picturesque diversions that depart from the beaten track of the sporting realm, is that of skittles. Actually the game calls for a nice turn of skill.

There are skittles clubs in Melbourne, in Sydney, and in Brisbane. Interstate matches are arranged each year, though Queensland has not yet sent a representative team to compete in these annual fixtures. Arrangements are already in hand for the next interstate matches, which will be played in Melbourne early next year. Players are, at present, practising in earnest with a view to selection for this event.

A postal match which aroused considerable interest among skittles fans was recently played between the Melbourne and Sydney women's teams. Play took place at the respective home alleys, and results of the day's play were interchanged by post. Honors were with the Sydney team in this event. In the last interstate match the Sydney women's team was not only successful against the Victorian women's team, but vanquished the men's team from the Southern State in a challenge match.

The names of the various skittles clubs are as unusual as is the sport itself. The Gotholz, at the German Club, East Richmond, is the only women's skittles club formed as yet in Victoria.



MISS MONA McLEOD, winner of the associate golf championship of Victoria.

Melbourne. It comprises some twenty-odd "skittlers" who play at night. Evidence of increasing interest is afforded by the recent formation of a second group, the Monday Afternoon Club. The Victorian players have chosen very attractive attire of grey crepe-de-chine with blue blazers. The latter are bound with red, and the club's badge is embroidered on the pocket.

The Brisbane skittles club is the Turn Verein, while the leading Sydney club has, like the sport itself, a good old English flavor in its name—Goodwood. The Goodwood alleys are situated about a mile from the Punchbowl Railway Station, in truly Australian surroundings of a zoological nature.

Kangaroos, Kookaburras, magpies, Angora rabbits, an aviary, and an aquarium are all on view at the local Goodwood.

The skittles alleys measure some 90 feet in length from the starting board to the skittle square, where nine skittles are placed. The actual play calls for considerable skill. The skittles ball measures eight inches in diameter, and weighs approximately 12lb.

The player trundles this ball along wooden tracks in an endeavor to knock over as many skittles as possible, the score being reckoned according to the number of skittles for which each ball accounts.

## VICTORIAN GOLF CHAMPION

Golf championships have become something in the nature of a habit with Miss Mona McLeod, and her win in the champion of champions last week did not occasion any great surprise. It is a fitting finish to a season of consistently good form.

SHE has already won the club championship at Commonwealth and Royal Melbourne, as well as the Victorian title, and this is her fifth win in the Victorian championship. She has won the Australian championship four times.

In an interview with The Australian Women's Weekly, she said she practises no special training except golf itself, although during the last two years she has attended physical culture classes. She plays with steel shafted woods, but all her irons have the usual hickory shafts.

Miss McLeod played in golf matches in England in 1923 and 1930, when she reached the fifth round in the Scottish championships at Turnbury.

Trout fishing is Miss McLeod's hobby when the golf season closes. She is leaving early in December, complete with breeches, waders, and complicated lines, for the Great Lake in Tasmania, where she goes every year for about six weeks with a party of friends.

"We wear breeches for fishing because they are the only things to wear; but, apart from fishing, trousers or shorts for any woman's sport seem most unnecessary," said Miss McLeod. "Shorts do not seem suitable for women for tennis, cricket, or golf, in my opinion."

Miss McLeod thinks she is probably not a very nervous or temperamental player, compared with others. A single player upsets her far more than a whole gallery of players.

Miss Susie Telford, who met Miss McLeod in the final, was not up to her usual standard, her weak putting contributing to her defeat.

HOTBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste makes neat, tasty sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party.\*\*\*

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

# SPORTING SHORTS



## Making Tennis History

WHEN Jack Crawford and his charming wife take the court on Saturday they will surely be making tennis history, as the holder of the world championship and the holder of the State women's singles championship, respectively.

Keen interest will centre round the exhibition matches on Saturday, which will be the N.S.W.L.T.A. official welcome home to the Davis Cup players. It will also be the first time that tennis enthusiasts have had the opportunity of watching an Australian-born world champion. During the afternoon, His Excellency Sir Philip Game will extend a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Vivian McGrath, on behalf of the association and its supporters.

## Versatility

TWO well-known sports girls are proving their versatility by coaching beginners in another branch of sport from the one at which they themselves have shone. Athlete and hockey player Heather Kennaby is coaching cricketers, and hockey player Connie Francis is coaching aspiring swimmers.

## Brisbane Tennis Talk

THE Ladies' Summer Tennis Association is keenly anticipating the fixtures for the coming season as a record entry of 112 teams has been received. There are eight penant teams, sixteen "A" grade, forty-eight "B" grade, and forty "C" grade.

## New Swimming Club

MISS FRANCES BULTE is one of the promoters of the swimming club just formed at Brighton. This champion was formerly a member of the Albert Park Swimming Club.

## Croquet Champion

FOURTEEN clubs were represented in the Champion of Champions Croquet match played at the Chatswood greens last week. Mrs. Grace, of the Rushcutters Bay Club, won the coveted title and Mrs. Beaver, of Chatswood, filled second place.

## Newcastle Secretary

MISS M. STYNES, who has been secretary of the Newcastle Women's Cricket Association since its affiliation with the New South Wales Association, has resigned. Miss Bullerwell has been appointed as her successor.

## Revue by N.S.W. W.A.A.

THE New South Wales Women's Athletic Association will present another revue at the Savoy Theatre on October 31. The last revue given by this talented band of sports girls, prior to the Australasian Championships in Melbourne, proved so popular that a second venture is to be tried. Mrs. E. S. Magee (nee Doris Lee) is secretary and Mrs. C. Ellis organising secretary.

## Queensland Women Rowers

THERE are only two women's rowing clubs in Queensland, one in Brisbane and the other in Bundaberg. The Brisbane club held its first regatta on September 30, and the members are now in hard training for the championships of the Brisbane River, which will be held on November 4, the trophy for the event being the McArdle Cup.

## Swimmers Will Be Busy

MRS. CHAMBERS, secretary of the New South Wales Women's Swimming Association, reports a very active season ahead of the swimming fraternity. An invitation is to be sent to Miss Joyce Cooper, England's foremost woman swimmer, to visit Australia. Should she accept, as anticipated, the Swimming Association has arranged for her to arrive here on January 11.

Mrs. Chambers, Miss Clare Dennis (N.S.W.) and Miss Frances Bulte (Vic.) will leave Sydney on the "Monowal" on November 24 for New Zealand. They will swim at Auckland, Rotorua, Plymouth, and Helensville, and hope to return again to Australia on December 25.

The first council meeting of the N.S.W. Women's Swimming Association will be held at the U.A.P. rooms, 15 Bligh St., on Tuesday, October 24.

## CRICKET

QUEENSLAND and New South Wales Women Cricketers commenced their competitions on Saturday. The Excelsior team was last year's Queensland Premiers and Sans Souci won the premiership for New South Wales. Both these teams are in danger of losing their position in the coming season's matches. It is not due to the fact that the leading teams have retarded their progress in any way, but simply because other teams have grown stronger.

The Breakaway team in Brisbane seem to have the best chance at present of annexing the premiership. In this team there are no less than seven interstate players. Among the most prominent are M. O'Sullivan and K. Smith, who have represented Queensland in all their interstate matches.

Cheerios, who have a first innings lead over the Sans Souci team, in the New South Wales competition, have no less than five State representatives in their team. The second and third grade teams have not yet been graded by the N.S.W. Grade Committee. These teams will play three grading matches before they are placed in their respective positions.

## COMPETITION ENTRY FORMS

Recipes	Dinner at 8
R	F
Clever Ideas	Things That Happen
I	T
So They Say	Brainwaves
S	B

Clip out any or all of these small coupons and attach, with gum or a pin, one to each corresponding entry. All correspondence to Box 1331, G.P.O., Sydney. —W.W., 21/10/33

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